THE

LIFE OF A BOY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

THE PANORAMA OF YOUTH.

"And he shall be like a tree planted by the river-side, that shall bring forth its fruit in due season."

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR G. AND W. B. WHITTAKER,

AVE-MARIA-LANE.

1821.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY THOMAS DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.

TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE COUNTESS OF BESBOROUGH.

MADAME.

THE intellectual, and, excepting on one most important subject, the enlightened Gibbon, has declared upon record, "There are only two kinds of dedication that are worthy the patron, and can do honour to the author: the first is, when the writer addresses himself to one who is a judge of the art in which he endeavours to succeed, and whose approbation he is ambitious to deserve; the other is yet more honourable, it is dictated by the heart, and offered to those who are dear to it, because they possess all those qualifications that most surely engage it; it is an

opportunity embraced with pleasure to make public those sentiments of esteem, respect, and gratitude, which, being really felt, are desirous of being acknowledged."

In soliciting your Ladyship's favour for "The Life of a Boy," I am influenced by each motive; and the "pleasure" to which I aspire, in your Ladyship's "approbation," can only be exceeded by the pride I feel in having been so graciously permitted to subscribe myself,

Your Ladyship's most devoted,

most respectful, and obliged,

MARY STERNDALE

Sheffield, May, 1821.

In contemplating the blessings of human life, and in balancing the portion of good and evil that is allotted to its duration, pious hearts and sensible minds humbly acknowledge the wisdom and mercy of that gracious Being, whose various dispensations ultimately promote the happiness of all his creatures.

In the perspective of life, the glowing imaginations of youth consider the possession of riches as the possession of happiness, and most amiably conclude that in their liberal and generous distribution, their real superiority is evinced: the open and unvitiated heart dwells with rapture upon the means that wealth affords to reward patient merit, and to relieve silent distress; to uphold the high claims of Genius, and to restrain the hard hand of the oppressor; and when such is its appropriation, it is indeed "twice blessed," the giver and the receiver being alike the agents of Heaven; the

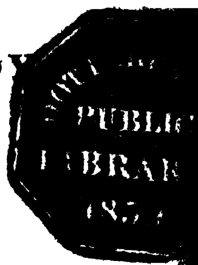
necessities of the one calling into action the benevolence of the other. But, alas! these beautiful emanations of the divinity are so intermingled with the frailties of humanity, that exorbitant wealth may prove a snare to its possessor—conferring power that hardens the heart, and affording indulgencies that corrupt the understanding; whilst under all circumstances, there will ever remain evils it cannot avert, and blessings it is not omnipotent to obtain. The pilgrim who has traversed the golden shores of life, as he who has wandered over its briary paths, and barren sands, knows there are sorrows it has no charm to soothe; divisions it has no cement to unite; remorse it owns no oblivious antidote to compose; sickness it hath no balm to heal; and that death *will* close the scene, which it hath no bribes to arrest:—that there are joys it cannot purchase; for friendship, affection, sympathy will not be bought.

But yet there exists for the young and virtuous a possession that shall not elude their laudable emulation; a joy that shall put forth blossoms graceful and lovely in their days of prime, and produce fruits invigorating and imperishable for the years in advance. *That* all-powerful and benevolent Being, who called them into life, designed them for happiness, if they search where

it shall be found; in the cultivation of gentle and virtuous affections; in the dear domestic charities of life; in the expansion of their intellectual endowments; in proving to the mind its innate powers, to the temper its due control; in making home the abode of peace; the heart the seat of piety; and in cherishing that contentment which is of itself great gain: such are substantial blessings, sacred truths, not alone the theory of the moralist, or the reveries of the visionary, but the experience of the aged, and the conviction of the good. They influenced "The Life of a Boy," who brought forth such fruits in due season.

THE

LIFE OF A BO



CHAPTER I.

If we take the estimation of happiness from the world's report, the young Sir Charles Seymour was one of the happiest of men, possessing fortune more ample than the support of his rank exacted, and, from the peculiar easiness of his disposition, greater than his enjoyments required. His own master at the age of twenty-four years, and the resident of a magnificent house, situated in a beautiful country, and surrounded by the finest objects in nature, we must acknowledge the *means* of happiness were certainly in his power. Entertaining no ambitious views, Sir Charles Seymour sought not aggrandisement in marriage, and an increase of wealth was still less his object. Under the influence of such feelings he ought to have been happy; but though laudable in intention, he was erroneous in judgment. Attracted by person, he overlooked the qualities of the mind, and became the husband of a woman merely beautiful, who had hitherto resided at Bath for the purpose her marriage had accomplished. Elevated to title, and

raised from a very limited income to unbounded affluence, she soon acquired that ascendancy over the easy-minded and good-natured Sir Charles that [illegible]ful disposition and a haughty spirit could [illegible] fail to obtain. Sir Charles Seymour possessed neither the pride of display nor of possession: he was indolent by nature and spoiled by fortune; inheriting all its gifts, he knew not the glow of hope, [illegible] felt the stimuli of desire: life was without its zest, for every good was presented to his ha[illegible] antecedent to its demand: and whilst he was contemplated as the object of envy by those who looked at his possessions rather than his powers to enjoy them, his negative happiness would have been promptly rejected by every intellectual being who knew the omnipotence of mind to confer those which were far greater.

Lady Seymour governed the house and fortune of her husband, and, but in one instance, himself also: she never could lead him into fashionable dissipation; she never could withdraw him from his country residence, and he was always most sensibly attached to the beauty, quiet, and elegant comforts of his home, when his lady made any attempt to drag him to London. The disappointed vanity of exhibiting her person, decorated with the affluence she shared, and the repressed and paltry ambition of looking down from her elevation upon those less distinguished by fortune, thwarted and soured a temper that was never amiable, and turned the desire of selfish expenditure into acrimonious parsimony. As Lady Seymour could not attain those pleasures that London affords, she indulged

the perversity of her humour, by declining all intercourse with the neighbourhood; a social compact most congenial with the nature and wishes of Sir Charles: thus they became insulated from its interests, and unconnected with its affairs; she observing a proud abstraction and rigid reserve; he sinking into that listless apathy and mental vacuity that paralyses all the blessings of creation. The birth of a son, eight years after his marriage, was its happiest consequence: his child was an object no less gratifying to his parental affections than to his desire of transmitting his name and the estates of his ancestors to his posterity. He had now arrived at the summit of his temperate expectations, and was satisfied with the portion of good allotted to him.

During the infancy of his son, he submitted very patiently to all the whims of Lady Seymour, and all the vexations of the nursery, in which he bore his full share; whilst the caprices of the only child of a capricious mother, and most compliant father, hourly contributed to tease, and too frequently to torment, a whole household. This child, with all bounteous fortune pressing on his opening life, was not suffered to reap its blessings: impressed with high notions of his present and future importance by his mother, and never contradicted by Sir Charles, he became in his very earliest childhood peevish, haughty, and, as far as his corporeal powers could extend, the little tyrant of the scene. Surrounded by the most fatal indulgence, and unacquainted with wholesome restraint, he was wearied with himself, and hated by the servants; and at

eight years of age was become a by-word and a reproach in his father's household.

One fine morning, in the beginning of June, as he was leaning upon the palings of the park, whilst his servant was climbing a tree for the bird's nest he [illegible] he observed a little boy pass gaily on the hig[illegible] that was divided from the park by the fence upon which he was leaning. The young traveller had a letter in one hand, and in the other a slender hazel, with which he was dispersing a swarm of flies from the wounded back of a poor ass, that trotted before him, as though sensible of his aid. The active feelings of his nature and the sympathy of age prompted him, as their eyes met, to salute Master Seymour with a passing smile, still pursuing his way with continued alacrity. The servant had now descended from the tree with the nest and young ones of the parent bird, that was on the wing to seek them food: he presented it to Master Seymour, who, dashing it from his hand, said, "he would not have it; he *would* have that little boy who was upon the road to play with him." Accustomed to obey him in all things, the servant called to the boy, who was yet in hearing, "You young master, in the blue jacket, you *must* come here." Hearing himself thus addressed, he returned a few paces, and asked why he was called upon: "You must come here," repeated the man. A [illegible] steps more brought him to the paling: "Master Seymour wants you to play with him; if you will go a little lower, you will see the park-stile, get over, and come here to him." "Indeed, I [illegible]," said the child: "I must take papa's

letter to the post-office; so, good day," said he, as he met the eye of Master Seymour, and was hastening away, when the little gasping birds, that were scattered upon the grass, caught his sight. "Who has taken that nest?" asked he. "Philip did," answered Charles Seymour, "because I bid him." "From whence did you take it?" said he to the servant. "From the middle branch of that high tree." Wondering what the boy's inquiries meant, they saw him leap over the pales; and after securing the letter in his pocket, carefully collect the half-feathered birds, replace them in the nest, climb the tree, fix it in its former situation, and as quickly descend. Charles now began to cry for the rejected nest, and ordered Philip to reach it again, who, provoked by his petulance, refused; but wondered "what right the other had to *meddle*:" and added, "I thought you was not to have stayed any where; your letter will be too late."

"My papa would rather it should be so than that I should not do a good action. He says it is cruel and wicked to destroy birds' nests: he told me, if I did not loiter on the way, I need not hurry; so now I shall run the remainder, and I am sure to be in post time." Over the pales he leaped, regained the high-road, and was soon out of sight. Happy creature! Obedience gives wings to thy feet; and humanity, complacency to thy heart. Submission to parents, and tenderness to animals, are the primal virtues of children, beautiful in the sight of men, of angels, and of God!

Charles Seymour returned to the house, and with a sullen countenance and fretful manners en-

tered the breakfast-room, where his papa and mamma were sitting. In the accents of disappointment and vexation, he began to tell them, "that Philip *would* not reach him a bird's nest that he wanted from a tree in the park;" concluding with a passionate burst of tears. Lady Seymour rang for Philip, and on his appearance, asked, "How he dare refuse Master Seymour's orders?" The honest spirit of the man was roused at this unjust accusation, and he firmly, but very respectfully related what had passed; the refused nest, and the rencontre with "the little boy in the blue jacket." The simple unequivocal relation carried conviction along with its detail; so beautiful, oh sacred truth! are thy native colours. Even Charles felt its power, and did not resume the charge, but sobbed more vehemently from increasing wilfulness. Lady Seymour scarcely allowed the servant to proceed in his extenuation, before she impatiently reproached him for suffering the boy he spoke of to interfere with the nest, insisting that he should again fetch it from the tree: but the latent good sense of Sir Charles now interposed. "No, my lady; Charles shall not now be so indulged: but if he will cease from weeping, and be good-humoured, we will invite this little bluecoat boy to come and play with him; and for my own part, I must observe, before Philip's face, that he has not behaved at all amiss in this affair, and does not deserve your displeasure." The heart of Philip overflowed at this small tribute of justice from his respected master, to whom he turned with impulsive gratitude, made his humble bow, and retired. Lady Seymour

drew the child to her knee, observing his temper would be entirely spoiled by his papa's harshness; but she would have Philip taught if he was not more attentive to Master Seymour, he should be replaced by another." Sir Charles remained silent, his exertions could go no further, and he sunk into the musing mood his son's entrance had interrupted. Charles sat at the side of his mamma till he himself was weary of his sullenness; for even its indulgence may cease to please: then running towards his papa, asked "for the little boy to be sent for whom he had seen that morning." Happy to observe his returning cheerfulness, Sir Charles inquired of the servant in waiting, "if he knew the young gentleman whom Master Seymour had seen from the park?" "Yes, sir; Philip told me he was Mr. Bonville's son, who lives at the pretty house by Ashhurst. You may see it, sir, from the library windows in the mornings; for the sun shines then full upon it." "Who are they?" asked Lady Seymour, without raising her eyes from her knitting. "They are not quality, my lady, but——" "I should think not," observed Lady Seymour, superciliously. "But they are gentlefolks," said the servant, pursuing his relation. "Where is the difference?" asked Sir Charles, mildly. "Why, please you, sir, they keep no more horses and servants than they have work for, and never let them do any thing on Sundays; they never play at cards on that day, as many of the quality do, and they are as good to dumb creatures as if they were Christians; they behave well to every one, and speak quite gently to the poor, as if they pitied

them, giving them the best wages, and always paying them as soon as their work is done; so I think they *must* be gentlefolks." The man did not intend to unite satire with information; but as it did not apply to the domestic arrangements of his master's house, he gave no offence. He was told to send Philip to the house of Mr. Bonville, with Sir Charles Seymour's compliments, requesting the company of his son, that day, at the hall: when, recollecting himself, Sir Charles said, "But we, who are asking a favour, ought not to send a verbal message. Tell Morgan to write a note, and send Philip with it to Mr. Bonville." "More than is due," said Lady Seymour. "But let us not forget what is due to ourselves, my dear," said the really well-bred Sir Charles. "Pray who are they?" asked she in a tone of contempt. "Respectable people, I am sure, from all that surrounds them; their house and grounds, though small, are an ornament to the country."—"Yes, Sir Charles," said she, with increasing acrimony; "if you had taken my advice, you would have purchased them immediately, when they were on sale. I want none of these respectable people to interfere with us."—"They interfere not at all with us, my lady; for they have resided there near two years, and we have never yet seen them. And I am sure I do not envy their pretty house and land: I have enough of the one and rather too much of the other; and if their little boy pleases Charles, I shall be very glad, for he has long wanted a proper playfellow."

The sportive appellation of "little blue-coat boy," that Sir Charles had used, offended the fas-

tidious ear of a proud and weak woman; and she would have opposed the invitation, but that she knew Charles would not easily be appeased; yet, in this case, as in most cases, when she yielded to the wishes of others in opposition to her own, she complied so ungraciously, as to deprive the concession of even the appearance of kindness.

The impatience of Charles for his expected guest became so importunate, that even his mamma was glad to hear "Master Bonville" announced. At his entrance, the habitual indifference of Sir Charles and the general haughtiness of his lady were momentarily subdued: his graceful and modest address, along with his prepossessing appearance, compelled their approbation, and the petulance of Charles vanished as he ran towards him with vivacity and good humour. They were given in charge to Philip, who accompanied them to the gardens; the novelty of his young companion kept Charles in uncommon good order, and his papa's kind observation in favour of Philip, had so much conciliated the man, that he omitted no efforts to amuse the boys. The beauty and extent of the gardens, with the profusion of the finest flowers they contained, delighted the young visitant; and the pleasure he expressed was reflected to Charles, who returned to the house with unusual complacency. At dinner, the difference of the two children's habits and education was very evident. Master Bonville partook of the delicacies placed before him with pleasure and moderation, receiving the attentions of Sir Charles with ease, and with the utmost

simplicity offering, in return, those little services that became his age.

Charles tasted of every thing upon the table, and wholly occupied his own servant in changing plates and gathering up his knife or fork, that sometimes fell from carelessness, or were sometimes thrown down from waywardness of temper, keeping the table covered after the others had finished their repast. When the dessert appeared, he chose two of the finest peaches from the silver basket, and eat them with most ungraceful eagerness, before the whole was arranged. Whilst Sir Charles was cutting the pine-apple, Lady Seymour asked the little stranger, "if he had any such fruit as that Sir Charles was slicing at Woodfield?"—"No, ma'am, I never saw one before."—"Indeed! then you do not know what it is?"—"Oh! yes; it is a pine-apple."—"How did you know that, my dear, if you never saw one till now?" asked Sir Charles. "I have seen pictures of them, and read the history of them in papa's large books," said the child. "The *history* of a pine-apple!" said Lady Seymour, with a sneer, that he did not regard, because he did not understand; but Sir Charles appreciated his answer better, and said to his son, "Would not you like to hear the history, my dear boy?"—"Oh! yes," replied Charles; looking towards his visiter with an expecting face.

Children are often timorous in repeating what they have acquired, not from want of recollection, but from a difficulty in arranging the expressions that will convey their own ideas to others. Mr.

Bonville was aware of this, and had taken constant pains with his son, to obviate the defect; therefore, after a short pause, Master Bonville said, "what he knew was little more than that they grew wild in great abundance in Africa, and had been very successfully cultivated in the hottest of the West India Islands, where they ripened as in their natural climate; that they succeeded very well in hothouses in England; their leaves were like those of the aloe, but not so thick, and the fruit was like the cone of the pine-tree, from whence it was supposed they had taken their name,—and that is all I know."—"More than many know, who have eaten of them all their lives," said Sir Charles, as he rewarded the little historian with a large slice of the fruit he had so well described. This was not exactly the sort of story that Charles had been accustomed to hear from the nursery-maid, or the groom, in which Jack the Giant-killer, and Ogre the Child-eater, were the heroes; but, like all children, he loved to hear stories.—Of the tendency of such as are presented to their opening and inquiring faculties, sensible parents best know how to judge

Lady Seymour asked, if Master Bonville did not wish they had some such fruit at home. "For my mamma, I do, ma'am."—"And do not you for yourself—you appear to like it?"—"Papa says, those who would be happy at home must never wish for what it does not afford." Sir Charles sighed. The contrast this well-taught boy presented to his own, who was of the same age, and on whom fortune had so bountifully lavished her favours, pressed on his heart and gave it transient sorrow. Nature had

been indulgent to each, yet the son of Mr. Bonville had the advantage in externals. He was slim, but firmly formed; his limbs were nerved; and his complexion bronzed by air and exercise: his dark brown hair waved close to his well-formed head; his eyes were sweetly shaded by their deep lashes; his mouth expressed the smiling cheerfulness of his nature; his teeth the purity of his health and habits: his "blue jacket" was buttoned close up to his throat, and the narrow white frill above, and the clear striped trowsers below, finished the compact neatness of his appearance.

Charles was a beautiful boy: his fair complexion, that the air was never suffered to blow upon with freedom, or water to touch without his permission, possessed feminine delicacy; his light hair grew in luxuriant curls, that his maid never brushed or combed without encountering a quarrel, in which he was most frequently the victor; his sweet blue eyes were often dimmed by weeping; his coral mouth distorted by pouting; and his teeth, never taken into consideration, were entirely forgotten, except when they occasioned him pain from the indulgence of too many sweetmeats. From the care of two servants who had him in charge, his dress was kept tolerably in order; but of that there was always too much, too much shoe-string, too many buttons, too much of trimmings.

Superfluity of fortune, when uncontrolled by good taste, will frequently lead its possessors into the vulgar profusion they profess to despise; whilst a judicious economy, under its influence, corrects all exuberance of expense, and presents elegance

and propriety alone. Something of dislike arose in Lady Seymour's mind towards this amiable and innocent child.

She considered him inferior to her son, as his parents were less rich and powerful; and she was very angry at being compelled to feel him superior in manner and attainments: this however she was not obliged to acknowledge, and therefore permitted the commencing intimacy.

The remainder of the day was passed in exhibiting broken toys, and unread books, which though long disregarded by Charles, were sometimes rudely withheld from his companion; and it required all Philip's management to keep the equilibrium of good manners towards the young visiter, whose approaching hour of departure neither the persuasions nor resentment of Charles could avert.

Returning to the drawing-room, he received the adieus of Lady Seymour, accompanied with kind expressions, and future invitations from Sir Charles, and was then attended by a servant to the gate of his father's garden.

We have now spent a day at the hall. We will descend its park, cross the small adjacent village, and go down the broad and shady lane that leads towards the white house of Mr. Bonville, the father of Charles Seymour's new acquaintance, where we trust not only days, but months and years of progressive virtue will be passed.

CHAPTER II.

"In narratives where historical veracity has no place, I cannot discover why there should not be exhibited the most perfect idea of virtue—of virtue not evangelical nor above probability—for what we cannot credit we shall never imitate; but the highest and purest that humanity can reach, which, exercised in such trials as the various revolutions of things shall bring upon it, may, by comparing some calamities, and by enduring others, teach us what we may hope, and what we can perform."

RAMBLER.

MR. BONVILLE was a man of excellent worth, uniting the graces of nature with the acquirements of education and the refinements of cultivated taste. He was an orphan in his thirteenth year, and was bequeathed to a faithful friend of his father, into whose house and heart he was received as a sacred deposit, and cherished as a beloved child. Under the roof of his reverend guardian he imbibed a decided fondness for intellectual pursuits, and all the occupations of a rural life: from his example he saw how beautiful are the ways of righteousness, and how peaceful are its paths; how satisfactory it was to relieve the distressed, comfort the afflicted, and witness the humble efforts of honest industry, contented in its station.

But in compliance with the wishes of his deceased father, he passed one year in a mercantile house in London: there he learned to honour that spirit, enterprise, and integrity, that are synonymous with

the character of the British merchant in every part of the known world; and to witness that liberality in dispensing their acquisitions, that ranks them with princes at home. Still the habits of his youth, and the remembrances of the sweet scenes of the country, clung to his heart, and were so interwoven with his sleeping and waking thoughts, that he was convinced they alone must ultimately contribute to his real happiness.

After contemplating the vista of life in all its lights and shades, he determined to relinquish the attempt of increasing his paternal fortune by commerce, and rely upon it alone for his future support: he knew the moderation of his own desires; he felt that amidst the pursuits of agriculture, in marking the progress of the seasons, and in living more immediately amidst the works of nature, his mind would not only be interested but elevated; and he trusted his means of usefulness not more circumscribed.

Had he possessed ambition or expensive desires, or had his support depended wholly upon industrious exertions, he could not, he would not have rested there; but his future life proved that he had calculated well; that regulated desires and prudent economy would afford more tranquil happiness to his disposition than affluence gained by the cares and vicissitudes of business.

After this survey of the future was thoroughly digested, and approved by his friend, his "father's friend," he travelled over the principal part of Great Britain, marking its provincial localities, its national distinctions, and its picturesque beauties; its venerable remains of Saxon, Norman, and Gothic

architecture; the effect of modern wealth and science, the condition of the poor, and the benevolence of the rich. The results of these observations were cherished in his memory, as the storehouse from which he might draw experience, to the advantage and direction of his future life. He returned to the rectory as he attained his twenty-third year, his mind endowed with that useful knowledge that best befits a private English gentleman—the knowledge of his own country.

The daughter of his guardian, who had been the playfellow of his childhood, the companion of his youth, and the correspondent of his absence, was reserved to complete his happiness. Her person united delicacy and grace; her mind tenderness of feeling and stability of principle; her manners were gentle, her dress simple and elegant; her piety was animated, and her religion rational; proving a source of perpetual cheerfulness to that circumscribed circle in which she moved. Her understanding, naturally strong, had been cultivated with assiduous care, and the harvest well repaid the culture. Her subsequent marriage with the ward of her father realized all these pure and rational hopes. They appeared formed for each other by Heaven itself; and they had not counteracted its gracious designs by indulging views and expectations different to those its commandments dictated. They continued to reside with their venerable father till Edgar, their only boy, was seven years old, and Fanny, his only sister, was five. The sportiveness of his grandchildren seemed to lengthen the days of the good old man: the cradle of his reposing age was rocked by his

children and his children's children; and with a patriarch's blessings, and a patriarch's hopes, he resigned his life, in the happy expectations of one still better, eternal in the heavens.

Woodfield, in the County of Durham, was advertised for sale; and, though it was not then what it now is, the country and immediate situation met Mr Bonville's wishes. He made the purchase, and immediately commenced its improvements and embellishment.

Those who enter life without a system are like those who go to sea without a compass. Mr. Bonville began his by arranging his annual expenditure, estimating his income at its lowest value, reckoning upon probable contingencies of loss, and making the economy that was necessary to secure his future peace and comfort part of his plan of happiness. The management of the farm devolved upon an excellent servant, and assistants, under his own superintendence. Its produce so amply supplied his family with many of the necessaries of life, that he foresaw the ability to reserve a principal part of his income for the future advantage of his children.

After his household was established, and his agricultural arrangements formed, he began to adorn the abode that was to be the seat of his domestic life. It was situated amidst the richly variegated scenery through which the Tees takes its rapid course. The house was sheltered by a hanging wood, that screened it from the northern blasts, and afforded delightful shade in the summer's heat. In front, a sloping pasture-field presented lawn-like verdure, that a dark green railing almost invisibly divided from the flower-

garden, immediately from which a glazed door opened into the spacious dining-room; its windows, descending to the ground, admitted all the fragrance of the growing flowers and a close approximation with all their beauty; containing within its ample boundary all that promotes the comforts and elegance of an apartment in daily use: folding-doors at its oblong end opened into a smaller one, its opposite Venetian window admitting a view of the winding river as it flowed along the wooded vale in beautiful perspective, which, when seen from the extremity of the dining-room, through the opened doors of the lesser one, had the most pleasing and picturesque effect. This apartment of Mrs. Bonville was beloved the more by all her family for its appropriation, but from which no one was excluded: it united the pleasures of the library, the aviary, and the green-house. When the doors were closed, it was understood "Mamma wished to be alone;" and mamma's wishes were always sacred; but, when this was the case, her children were enjoined to apply themselves to her as they might feel impelled, she submitting to them afterwards the propriety or necessity of their application. Light and spacious offices formed the back front of the house; over the whole of which were pleasant and distinct chambers, to which the fragrant climbers of the garden reached; and this happy family met their repose in apartments fragrant as the "perfumed chambers of the great." Betwixt the wood and house was the well-ordered farm-yard and its connecting buildings, with the excellent kitchen-gardens, surrounded by fruit walls, and rich in culinary vegetables.

The comforts and pleasures of Woodfield originated from the order of its household: the table was plain and simply covered, but the viands were excellent, home-fed, home-grown, and served with a neatness that became elegance. The dessert of fruits, as they came in succession, appeared more inviting from the taste and fancy with which Mrs. Bonville prepared it for the table. Gratitude for conscious happiness prompted her ever to unite the sweet with the useful; for, in the innocence of her life, she daily felt that "to enjoy was to obey;" and, in her thanksgivings to Heaven, acknowledged that not the least of its benefits was "the cheerful heart that tastes its gifts with joy." The character and manners of Mrs. Bonville could not fail inspiring universal respect and affection, which was confirmed by the uniform deference shown to her by Mr. Bonville. In the presence of her children he always addressed her with the most affectionate attention; of her servants, with dignified respect: from her decision he admitted no appeal, not even to himself; and the powers with which he invested her were never misapplied—the tenderness of her nature softened without perverting her judgment: she was, indeed, the presiding spirit of the house, and the animated, enlightened companion and friend of her husband, "whose heart trusted safely in her," and who could most truly apply to her that comprehensive praise which the acute, discriminating Lord Kaimes bestowed upon a beloved and amiable relative: "She was never silent when to speak was becoming, and never spoke when it became her to be silent."

In the fulfilment of Mr. Bonville's domestic plans, the disbursement of all his minor expenses was attended to weekly, and his larger ones annually. Thus he began his new year exempt from all pecuniary incumbrances; and, clearly assured of the exact state of his affairs, prepared by their scrupulous investigation to ascertain what he could afford to expend in that which was commencing. As "he only," in his temporal affairs, as in spiritual ones, "is free whom the truth makes free," Mr. Bonville was in every sense a freeman: he had nothing to hide, nothing to fear; and so rich in content, that he had scarcely any thing to gain.

Mr. and Mrs. Bonville invited the early associations of their children by participating in all their youthful pleasures, and led them to the acquisition of knowledge by bending their own pursuits to the level of their opening faculties, carefully inculcating principles of piety, habits of virtue, and lessons of wisdom, by example as by precept; improving every passing circumstance to its most useful extent, whilst those of the most simple nature frequently led to discussions that instilled a virtue, or awakened a talent. Obedience they considered not only the duty of childhood, but its grace; and impressed it upon the minds of their offspring not alone as a moral virtue and a divine command, but as a personal beauty; considering it as the foundation on which they hoped to erect the structure of happiness their children were to enjoy and to dispense; "for even a child is known by its doings, whether its work be pure, and whether it be right."

Mr. Bonville possessed a very competent knowledge of botany, that delightful science that gives an added interest to all vegetable nature, from the cedar of Lebanon to "the hyssop upon the wall:" the simple elements of which he imparted to his son, beginning with those flowers and plants that from their vicinity were most early acknowledged. He taught him their botanical appellations, and the classes to which they belonged. These were written by the pupil upon slips of wood, affixed to their roots in the garden and in the wood; and he could as soon have given the history of the tulipmania, and of the anemone-nemorosa, as he had done of the pine-apple. A detached part of the former was allotted to him for his exclusive culture: not a weed was there suffered to remain, a plant to languish for water, or a flower to droop without support; yet, like other children (for Edgar was no prodigy), he would at times prematurely act for himself, and be guided by his own opinion in what he considered exclusively his own property. Sometimes his parents allowed him to pursue his self-suggested plans, leaving his correction to the disappointment they foresaw would ensue; at others they would interpose their advice, which, if disregarded, excited their most serious displeasure, evinced by silently withdrawing their usual affectionate attentions, and treating the offender with distance and neglect. One or two incidents will elucidate this.

It was a fine spring morning when Mr. Bonville observed Edgar preparing to pour a potful of water over a plant to which dry weather was most favourable. He represented this to him, and fore-

told its destruction if he persevered. As Mr. Bonville passed on, Edgar said to himself, "I am sure it will look fresher for being watered, and the garden is my own." So he emptied the contents of the watering-pot upon the plant: the roots decayed, the flowers drooped, and in a few days were thrown away with the weeds.

Though the offence was venial, and the incident not uncommon in the life of a boy, a *little* boy, yet the conscious shame he experienced when he asked his papa for another plant of the same kind, changed the smiling confidence with which he used to ask favours to a half-downcast expression, struggling with the attempt to appear unconcerned. Self-condemned, he anticipated his papa's reply. "No, Edgar," he gravely, but without severity, answered, "no; that flower shall grow no more in your garden, till you learn to respect the advice of those to whom you owe obedience. Had you injured the plant before I warned you of the consequences, I should only have thought you wrong in not consulting me; yet I would have repaired your loss. The case is very different: you persevered in direct opposition to my caution, and I would have you feel that by relying upon your own inexperience, you have been faulty and presuming."

Mr. Bonville pursued his walk, and Edgar seated himself in the garden-chair, his heart oppressed by grief for having offended so kind, so *reasonable* a parent: for the understandings of children are open to the plain rules of justice, and a firm appeal to the simple dictates of right and wrong seldom fails to meet their conviction. The little penitent waited till Mr. Bonville had taken the cir-

cuit of the garden; then arose from his seat, and met his father, with the feelings of contrition strongly expressed in his whole deportment. They were immediately accepted; Mr. Bonville taking his hand, and fondly pressing it as they walked towards the house, mutually happy in the reconciliation.

Though the impression was then deep, it was not permanent. Temper, the grand arbiter of human happiness in the life of boys as in the life of men, is not to be corrected without the utmost care and vigilance on the part of those who teach, as on the part of those who learn; and its due control is the most estimable power that the human mind can possess. Impetuosity of temper often accompanies animation of spirit and generosity of nature; but the excess of which neither can palliate.

Edgar was an ingenious child, with so active a mind as seldom to depend upon the exertions of others for amusement. With the help of his pocket-knife, a few pieces of soft wood the carpenter had left in the house, and the rim of a round chip box his mamma had given to him, he formed a wheel, fixed it with pins to two upright pieces of wood, and then placed it in a small stream of water that trickled from the wood behind the house; but the stream was too powerful for the little machinery, and he sat ruminating how he might remedy the failure, when Robert, Mr. Bonville's farming-servant, passed that way, and said, "What is the matter, sir, you look so dull?" Edgar explained. "Oh, you must dam up the water; but if you will wait till I have been to the Far-field, I will

show you how, and help you." To wait did not suit Edgar's temper; to doubt his own powers he had yet to learn. He therefore began to collect clay and pebbles, with which he built an upright barrier; the water above soon formed a capacious pool; but its weight forced down the wall, and in an increased torrent bore away the wheel.

When Robert returned, Edgar was kicking the useless pebbles with his foot; and the moment he saw Robert, exclaimed, "I wish you had never come near me with your advice, for, after all my trouble, my wheel is washed away: I wish you had minded your own business, and have let me alone." Robert was very much grieved, but he did not answer; and was walking forward, when Mr. Bonville came from the wood. He had heard the altercation between the servant and his son, to whom he applied for information of the cause. Edgar had been too well instructed in the ways of truth to prevaricate, and in obedience to hesitate: he related the whole, but inveighed bitterly against Robert's interference. "I am very sorry," said Mr. Bonville, "to observe this self-sufficient disposition and irritable temper gaining an ascendency over my care and your own good sense. How do you suppose you are ever to attain the knowledge that becomes a man, if you thus reject the experience of men? What! shall a child, but little more than eight years of age, refuse the instructions of those older and wiser than himself; depend upon his own opinion before he is capable of providing one necessary of life for himself? Go, Edgar; if you can act for yourself without our instructions, you may not, perhaps, require our assistance; pro-

vide for yourself, if you are competent to decide for yourself."

Edgar's heart throbbed in his bosom, and sunk under the serious displeasure of his Father; but some lurking remains of temper led him to palliate. "Indeed, papa," said he, in a voice broken by emotion, "indeed, had it been you or mamma that had directed me, I should have thought it right; but for a Servant, how should he know how to teach me?" "Is it possible, Edgar, that you, who possess such a mother, can so far forget her precepts and example as to speak with contempt of any condition that is the ordinance of Providence, and which might have been your own? I disdain not Robert's opinion; his experience in the culture of the ground far exceeds mine; and I not only follow his advice, but I carefully observe his practice, that, if circumstances should occasion our separation, I may not so materially feel his loss. Do you not recollect, when your sister threw the ink over her frock, that your mamma had used every means in vain to remove the stains it left, when a travelling woman, whom she had allowed to rest and warm herself by the kitchen fire, observing her employment, offered to show her how to effect it, saying 'she was a soldier's widow, and had been used to wash for the officers;' your mamma accepted her offer, thanked and rewarded her, and found the method of future benefit? Had she been like you, she would have resented the interference, and said, 'how can a poor ignorant woman instruct me?' If you remember the very impressive lesson of yesterday, and which was re-read to you last night, you

would apply it to yourself: you must have there observed that the captain of the king of Syria, 'a great man, and an honourable,' listened to the suggestions of a little captive maid, as much beneath him in circumstances as comparison can reach: and when disappointed in his object, at least in the means of its attainment, he turned not away from the remonstrance of his servants, who said, 'My father, if the prophet had told thee to do some great thing, wouldst thou not have done it? How much more then when he said to thee, Wash, and be clean.' Every one who instructs you in what you was previously ignorant, is more a benefactor than those who give you gifts, or indulge your desires. I trust, my dear boy, you will curb this self-assurance: I forgive you more readily than I hope you will forgive yourself; and I shall leave you to make such reparation to Robert as the consciousness of your fault suggests."

Mr. Bonville kissed the tear from his contrite cheek, parted with him at the garden gate, and was glad to observe during the day the serious expression of his countenance, which was thoughtful, but not sullen.

Edgar felt impatient for the return of Robert in the evening, and went early to meet him. "I am ashamed, Robert," said he, "that I behaved so ill to you this morning; but if you will be so good as to forget it, and forgive me, and show me how to stop the water, I shall be much obliged to you." —"That I will, sir; and I have found your wheel; the grass in the brook had stopped it a little below where it was washed down: I was very glad to find

it."—"Glad to find it!" thought Edgar. "Ah! how much better is Robert than I am! So ill as I used him, yet he is glad to have found my wheel!"

They then began to form a bank, broad at the base, and rising on each side with a gradual slope to a sharp ridge; Edgar observing that the great weight of water was opposed by the broad base of the embankment, which was relieved by the surface flowing gradually and gently over the ridge, and descending on the other side, below which his wheel was placed. The boy would lie upon the grass, and watch the small rippling stream turn the fairy machinery with a regular motion that delighted him, and presented the completion of his first mechanical project.

In the after-part of the evening, Mrs. Bonville observed Edgar's attention was wholly occupied by the page he was reading, and said to him, as she looked over the book, "That subject must be very interesting to you; have you not heard it twice this week?"—"Oh yes, mamma, and I love it very much: I always love to read of a brave man, who has deserved the favour of his king. I think, mamma, this captain of the Syrians was a very good-natured man, or his prisoners would not have loved him so much as to have cared whether he was well or ill. But what I ought most to admire is, that he would take good advice from those beneath him, and go such a great way off, when it was only a poor little girl that told him of the prophet of her country."—"The truly brave are always humane," said Mrs. Bonville; "but do not you also participate in the pleasure the little Israelite would

feel in having her wishes attended to, and how her heart, at least, would go with him to her own dear country?"—"History does not say so, mamma, but I think it is very likely he would take her with him; if he took his wife, you know she would want her little maid to wait upon her."—"How sweet," said Mrs. Bonville, "is the appellation given by his servants to this mighty man of Syria, 'My father!' Every master of a household is, or ought to be, its father. When the emperor of all the Russias is met by the advanced guard of his army, they approach near to him, and say for themselves and their fellow-soldiers, 'Bless us, father!' He stretches out his paternal arms, and says, 'Bless you, my children.'"—"Oh mamma, how pretty!"—"How sublime, Edgar! such I perceive you feel it, by your tears."—"I think," said the boy, "he is Alexander the Great the Second."—"Suppose you say a second Alexander the Great, Edgar."—"Emperor of all the Russias!" repeated the boy, half aloud, "what a grand title! but would not 'of all the Russians' be more proper, mamma?"—"It would not be so grand, my dear. All the Russians might be a small number in a small space; all the Russias conveys the idea of an extended sovereignty, including various territories, as is that of the emperor Alexander. The arms of Russia are a spread-eagle: you may fancy the tip of one wing in Europe, the other in Asia, and its head rising above the snows of Siberia; over which are placed the three crowns of Moscow, Casan, and Astracan."—"How came the emperor of Russia to have so many kingdoms,

papa?"—"The Russians originated from Scythia, or Tartary, that extends on the north-east to China. Their inhabitants are wandering people, who associate in tribes, and have no settled place of residence, but removing as the seasons and the means of subsistence vary. The word *Russe*, in their own language, implies a wanderer: these people migrated westward, and, as they increased in number, united for the general security and advantage, which is the origin of all societies. They were a long time divided into small territories, or dukedoms, an ancient title of sovereignty in the East, as you will have observed in the distribution of Esau to his children: these were tributary to their more powerful neighbours, and were at length subjected with the Tartarian kingdoms of Casan and Astracan by the duke of Russe, who afterwards styled himself Great Duke, uniting all the different states and dukedoms with that of Russia; and was at the same time acknowledged sovereign of that vast tract of country called Siberia, from whence the aboriginal, that is, the first Russians, came. The English, in attempting to discover a north-east passage to China, were driven by a storm into the port of Archangel, which had never been visited by the shipping of any nation. This happened in the reign of our Edward the Fourth, and from that time our trade with Russia commenced. But it was only in the beginning of the last century that Russia emerged from ignorance and barbarism, from the pursuits of predatory warfare to the improvements of civilization, and the cultivation of the arts. Peter the Great, the genius of Russia,

rose like a splendid luminary upon its benighted hemisphere. He offered great rewards to ship-builders from all maritime countries, to build him a fleet. He laid aside the barbarous pomp by which he was surrounded, passed one year at Saardam in Holland, and worked in the king's dock-yard at Deptford; served as a private sailor in his own fleets, and as a common soldier in his own army, till he had raised himself by merit, and the degrees of promotion, to the highest command; thus enforcing subordination to his proud nobility, who would never have learned from an inferior master. Whilst in England, he acquainted himself with its arts and sciences, taking back with him numerous workpeople of all kinds. Never did two monarchs more truly deserve the title posterity has awarded them than our Alfred and Peter of Russia." "I think, papa, there is not any thing now for a king to do to gain that noble title; the world is now so clever, that it does not want improvement." "Yes, Edgar, there always remains something to be done, greater, perhaps, than the exertions of Alfred and the labours of Peter: that king will be fully entitled to the appellation of great, who, amidst the incitements of ambition, the possession of power, the enervations of luxury, and the allurements of a refined age—more dangerous because vice is rendered less disgusting by losing its grossness—can subdue *himself*, be the faithful guardian of his people's rights, and the conqueror of his own passions: such an one will deserve to be ranked as great amongst the greatest."

Edgar had never felt so sensibly happy as on

this evening: the atonement he had made had been fully accepted; the conversation that had followed had engaged his youthful and ardent desire for information; and his water-wheel was perfected, to his great delight, and to the anticipated pleasure of Fanny.

Similar offences would sometimes, but not frequently, occur. Mr. and Mrs. Bonville made the education of the mind and the control of passion so principal an object in their system of education, that their children early learned to subdue the ebullition of theirs. "It is not enough, my dear boy," his father would say, "that you are true and just in all your dealings, and bear no malice or hatred in your heart; you must be gentle in your manners, courteous in your address, slow to give offence, slower to receive it, if you hope to be happy, if you aspire to be loved, if you would imitate the beautiful pattern of christian virtue that the life of Jesus Christ sets before you: you may perform all that the commandments of God and the laws of man enjoin, yet, if the law of kindness be not written upon your heart, you will fall very far below that character whose life and death was love. Temper may always be controlled: the presence of a superior will ever check its sallies; you never yield to its indulgence when I or your mamma are present; but, remember, your heavenly Parent, who created you for nobler purposes than the indulgence of your own feelings, sees you always." "Ah, papa, you remind me of my very unkind behaviour to Robert, which I know both you and he have forgiven; but since then I have often wished to ask you one question." "Ten, if you

please, Edgar; and I will endeavour to answer all." "I have heard you say, papa, that you approved those who exerted themselves, without being dependent upon others, yet I offended you that morning by acting for myself." "It was the impatience you showed on your disappointment, and your unjust petulance to Robert, that displeased me. It is very commendable to try your own powers, and to persevere with *patience*; but, at the same time, never omit to avail yourself of the experience of others; by which means you act on surer grounds, and attain the object more readily. I suppose, if you were lost in a wood, you would allow the woodman to know its tangled paths better than yourself, and condescend to let him lead you through them. God Almighty has most benevolently made us dependent, in various ways, upon one another, the rich and the poor, that, by mutual assistance and kindness, his justice might be manifested."

In these sentiments, and in their practice, each succeeding season passed over this amiable family. It would have been difficult to have decided whether the fine evenings of summer, when rambling amidst the rich scenes that surrounded them, or those of winter, when warmth, and peace, and real English comfort reigned around, Mrs. Bonville listening to the page her husband read, whilst she wrought, and the children amusing each other by joining a dissected map, were the most replete with domestic enjoyment. I see them so seated, Edgar waiting for a pause in his papa's reading to ask if Norway is not colder than England, as it lies so much nigher the top of the map, which he always

remembers is the north, and that the north wind blows coldest.

When Mr. Bonville formed his just estimate of life, he determined to act from its conviction; and his constant aim was to make the gifts of God subservient to the happiness of his creatures by acting in concert with his goodness. He possessed the poet's acknowledgment of "the joys of sense," "health, peace, and competence;" and, with the apostle, "knowing how to abound," he secured their continuance.

Such was the state of the family at Woodfield when the juvenile acquaintance commenced with the family at Seymour Hall; and, during the week that succeeded Edgar's visit there, Charles repeatedly pressed his papa to send for him again. "We cannot do this, my dear, without first calling upon Mr. and Mrs. Bonville: we have no right to expect they should contribute to our pleasure, and withhold from them that attention which the forms of society exact." "*I* shall not do that," interrupted Lady Seymour. "But I shall," said Sir Charles; "or I expect they will think I do not know good manners, or, what would be worse, that, knowing, I do not practise them; neither will I be guilty of a marked disrespect to those who have never obtruded upon us; so, if you ride out this morning, Charles and I can be set down near the house, and we can then ask with propriety for Edgar's company." Lady Seymour made no farther objections: she knew that Sir Charles would never be induced to depart from the characteristics of a well-bred gentleman; and as she governed him in

most circumstances, particularly in the disposition of his fortune, she yielded in matters of less interest; accompanied them an airing, set them down within a few fields of Mr. Bonville's house, and took her solitary ride home, without one benevolent association to expand her heart or animate her feelings: such are the paltry gratifications of selfish pride, that distinguishes not between the gifts of nature and those of fortune, giving to the latter the homage due to the former, not being aware those whom it affects to look down upon feel with grateful consciousness their own elevation.

The morning was lovely, and every object, animate and inanimate, appeared to rejoice with the glowing season. Mrs. Bonville was seated under the shade of a spreading tree, at the side of Mr. Bonville, who was repairing his fishing-nets.

Edgar's morning tasks were over, and he was chasing his sister around the garden, who had as many evolutions as the brilliant butterflies that sported in the air, as though they were a party with them. Turning the angle of the gravel-walk, he saw Sir Charles Seymour and his young acquaintance pass the gate that divided the lane from the adjoining field. He ran to his papa, and asked his leave to meet them. Mr. Bonville threw aside his employment, and accompanied him with his usual urbanity: Sir Charles immediately introduced himself, whilst the boys met each other with pleased recognition.

They all proceeded to the house, where Mrs. Bonville had arrived before them. Sir Charles found the manners, conversation, and attentions

of the family, particularly pleasing to him; he promptly partook of the refreshments placed before him, praised, and recommended them to Charles, who enjoyed the strawberries and cream, with the sparkling currant-wine, with that zest which a predisposition to be pleased never fails to give. Sir Charles freely expressed the pleasure he received from visiting Woodfield, declared "there was nothing like the view from Mrs. Bonville's room, at Seymour Hall, particularly when taken in lengthened perspective from the extremity of the dining-room; the river winding so variously, the woods rising so high above its banks, the projecting rocks breaking their line, and then receding to admit the distant mountains:" thus particularising every object as his eye viewed them, exclaiming, "that every one who would wish to see Tees-dale to the best advantage, should visit you, sir." "In an evening," said Mr. Bonville, "their natural beauties are more heightened—

> "When all the sunny hills at distance glow,
> And all the brooks, that through the valley flow,
> Seem liquid gold.—"

"The hues of morning, noon, and night," said Mrs. Bonville, "have their different effects, and all are beautiful; and midnight also, when, as I have seen from my chamber above, the lengthened shadows of the woods thrown across the valley, and the moonbeams tinge the small breakers of the river with silvery brightness; or when in darkness all distinction has been lost, and the grand outline only visible, the river, only known by its sullen

murmur on the ear, I have then thought, if not most beautiful, it was most impressive."

Sir Charles listened with pleased attention: it was the reflection of the happiness of others on his own mind, which touched all its benevolent feelings. "We must come and see you again, sir," said Sir Charles to Mr. Bonville, who received the assurance with pleasure; for the manners and character of his visiter had won his esteem. With all the kind feelings, and wishes of his heart upon his lips, he turned to Mrs. Bonville, and said, "Lady Seymour, I hope, will accompany us when we again visit Woodfield." She bowed, only bowed: she could not urge that as a favour, which was ostensibly considered such; yet no one who had ever conversed with her, or been received at her house, could doubt her politeness or hospitality.

Sir Charles then engaged Edgar's return with them for a day or two, and when he parted from Mr. Bonville at the garden-gate, shook his hand with the cordiality of a friend.

In the evening the weather became showery, and the boys were compelled to relinquish their projected ramble in the park. What is often known to discompose a man, may be allowed to irritate a boy: it is not every one who has a defence within himself for a rainy day Charles lamented the shower with as much bitterness and clamour as though complaints could change the weather, or that his amusements were confined to that particular period. Edgar said, "Let us play at chess. —"I do not know how; but I know fox and goose,"

said Charles; "Philip taught it me." "Oh, it is like drafts, is it not? so we can play at that."

"Philip always lets me win," said Charles. "That I will not do, if I can help it," retorted Edgar.—"Then I will not play," replied the wayward boy. Edgar made no answer, but took up a volume of Fairy Tales, and began to read to himself, whilst Charles remained in sullen silence.

Edgar looked upon his young companion with pity; and, putting down his book, said, with all the sweetness of his nature, "Come, let us try how many words we can make out of one: we will try 'Thoroughfare.'" Charles did not expect much amusement from words and letters, but it was new. He had nothing to propose, and he already found Edgar would not humour his caprices, though he bore them with good temper. To work they went, and after turning the twelve letters all ways, Charles saw, to his great surprise, a hundred words formed out of one. "See," said he to his papa, as he ran to him with the paper in his hand, on which they were written, "see, Bonville has done it,—all little words that I can almost read: would you have thought it? I shall not mind so much if it rain again to-morrow." Sir Charles was pleased as his son; and Lady Seymour, observing the cheerfulness of Edgar transferred to Charles, was willing to promote the intimacy.

The following day was damp and gloomy, though the rain ceased, so the carriage was ordered for the boys' morning exercise; Philip, as usual, attending. They had driven a few miles on the

Ashhurst road, when they saw a soldier approaching, with a young woman hanging on his arm.

Her appearance evinced recent illness; her steps were slow and feeble. As the carriage passed them, Edgar said, "I am afraid you are very ill." The soldier shook his head, and said, "Ah, master, she is indeed!" The postillion instinctively stopped the horses, and the compassionate expression of Edgar's face inquired further, which the soldier understood, and said, "Our regiment is going abroad: my poor Susan is unfit for the hardships of a soldier's wife: she has had a long illness, and I have got leave of absence, to bring her to my mother, at Ashhurst, who will take care of her, for my sake; for her own is dead." The tears fell from the young woman's eyes, and her kind-hearted husband appeared to draw her nearer to his side, as he spoke of her desolate state.

No consolation could Edgar bestow: his little purse was in his hands; but it was not its contents that appeared requisite. Philip said, "Poor creature!" the postillion gave a sigh, or rather groan of sympathy; and Charles said, "How white she looks! Go on, George."

They soon left behind them the objects of their pity, and a silence of some minutes ensued, when Edgar exclaimed, "I wish this carriage was mine!" "Oh," said Charles, "I thought you never wanted what was not your own; but I knew you would like a carriage and servants such as we have." "I wish," repeated Edgar, "this was mine for one hour, and then yonder poor woman should ride to Ashhurst."

"What!" asked Charles, "that common woman ride in my mamma's carriage!" "Oh yes! she is nicely clean, and if she is good, God Almighty loves her. You see how ill she is, and we who are well, and could run out of sight in a moment, should be ashamed to ride. I will alight, and help the soldier to hold her up." Charles, who did not wish to part with him, said, "No, no, we will return, and ask if she is better."

They soon overtook the weary travellers, who were seated upon a bank near the place where they first saw them. Poor Susan's head rested upon her husband's shoulder; her eyes were closed, and her languid hands hung down by her side. The children were terrified: they thought she was dying, as did the distressed soldier.—Edgar rubbed her lifeless hands. Philip "wished they had some of the housekeeper's drops;" and Charles said, "If she would open her eyes, I would ask her if she would like to ride." The soldier asked if there was any water near. Edgar ran as though he had wings to his feet, and plunged his hat into a little brook, that crossed the road a few paces below. The water thrown on her face revived her: "You shall ride, poor creature!" said Charles: "you shall get into the carriage, and we will take you to Ashhurst."

The soldier strove in vain for words to express his gratitude. Philip said, "Oh, Master Seymour, you are very good!" Edgar threw his arms around his neck, saying, "he should always love him;" and the postillion said in his grumbling way, "I think our young master mends."

The poor invalid attempted to speak, but could only look her thanks. The men then lifted her into the carriage, and, with Philip behind, they went direct to Ashhurst. Charles was proud as he was happy; proud in being so praised for his goodness; happy that he had been really good. Heretofore all his indulgences had been selfish; now he felt himself a benefactor: and in that feeling received the first lesson of benevolence and humanity.

The soldier proceeded a shorter road, and was ready to receive his wife at the door of a neat and humble cottage in the village, where a decent old woman received her kindly, and assisted her into the house.

They were now so nigh Woodfield, that the mutual wish to call there could not be resisted. Edgar received his mamma's promise to see Susan, whose illness he represented with all the tenderness of his nature, and with all the energy of youthful feeling. They returned to Seymour Hall cheerful as the birds in spring: even Edgar, whose life was love, had never before so effectually served a suffering fellow-creature; and the adventure of the morning was an incident of happiness beyond all the amusements of his life.

"Master Seymour," said Philip, "you had better not mention the poor woman to my lady." "Why so?" asked Edgar. "We ought to tell our parents every thing we do, for perhaps what we may think right may be wrong; and when we mean well, they never will be angry with us: I shall feel as if we had done amiss if we strive to keep it secret." "Well, we

will tell it to papa," said Charles, whose affections and confidence were won by Edgar's praises and caresses.

When they arrived at Seymour Hall, Charles told his papa, they had seen a poor woman on the way, who was very ill: her husband was a soldier, who was taking her to his mother's, but she was so ill, they were forced to sit by the way-side. "I hope you gave her some money," said Sir Charles: "Philip has always some money for you: it is quite right you should be charitable." "Ah, sir!" said Edgar, "money would not have done her any good then; she could not move a step." "That was a pity," he replied: "what could you do?" "We took her in the carriage to Ashhurst, papa," said Charles. "Well, that was being good boys; but say nothing of it to your mamma."

Sir Charles left Edgar in amazement: his beautifully unsophisticated mind could not imagine why an act so amiable in Charles should be systematically concealed from a mother; she who could have dispensed the sweetest of all rewards, a mother's approbation! an act that had endeared Charles to himself! Was ever any thing so strange? and strange indeed it must appear, for he could not foresee the consequences that Sir Charles knew must follow; that Lady Seymour, who never witnessed the sufferings of her fellow-creatures, could not sympathize with them; that the very mention of illness, arising even from fatigue or accident, caused an alarm in such minds as though pestilence rode upon the blast; that those whose lives

are of the least use to others, are most tenacious for their preservation; that, after a variety of alarms and reproaches, Lady Seymour would be but half satisfied with having her carriage new lined and carpeted; and that, in consideration of the idol-self, the poor young woman's claims and the boys' benevolence would neither meet with compassion nor approbation: but all this was unknown to our boy, and he could not cease to wonder at the event, and at the same time feel his own happiness in being the child of parents whose noblest pride was the virtues of their children.

Evening was the appointed time for Edgar's return, which was scrupulously observed; and he had the pleasure of hearing from his mamma, that she had seen Susan, and assured her husband, that she would take care of her and find means to inform him of her health; that he had sent his humble service to the young gentlemen who had been so good to her, and shed tears of gratitude when she left him. "Poor Catherine too," said Mrs. Bonville, "called yesterday. She has disposed of all her little merchandise very successfully, and, in return for your contribution to her basket, has brought you a most beautiful pullet of a very curious breed, that I accepted for you." "Dear mamma, what a variety of poultry I shall have! but should not we pay Catherine for it? You know she is a very poor woman, that scarcely has any thing but what you give her."

"For that very reason, my dear, I accepted the fowl, that she I doubt not had a proud pleasure in presenting: I should have been very sorry

to have wounded her grateful spirit by refusing the only return in her power to offer; it would have been arrogating to ourselves the pleasure of giving, which, so far from doing, I gave her gift all possible consequence by admiring its beauty, and acknowledging its value, and I had the pleasure to observe the conscious satisfaction with which she departed."

"Oh, mamma, you are always right," exclaimed Edgar, with the most affectionate energy. "I always endeavour to be so," she replied, "and am most happy when it meets your conviction."

The object of Mrs. Bonville's benevolent consideration had taken the small pox late in life, and by its virulence was deprived of sight: till then her cottage had ever presented more neatness and comfort than any other in the village, and a little orphan grand-daughter had been maintained by her industry. In the desolation of blindness she would have been indeed forlorn, but for the sympathising charity of Mrs. Bonville, who in the winter supplied her with spinning, and provided her in the summer-season with a well-stocked basket of needle-books, pin-cushions, and plaid caps, for the peasantry, the work of herself and her maids; with twine-nets for boiling vegetables in, the work of Edgar, who in the preceding winter had learned the art of his mamma, for the purpose of securing the first-fruits of his dwarf cherry-tree from the pillage of the birds. A label was affixed to each article, with the determined price; and the poor itinerant was led through the village and its vicinity by her grand-daughter, who thus even in childhood repaid the debt her childhood had incurred.

"Poor Catherine," as she was sympathetically called by every one, met with a purchaser at every house; the humblest inhabitants buying something, and the more opulent rewarding her patience, and relieving her necessities, by a bounty that much exceeded the value of their purchase. Whilst in the pursuit of this benevolent plan, she not only relieved the parish of her support, but found occupation that mitigated the sad bereavement she endured.

Thus in affectionate sympathy, acts of kindness, attention to his lessons, and admiration of his flowers, that now bloomed in consummate beauty, the early childhood of Edgar Bonville was as happy as it was innocent, as free from care as from fault, and as lovely as it was guileless.

CHAPTER III.

SEVERAL weeks passed without seeing Master Seymour, who had accompanied his papa in an annual visit to Cumberland. The brilliancy of the summer was declining, when the return of Sir Charles Seymour and his son was announced at Woodfield by Philip, the ready reporter of Master Seymour's wish to see Master Bonville, and the loquacious narrator of the incidents of their journey. "My young master could talk of nothing but Woodfield, and Master Bonville; and Mr. Manners wished we had taken him with us to Derwent Priory, and so did I, for Master Seymour soon gets tired of every body else."

On the following day Mr. Bonville and Edgar

walked up to the hall. They found Sir Charles and his son in the library, where they were received with the utmost cordiality, the two boys meeting each other with fond delight. The library was a noble room, furnished and decorated with all that wealth can appropriate..

"I cannot," said Sir Charles, "show you so beautiful a prospect as that you possess at Woodfield; but the one from this room has been much admired."

Mr. Bonville arose, and advancing to the windows, surveyed the park in sylvan beauty spread before them, richly variegated by the inequalities of its surface: to the left appeared the gray tower of the village church, and in the distance the white front of his own house, its sheltering woods behind, and its verdant fields before, were to its attached owner the loveliest objects in the view, associated as they were with all that was dear and valuable to his life. The gratitude he felt for the possession of so pleasant an heritage glowed at his heart with the most fervent sensibility.

The mental thanks, the sympathetic sigh, and the pious hopes, that arise in the grateful heart as the life of man is passing away, are "the beauty of holiness." Heaven only knew what were those of Mr. Bonville; but Sir Charles read the face, and that most legibly expressed the pleasure and benignancy of his feelings.

"It will all be Charles's," said his father, "who I hope wiil make a good man; and I assure you, sir, that I think his acquaintance with your son is one of the most fortunate things that could have happened to him; for his childhood was passing

away without improvement, and, until I knew your family, I was not aware how much may be gained in the first ten years of life. Lady Seymour will not hear of Charles's removal from hence, and I am sure her interference with a domestic tutor would counteract his services; therefore we must be satisfied for the present, and I hope you will allow Edgar to be here as frequently as you can spare him, that Charles may 'pick up the crums that fall from the rich man's table;' for I assure you, my good sir," added Sir Charles, the smile on his countenance subsiding into the most serious expression, "I assure you, that I think and feel it is not fortune alone that can make a man truly respectable and happy."

Mr. Bonville was moved by the sensible and ingenuous acknowledgment, and assured Sir Charles he felt a paternal interest in Master Seymour's present improvement and future happiness, which he considered as most intimately connected. "But my dear sir," he continued, "you must allow the visits to be reciprocal; for all that is lovely and amiable in my boy's mind flows from maternal care, and the intercourse of domestic solicitudes. Mrs. Bonville's conversation is a perpetual fountain of wisdom and virtue, from which sweet waters only flow; it is her particular request that Master Seymour may return with us to-day, and join Edgar and his sister in a little excursion that is planned for to-morrow. I shall accompany them; therefore you may rely upon his safety.'

Sir Charles, who seldom opposed, and always participated in the pleasures of others, gave his ready acquiescence, and, accompanied by his son, went to

ask that of Lady Seymour, which was gained more by the importunity of Charles than the request of his father, and granted with many frivolous injunctions respecting his eating, sleeping, and walking, which at the desire of the child were suppressed, who already began to feel rather ashamed of such pusillanimous cautions.

He was most affectionately received at Woodfield, Edgar resigning his place to him, by the side of his mamma at the dinner-table, where he and his sister were in the regular habit of remaining a quarter of an hour afterwards with their parents and friends, to familiarize them with its general customs. Charles appeared to consider himself one of the family, and, for the first time, not the most important person there, listening with interest to the proposed arrangements for the succeeding day.

"I am afraid," said Fanny, "Master Seymour will be weary with walking a whole day." "But," said Mrs. Bonville, looking upon him with encouraging confidence, "he will not complain before you do, Fanny, I am sure; and you all know there is not any pleasure, any acquirements to be gained without exertion; therefore we must previously b.lance the attainment and the labour, and by thus determining which to sacrifice, avoid those foolish complaints and repinings which always display a weak or irresolute mind. "If I am tired, I will not complain," said Charles. "That is enough," observed Mr. Bonville: "that we should cease to feel is not in our power, but to endure is; and the ability to do this is increased by its practice."

The children left the table for the garden and the poultry; when the variety and beauty of the fowls, and the eagerness with which they received their evening meal, delighted their juvenile benefactors, as though the charm of novelty had been added to the pleasure. During the remainder of the evening they sat around a separate table from Mr. and Mrs. Bonville, to whom they appealed when any little doubt arose amongst themselves. Mrs. Bonville had painted upon blank cards the gods and goddesses of the heathen mythology, with their appropriate emblems: knowing that in the progress of letters those objects would be presented to the mind of her son, and the pagan worship necessarily connected with his classical advancement in learning, she had adopted its devices to facilitate his acquaintance with the pageantry of Homer and Virgil. Early taught to acknowledge and to love one great Being, who had created and preserved him, she trusted the purity and rational simplicity of the Christian religion would grow with his growth, and meet the understanding whilst it was written upon his heart; proving an invincible barrier against the idolatry of the early, the superstition of the middle, and the infidelity of the latter ages. The brilliancy of the colouring attracted the eye of Charles, but it had no internal illumination. Edgar required no lettered illustration to explain the whole. "That is Jupiter with his eagle and grasped lightnings, and Juno with her peacock and majestic air." He knew Pallas by her shield, and her head adorned by the bird of wisdom; Mars by his

armour and his spear; Apollo, by his lyre and bow; Diana by her crescent; and Aurora, decorated by the morning star. The flushed face and bloated figure of the vine-crowned Bacchus created general disgust to the children, who turned with pleasure to Ceres, with her mural crown and ears of corn—she who presides over agriculture and rural industry; and to Neptune in his shelly car, surrounded by his attendant Tritons. "I know who *that* is," said Charles exultingly: "it is Lord Nelson." A silent smile upon the faces of his young friends rather confused him; but he continued, "There is a large painting in the Hall at Derwent Priory; they called it the Battle of the Nile; and I saw just such a man as that in it, and the steward told me he was the king of the sea; and my papa says Lord Nelson was the king of the sea." Edgar and Fanny were yet silent, but looked towards *their* papa for his decision. "I should suppose," said Mr. Bonville, "that is an allegorical picture, and that the painter has called in the aid of imaginary beings to give force and effect to his subject; as such, Neptune, whom the Heathens acknowledged, and artists represent, as ruler of the waves, pays homage to that Hero, who has so often rode in triumph over them." "Well," said Charles, "I shall never see Neptune without thinking of Lord Nelson." "And a very just association," replied Mr. Bonville; "the King of the ocean and the Lord of the Nile!" The young party retired early, their minds animated by the anticipated pleasures of the succeeding day.

The morning was favourable to their accomplishment; light showers in the night had allayed the dust, and given fresh beauty to all nature. Refreshments were prepared, and divided into three light baskets, each little pedestrian bearing one. Mrs. Bonville smiled upon them from her chamber window, towards which they turned again and again, waving their hands in affectionate adieus. Mr. Bonville led them through the village, and over a common a mile in extent, and then descended into a little wooded dell, where the trees, opening in the centre, presented the view of a beautiful bath: its form was oval, and the sides and bottom were lined with tessellated bricks, of various colours and pattern. The children uttered an exclamation of surprise and pleasure. Edgar said the fairies had formed it for the refreshment of those who had crossed the sandy common without a murmur. "Then you think fairies do not like grumblers, Edgar?" observed Mr. Bonville. "No one can like them, papa; and I remember hearing you read to mamma the life of Prince Eugene, who said He hated grumblers even though they had cause." "I certainly have a sympathy with the princely soldier," answered his papa. "It is great, it is manly, to endure without complaint the evils that are inevitable: if they can be avoided by any exertion, let it be prompt and decisive, or let us bear and be silent." "See," said Fanny, "at this end of the bath little bubbles are thrown up, whilst the surface at the opposite end is full of dimples." "That," said

her father, "is owing to the water rising from small openings, imperceptible to you, its ebullition appearing at the top; whilst, at this end, the water is continually escaping at the bottom through small apertures, whence it is conveyed by an aqueduct into a rivulet that runs through the wood."

The brightness of the sun was now almost entirely obscured; and as the little party sat upon the brink of the basin, the water reflected, as in a mirror, the innocent group. Fanny's bonnet was thrown at the back of her head, and showed her happy, smiling face, shaded by her bright brown hair. Edgar's glowing cheek gave additional lustre to his clear dark eye, whilst Charles's face beamed with more sensibility than it usually expressed.

Mr. Bonville looked upon them with paternal pleasure, and called their attention to the construction of the bath. "It is well known," said he, "that when the Romans were in Britain, they held their stations in this country; of which various remains are occasionally discovered. This bath, I have been told, was about sixty years ago cleared from the dirt and rubbish, by which it had been long choked up. We may suppose it was formed for the use of some one of their principal Generals.

"Bathing was the constant practice of the Roman soldiery, to which they owed that hardiness of frame and suppleness of limb, that so well enabled them to endure their military warfare. By them several of our famous medicinal springs were first discovered, one of which was Buxton, in the peak of Derbyshire.

"Now the Sun is less glaring, you may observe the beauty of the masonry and the colours of the

pavement more distinctly." "Oh! yes," said Charles, "and how small the bricks are,—no larger than the dice in the backgammon-table." "And the colours," said Fanny, "are red, yellow, white, and grey." "What exquisite specimens of art did these extraordinary people leave behind them!" said Mr. Bonville; "what the moderns cannot attain; —the colour and texture of their bricks could never yet be equalled. I think, Edgar, you can tell Fanny and Charles how long this bath has existed." Edgar looked rather incredulous.—"I am sure you remember at what time Julius Cæsar invaded Britain?" "I think, papa, it was fifty years before the birth of Jesus Christ." "Right; and how long is it since then?" "Oh! papa, that is a very easy question—eighteen hundred years."

"By this association, you have always an opportunity of fixing a great chronological event in your memory; and it will be as easy to recollect, that from the time they first entered Britain, as conquerors, to the period when they withdrew themselves from it, was three hundred years. This bath, therefore, may have been in existence fifteen hundred years. "Did you not know, Charles, that it is your papa's?" "My papa's, this beautiful bath! Oh, I wish it was in the park!" "Why so? do not you think it worth the trouble of walking thus far to see?" "Oh! yes, but then you know I could see it every day." "Perhaps had you seen it every day, it would never have excited the pleasure you have received this day; we are frequently more obliged to accident than design for our pleasures; let us take them when they present them-

selves, and be grateful for the opportunity and power to enjoy them."

They now proceeded on their walk, and, after ascending a steep field, entered an extensive wood that crowned the hill, and descended on the sides of the opposite valley. Through the sloping wild walks of the wood they pursued the path; pleased with the magnificence of the lofty trees, and the luxuriance of the underwood, that, rich in autumnal blossoms, hung in beautiful wreaths from the lower branches, presenting to Mr. Bonville's recollection those favourite lines of Mrs. Bonville's, so descriptive of similar foliage:

> Around the copse's oaken boughs
> The woodbine's tassels float in air;
> And, blushing, the uncultured rose
> Hangs high her beauteous blossoms there *.

The high trees under which they were passing afforded protection to numerous squirrels, the quickness of whose motions, with their beauty and lightness, as they leaped from branch to branch, or darted up the trunks of the trees, delighted the children, who had various inquiries to make concerning them, which Mr. Bonville gratified, as they pursued their walk, by relating to them the characteristics of that beautiful and happy little animal; of its sagacity in laying up in autumn its winter store, not allowing that season of plenty to pass in idle enjoyment, but carefully gathering its provision for the future, instinctively foreseeing the time when the woods would be stripped of their leaves, and fruits and its provisions fail.

* Charlotte Smith.

"In one part of the tree," said he, "it forms its nest, in another its store-house, in which it deposits the filbert, the acorn, and the chestnut; never having recourse to them but in cases of the most urgent necessity, when frost and snow make all others inaccessible. It is a happy and elegant little animal, surrounded by abundance, leads a frolicsome life, and has few enemies to fear."

The Sun had now risen high, and the shade of the wood was left behind. Charles wished "that his beaver hat had been made of light straw, like that of Edgar's;" and though he did not *complain*, he began to relax the elasticity of his steps. Mr. Bonville looked around for a cottage where they could rest a while, and which might present some object to entertain or interest his young companions. At a short distance he saw a house pleasantly shaded by a fine old tree, appearing a comfortable residence for the labouring peasant: crossing the corner of a green common, they arrived at its boundary. The little gate that ought to have secured its proper entrance was thrown from its place, and various breaches in the surrounding fence were presented.

The house stood in a kind of croft, where every sort of dirt was collected; and a large pig, covered with mire, was stretched out in the door-way. The windows were broken; some of the fractures repaired with various coloured papers, others closed up with rags. A garden, by the side of the house, offered free admission to the pig, or any other vagrant cattle; and, excepting a few uncultivated vegetables, was overrun with weeds:—a poor little

squalid boy was sleeping in the sun, in a condition somewhat similar with the pig. This was not an inviting place of rest; but Mr. Bonville wished to inquire the cause of such apparent wretchedness. The door was opened by a stout, middle-aged woman, very shabbily clothed, who gave an uncouth permission to the request of resting in the house, the interior of which was not calculated to remove the impression he had previously received. The furniture was neglected and broken, the ashes and cinders spread over the hearth, and a dirty pipe, that rested against the fire-range, showed the recent idle and most pernicious employment of the woman. An infant, half naked, was crawling upon the floor, and one, a year older, was tormenting a poor, half-starved kitten.

"Are these all your family?" asked Mr. Bonville, as he seated himself. "No; there is another lad somewhere," said she. "Perhaps that is he," observed Edgar, "we saw asleep at the door." "I dare say it is: I did not know where he was," answered the negligent mother. "My husband works with Mr. West, the great farmer, hard by." "I hope he has constant work and good wages," said Mr. Bonville. "Work enough, but no matter of wages;—what is sixteen shillings a week, and eighteen pence paid out of it for rent? then with meat, drink, and firing, there's nought left for wearables: how should there?"

"You appear to have some garden ground?" "It grows nought but cabbages," interrupted she; "but they help to feed the pig:—it was a goodish garden when we came; but my husband has no time to

work in it." "What time does he return home?" asked the benevolent inquisitor. "At six o'clock; but after a hard day's work, he's not to go to work again. He goes to the ale-house; for poor folks have need of something to help them to work again next day." "Does not your eldest boy go to school?" asked Mr. Bonville. "I did send him to a Sunday-school; but I do not mean him to go again." 'Why so? is it not a most desirable advantage, that your child should be taught to read his Bible, that he may learn his duty?" "I don't know what good it will do him: I can read well enough, but I never found it would put ought into the pot; and without I could send him dressed like Tom Wilson's childer, I'll keep him at home." "Pray who is he? Perhaps he has it in his power to do more for his family than you can." "How should that be," she replied in a surly accent, "when he works for the same master and the same wages as my husband does?' "Has he a smaller family?" "No, they have one child more; but his wife was always a proud thing." "Well, my good woman, but pride of itself, you know, will produce no comfort." "I don't know what it will do," she said: "we lived fellow-servants together at Madam Melford's; but she never was like one of us; and, instead of having a bit of out at nights, when her work was done, would sit sewing bits of calico together that she had given her. She had a large piece done then, and I have been told she has made a fine bedquilt of it, and has it spread on her bed like a mistress, as I have heard say; for I never go near her, not I."

"I think you have a nice pig," said Edgar, who, with Fanny, had listened to this detail of indolence with pity and wonder. "Ay," she replied, "we shall kill it in two or three days, and then we shall get something to eat." "Surely the season is too warm to kill so large an animal," said Mr. Bonville. "It is never the wrong time of the year for those folks to get something to eat that wants it."

There was a sort of sturdy ignorance in the woman that repelled admonition, and a short silence ensued. The little boy they had seen asleep now entered the house, and asked his mother for something to eat, who harshly bade him wait, though she was entirely unemployed. Mr. Bonville told Edgar to see what his basket afforded:—from its stores he gave each of the children a large piece of bread, which they eat with greedy eagerness. Mr. Bonville rose to depart, but he felt more than curiosity to visit "Tom Wilson's," and asked the woman to direct them there. She gave a very imperfect description of the road, and they left her loitering near the door, and staring idly after them.

"Oh what poor creatures!" said Charles, with an expression of pity and contempt. "But," said Edgar, "I think they might live better: it would not have cost them any thing to have made the house cleaner, and she might have washed her children, if she had no better clothes for them." "There was plenty of water in the brook," said Fanny. "Your observations are quite just, my dears; and I could not have witnessed such apparent poverty without offering assistance, had I had reason to believe it would have given more than temporary help.

There was neither sickness nor age to claim compassion or ask relief, and no industry to meet encouragement. Reformation in themselves is more required than the bounty of others; and it is my opinion, that indiscriminate charity tends more to establish the evils it compassionates than to remove them. The house is not a bad one; the garden, she said, was pretty when they first had it, and a little attention would make it productive to the family, had it been dug over in the spring, and planted with potatoes. Had the Pig had an allotted place, and killed in a proper season, what comfortable provision those two objects would have supplied! Then the foolish envy of the woman, who could refuse her children the benefit of instruction because they were not dressed so well as her neighbours, yet making no industrious efforts to procure them more comfort! but see, my dears, how clear this little brook runs! Shall we seat ourselves upon its bank, and under this fine beech-tree eat our dinners?"

To this proposal they readily assented. The baskets were explored, and Fanny spread a napkin on the grass, placing the cold chicken, ham, and bread upon it; all of which, Charles declared, were the best he had ever partaken of. Mr. Bonville recommended their remaining half an hour under the shade.—It was two o'clock, and the sun, in unclouded glory, was high above their heads, and they all were disposed to prolong their rest.

The bank on which they were seated was of dry short grass, and the water flowed silently at their feet; —there was a repose in the air, as though nature

itself enjoyed the serenity of noon. As the young people did not interrupt the prevailing silence, a field-mouse crept from its nest, and began to gnaw the fringe of the napkin.—"See," said Fanny, "what a quick eye it has!" "And as quick an ear," observed Mr. Bonville; "for it is gone already." "We will leave it all the crums," said Fanny, shaking the napkin, and reversing the baskets; "they will be quite a feast. When I saw it gnawing the threads of the fringe, I thought of mamma's favourite fable." "So did I," said Edgar. "What a good lesson that is, Fanny!" "What does it say?" asked Charles: do pray tell me." "Shall I try to remember it, papa?" "Do, my dear Edgar, and I hope you and Charles will *try* never to forget it."

"A Lion, by accident, laid his paw upon a poor innocent mouse: the affrighted little animal, imagining she was just going to be devoured, begged hard for her life, urged that clemency was the noblest attribute of power, and earnestly entreated his majesty would not stain his illustrious paws with the blood of so insignificant an animal; upon which the Lion generously set her at liberty.

"It happened a few days afterwards, that the Lion, ranging for his prey, fell into the toils of the hunter: —the mouse heard his roarings, knew the voice of her benefactor, repaired to his assistance, gnawed in pieces the meshes of the net; and, by delivering her prisoner, convinced him that there is no creature so much below another, but he may have it in his power to return service and assistance."

"Very well remembered," said Mr. Bonville, "and there is another conviction equally important may be

acquired; that there is no station so elevated, no power so great, which the vicissitudes of life may not reduce to the necessity of receiving assistance from its inferiors." "Pray," said Charles, "in what country do Lions and Mice talk?" "Not in any: the human species are alone distinguished by the exalted privilege of speech; but we know the nature of the Lion to be generous and powerful, as that of the Mouse is weak and timid; so we may suppose, that if they could express those qualifications by words, and were placed in such situations as the fable describes, they would talk and act in the same manner. By means of these little stories, very useful lessons are conveyed:—that, I dare say, you will remember longer that if I had said to you, 'We all may need the assistance of our fellow-creatures, and should by no means consider the meanest of them as incapable of returning an obligation.'" "I am sure I shall," said Fanny; "for I fancy I see the poor little Mouse trembling under the paw of the Lion,—the joy of her escape—then the grateful Mouse—and again, the surprised Lion springing into the woods—and then I think of the lesson it teaches."

They now resumed their walk, which continued near a mile, according to the cottager's direction, without seeing the object they sought; when, under the shade of a copse of hazel, they discovered a low House, which, as a dwelling, was inferior to the one they had left; but the air of comfort that surrounded it presented the pleasing characteristics of an English cottage. It stood within a grassy court, into which a wicket-gate opened, from

whence a pebbled path led to the very door, at which a pale slender woman was seated, spinning.

The sun had just passed over the House, so that its front was in complete shade. The humming of the wheel prevented her hearing their approach, till the sound of the gate, as it closed, drew her attention: she then arose from her seat, and very modestly invited Mr. Bonville into the House. They entered a nicely cleaned room; the chairs and tables, though of the humblest kind, were most delicately white, and arranged with the utmost neatness.

When they were seated, she took up her knitting, and, seating herself upon a low chair, said, "The day has been very hot, sir: would you please to take a little mead?" Mr. Bonville declined it, and asked the name of her husband. "Thomas Wilson, sir."—The children smiled at each other. "He works with Mr. West, the great landholder; he is one of his day-labourers; he gets sixteen shillings a week, and has constant work the year round: a very good master he is." "Have you any family?" "Oh! yes, sir, we have four children: the eldest girl is putting the child to sleep, up stairs, and the two middlemost boys are weeding in the garden."

"This seems a very comfortable place: what rent do you pay for it?" "Five pounds a year, sir. I always lay by two shillings a week, out of Thomas's wages, for it. I make a little money out of other things; but as that is not certain, I never trust to them." "Pray, what are those? I should be glad to be acquainted with such good management." "Oh, sir, I strive to do my best: we

have a very good garden; that, with the help of a little bacon, almost finds us dinners and suppers: it grows more than we want; but what is spare helps to feed the Pig: we killed one in the spring, and we have another that will be ready to kill in two months. We have many gooseberries that we keep till they are ripe: we then take them to the market to sell, with many other things that I gather for pickling. The children get mushrooms, of which I make ketchup; for I lived servant with a very good lady, who taught me to do all those things in the best way. When the harvest is over, my husband gets his master to spare him a day, and he carries them to market: many ladies will not make for themselves, but wait for mine. Then, sir, we have a little croft at the end of the house that lies very warm. Thomas always plants one corner with cabbages: they are the first in the country; and last May day, which is a holiday amongst us, he carried forty to the town to sell, and brought home six and sixpence. I grow several sorts of herbs, hyssop, penny-royal, and horehound, which the druggists buy, and I have a very fine peppermint bed, that I distil, and could sell twice as much as I make: I keep a little for ourselves or a neighbour. These things take but little trouble, when they are set about at the right time. Then, sir, my bees are best of all. I have four as fine hives as you would wish to see: honey and wax together I sold last year for three pounds! Our Thomas will not touch it: he says it is all my labour, and so I shall spend it as I like. I have only had them three years: I think in two more I shall get my heart's desire." "And what is that, my good

woman?" "A Cow, sir, a Cow! oh! what plenty *it* will bring! plenty of milk for the children, perhaps a little to spare for the Pig; then there will be butter and curds for the market, and cheese for Thomas."

Animated with the enlivening anticipation, she gratefully exclaimed, "You see, sir, what a many comforts we have, and, with the blessing of Providence upon our endeavours, I hope we shall bring up our children with credit and decency." "I trust they will prove a great comfort to you in return, and repay to your old age all that you have done for their youth," said Mr. Bonville most emphatically. "But who takes care of your garden?" "My husband, sir." "What! is he not tired with his day's work?" "Yes, to be sure; but I have always a bit of bacon ready for him, with some nice warm garden stuff, and a pint of beer of my own brewing: so he eats his supper, and rests a little, and then he is quite fresh again. Gardening is lightish work, and the children help, and I help, and he gets a deal done, and goes to bed in good time too."

The children now came in from weeding: they were tidy and hearty boys: they walked through the house to a small scullery adjoining, where they washed their hands, and then sat down on little chairs, their mother giving each a piece of wholesome brown bread. "These little lads," said she, patting their heads, "are very useful to us: they weed the garden, gather mushrooms in the fields, and bring in sticks from the wood for firing: they

had each a new hat last Easter with the money they had earned."

She now left the room, and in her absence the little visiters remarked the bacon and beef that was hung up to dry, the cleanliness of the tables, and the brightness of the irons. Their civil hostess soon returned, bringing with her a pitcher and glass, saying, "I hope these little gentlefolks will taste my mead," and, not waiting an answer, presented the glass of sparkling liquor to Fanny, who tasted it, and said, "It was very nice wine." "It is not wine; it is mead made from honey; for there is a deal that I cannot take clear away from the combs, and the rinsing of the vessels in which I gather it, with some part not fine enough to sell, that altogether makes mead, and I put in a handful of walnut leaves, that has a very fine sme and takes a little from the sweetness: but will you please, sir, to walk into the garden, and see my bees?"

To this they readily agreed. After telling the boys to sit still, she led them across the little court that was separated by a holly hedge from the garden, upon which some children's clothes were lying, coarse, but white as snow, and on the grass her linen was bleaching. Every corner of the garden was full of herbs, vegetables, and flowers.

"Those are my daughter's," said she, pointing to the Sweet-Williams and Pinks: "they take little room, and she goes once a week in the summer to the town, with them tied up in penny bunches; and the ladies who know her always buy them, for

very pretty bunches she makes; that is her own money. We always let the children have some clothing bought with their earnings, for we think it an encouragement to them; but we take care that what they buy is useful, and not fine."

"How old is your little girl?" asked Mr. Bonville. "Thirteen, sir: she goes to the Sunday-school, and can read the Bible very plain, and say her catechism; and there is an old man lives near us, who can write very well: he is a lone man in the world, so I mend his linen for him, and Thomas looks in upon him a bit; so he teaches her to write just enough to be able to send us a line of her well doing, if she should be in service at a distance: more than this we do not want her to learn: she must get her living by industry and good-housewifery, the best learning for those in her station. As soon as she is fourteen, I mean to try to get her into a good family. I do not wish to keep her at home a day longer, and I hope she will be found useful wherever she goes."

The justness of these ideas, and the neatness of the garden, excited Mr. Bonville's warmest approbation, which he promptly expressed. "Ah, sir, nothing thrives in the dirt, and we could not afford to be dirty." The children looked with surprise at each other, and thought their former cottage acquaintance would have said, "We cannot afford to be clean."

Mr. Bonville observed their inquiring looks, and asked an explanation. "Why, sir, as our garden and croft are main helps to our livelihood, and as we have no cattle for manure, we sweep all our weeds and

rubbish upon a heap, and when I wash, I carry every drop of water that has soap in it there; for poor people like us must waste nothing. But see, sir, how the bees are at work, pretty creatures!" "I think," said Edgar, "the tops of their houses are like Robinson Crusoe's cap." "Who is that?" asked Charles. "I will read you his history to-morrow," replied Edgar. "I sometimes go into the wood, and play at being Robinson Crusoe." "Oh yes," said Fanny, "and he has built such a pretty bower, and we call it Robinson's Bower: we will show it you to-morrow." It was seldom there were so many pleasures in reserve for Charles, seldom that he wished for to-morrow, without being tired of to-day.

Mr. Bonville, after desiring the little girl would call at Woodfield as she returned from disposing of her vegetable merchandize, left a gratuity with her mother that excited her surprise and gratitude, and quitted the cottage as much pleased with the industry, content, and comfort he had witnessed, as was its mistress with his approbation and generosity.

"I wish," said Charles, "I had told her to let the little girl call with her herbs and flowers at Seymour Hall: the housekeeper would have bought them, and saved her going to town."—"Your consideration, my dear boy, is very kind," said Mr. Bonville, "but it is better omitted; it is better not to interrupt the course of industry they have adopted. As your own gardens supply the housekeeper with all she wants, the purchase would have been but temporary, in consequence of your re-

commendation; but the inconvenience might have been extensive to the little green-merchant: by disappointing those who had been accustomed to purchase from her, they might have disappointed her at a future period, and thus mutual confidence would have been interrupted. The plan they are upon is good in itself, and praiseworthy in them. We must be careful to do nothing to make the exertions of the poor less necessary; for in them not only their support but their virtue consists.—The child shall always call at Woodfield on her return, and if any of the stores of her basket are upon hand, she shall not take them home."

They were now bending their course homewards, and as twilight spread its gloom around, the barking of the village curs, the whistling of the labourer returning from his work, the lowing of the cattle, and the distant waterfalls, were distinctly heard in the stillness of the Evening; for the children appeared too much absorbed in thought to pursue their usual prattle, and a little weariness of foot had damped its ardour. Mr. Bonville took them a nearer road in return than they were acquainted with; but soon recognising some familiar objects, they gladly discovered their vicinity to Woodfield.

Mrs. Bonville's approach to meet them reanimated their flagging spirits: "had she had three" hands they would have been claimed; but to Fanny, her little girl, and to Charles, her little visiter, she gave those she possessed. Leading them into the house, they were rejoiced to resume their seats. Overcome by the air and exercise of the past day, Charles dropped immediately asleep, and was

carried to bed, where he lay in undisturbed repose to a late hour the following morning; Edgar telling his mamma, "that when he had peeped within the curtains of Charles's bed, he saw him fast asleep." "I am glad you did not disturb him," she replied; "unaccustomed to so much air and exercise, he will require more repose, until habit has rendered the latter pleasant, rather than fatiguing: but I observe a servant from the Hall has crossed the court yard; if it be Philip, show him to your papa."

"Ah, Master Edgar," said Philip, for he it was, "we are all wonderment at the hall to know how Master Seymour has behaved, and I am come down to see if he wants to come home." "I hope not," replied Edgar; "for we were all very happy yesterday, and when he is awake, we shall have many new plays to go to, and pretty stories to read; but come to papa, who I am sure will wish to inquire after Sir Charles and Lady Seymour."

The servant followed him, and had no sooner answered Mr. Bonville's inquiries, than, with the garrulity of a favoured and long-trusted domestic, he began to relate the news of the village that he had collected as he passed along.

"So, sir, Mr. Travaire is dead at last, and we shall have a new rector. Well, well, I do not think either Sir Charles or my lady will be sorry; for though my master bears no one ill will, I have heard him say, that whenever Ashhurst Rectory was free again, he would give it the man after his own heart, and that was Mr. Conyers, whom he always intended should have had it, for he was his tutor."

"Sir Charles," said Mr. Bonville, in answer to this monologue, "is always kind and considerate, and deserves the regard of all good men." "That he does," replied the man; and God grant his son may be like him!" "You will stay the day, Philip, if you are at liberty." "Thank you, sir: I came down on purpose to see the young masters; I have nothing else to do."

If he had said he came down on purpose to be asked to remain, he would have spoken the truth; for the character of the Woodfield family was held in such universal respect by the villagers, that the servants at the hall were glad of the opening intercourse, that they might judge from their own experience of the order and comfort of its establishment.

The death of the late Rector was the principal topic at Ashhurst, Woodfield, and Seymour-hall, the ensuing day. He had not been endeared to his rustic hearers by any kind associations. He performed the offices of his function with due regularity, but his heart was not with his people; and an unfortunate difference with the Seymour family soon after he had obtained the living, estranged him entirely from the Hall. The villagers, whom he took no care to attach, joined the cause of Sir Charles, whose ability to promote their temporal interests, no doubt, contributed to their adherence to their patron rather than their Rector.

Mr. Travaire was nearly related to Lady Seymour, and by her influence was promoted to the Living, superseding the wishes of Sir Charles in favour of one he had loved in his youth, and had

ever continued to respect. Mr. Conyers had been domestic tutor to Sir Charles Seymour. He held that nominal situation for a short time, then married, and settled upon a curacy in Craven, augmenting its small stipend by instructing the children of his parishioners; there hiding, amidst the wild Moors of the wildest district in Yorkshire, learning and virtues that would have graced a mitre; fulfilling the duties of his pastoral office with justice, piety, and humility; not suffering a murmur to escape his lips or rest in his heart, that Ashhurst Rectory, to which Sir Charles had raised his expectation, was given to another.

When Lady Seymour overruled the fulfilment of these expectations in nominating Mr. Travaire, she thought the obligation she should confer upon her needy relation would secure to her an obsequious, humble, time-serving dependant. Happily for the dignity of the clerical character, this was not the case: yet the reverse arose more from the temper of Mr. Travaire, than respect for the sacred profession; for all this had been till he was secure of the living of Ashhurst. Irritated at the alteration in his behaviour, and indignant at his ingratitude, Lady Seymour proclaimed open hostility, and when she did go to church, deserted that of her own parish, and drove four miles to attend another, rather than observe even the appearance of respect to the man by whom she was so deeply offended. By Sir Charles, who had never liked Mr. Travaire, she was attended, and at the hall he was no more admitted. In losing his influence with his parishioners, his power to benefit them was propo-

tionably circumscribed. After regularly performing the ceremonies of his church, and strictly exacting its dues, he spent his leisure in field sports; and in all public affairs and parish concerns constantly thwarting his patron; thus keeping the wounds of discord irritated and unhealed, and making the duty and propriety of reconciliation more difficult, and more distant.

Mr. and Mrs. Bonville had always maintained an agreeable intercourse with Mr. Travaire; for though his character did not inspire that esteem and reverence they should have wished to have cherished for their spiritual pastor, yet they considered his station as claiming ostensible respect, and they sought by their example to counteract the effect of Sir Charles's dereliction upon the villagers.

Immediately upon the decease of Mr. Travaire, Sir Charles Seymour wrote with even the *energy* of friendship to his respected friend, Mr. Conyers, pressing him to hasten to a house that would place him near Seymour Hall for life. This intimation he sent off by express, and arrived at Woodfield just as his son had arisen from the breakfast table. He had walked there, not only to see his boy, and participate in the innocent sports of the youthful friends, but to open his kind heart to Mr. and Mrs. Bonville on the prospect of meeting his reverend friend, and the benefit that would acrue to the parish from the residence of so excellent a man. He then listened to a brief history from Charles of the preceding day, and the anticipated sports of the present, gave his willing consent that he should remain

another at Woodfield, and left its owners fully impressed by a sense of his affectionate and benevolent nature.

A few months previous, Charles would not have been persuaded he could have been amused *more* than an hour, in selecting dried seeds from the flower-stalks, placing them in small pasteboard boxes, made with great neatness by Edgar, and reading upon their covers their names, and the seasons in which they were to be sown; yet this employment had not proved the least pleasant part of the day, though Robinson's Bower had been visited, and the epitome of his life and adventures related beneath its roof. Philip was not a little surprised to observe how patiently he waited, until Edgar replaced all the boxes in a large drawer in the play-room, that his mamma had appropriated to his sole use, and of which he kept the key. There were deposited his pasteboard, his strong needles and thread, wax, thimble, and scissors, all of which were requisite to their completion. Not even the company of Charles could induce him to neglect his mamma's injunctions, "To return them all to the drawer when he had ceased to use them." Whenever this caution was neglected, the articles so omitted were taken into her possession, and denied to him when he next asked for them. "I think, madam," said Philip, "Master Seymour will be a good young gentleman in time; but, a-lack-a-day! he has never had any body to show him how to be pleased: he has had plenty of people to wait on him, and do as he would have them; but they could not teach him how to be happy with what he

had, like as Master Bonville is." Mrs. Bonville thought Philip right, and she perfectly understood his meaning: she knew that children require the assistance of a superior mind to *direct* their sports, and *lead* them to their amusements; and she had frequently found, by participating in them, that what at first had appeared dull had progressively become entertaining, leading the way, not only to their amusement, but ultimately to their instruction.

Charles left Woodfield in the evening with regret, and greatly surprised his mamma, by the animation with which he detailed the pleasure his visit there had afforded him, and the affection its inmates had inspired. For a few moments she thought it strange, that the same objects, but of which he had greater variety at home, produced only languor and discontent, should there have been the source of enjoyment. She had not even the perceptions of Philip, to see there was an *art* of being happy; and after having once wondered how this could be, gave herself no trouble to investigate the cause. Whilst Sir Charles not only participated in his son's enjoyments, but felt grateful to those who had awakened this sense of happiness in his child; which, along with the anticipation of Mr. Conyers's arrival, and subsequent residence, diffused a large portion of positive pleasure to his benevolent heart.

Mr. Conyers received the communications of Sir Charles with a moderated degree of satisfaction;—he could not be insensible to the pleasure it expressed, and the hope it conveyed, that they should descend the hill of life together; yet, to quit the objects of his spiritual care, with whom he had lived

as a father amongst his children, who had witnessed his happiness during the life of his beloved wife, and whose tender sympathy had soothed his grief for her death, gave a painful feeling to his kind heart, that even temporal advantages could not alleviate.

The inanimate objects that surrounded his dwelling were associated with his feelings;—the fells, and rocky dales, and bubbling waters of Craven, were connected with the remembrance of his early life, and with the pure pleasures of his wedded happiness: their majesty and sublimity had elevated his mind above the stir and din of this low world; whilst the primitive simplicity of those who dwelt within their recesses, bound him in tender affections to his fellow men. But as Mr. Conyers advanced in years, he was sensible the infirmities of age would require more alleviation than his present resources could supply, and his school more attention, than under those circumstances he could bestow. Whilst health and strength were his, he repined at no deprivations, he required no corporeal indulgences: even when "the evil days came *not*, nor the years drew nigh that had no pleasure in them," his heart did not sigh for this world's wealth or its distinctions: but he knew, that if life was extended till the "grasshopper should become a burden," those comforts for declining life, that Providence, through the medium of one of its most benevolent creatures, was providing for him, ought to be gratefully accepted. He therefore prepared his own mind, and the minds of his parishioners, to the ensuing separation; he disposed of all his tem-

poralities amongst his old friends and neighbours, without partiality; reserving his books alone, with a few articles that had been dear to his wife, and which, for her sake, he fondly cherished; for though "pure was the faith" of Mr. Conyers, yet, by him, were those relics of love preserved with religious zeal, and all their fond retrospective associations worn like an armlet upon his arm, and a frontlet upon his brow: relics of her memory, and their mutual pilgrimage amongst his people!

A young man who had been his pupil from his childhood, and the inmate of his house, was destined to be his successor. He was the orphan son of one of his flock; and, by his benevolence, he had been educated, loved, and trained for heaven. Mr. Conyers left Craven under the promise of revisiting his parishioners periodically; recommending unanimity with each other, and their esteem and confidence for his youthful substitute: their tears were the assurances of their acquiescence, and their silence the most affecting expression of their grief.

The chariot of Sir Charles Seymour met Mr. Conyers on the eve of his journey, and the inhabitants of Ashhurst assembled on the road to testify their respectful welcome; and well was his appearance calculated to give the favourable impression they were disposed to receive. He was tall, and of dignified deportment,—softened by the most benignant countenance that ever looked with affectionate sympathy upon his brothers and sisters of the earth. His hair, though unblanched by age, was of silvery whiteness; parting on each side his face, it left his open brow expressive of the candour of his nature, whilst his eyes beamed with

that charity and good will his accents enforced. Sir Charles was happily gratified by the reception that was given to the man he loved; and even Lady Seymour received him with kindness, as the successor of the man she hated.

To Mr. and Mrs. Bonville, he appeared the very being most desired to complete their domestic happiness. United with the piety of his heart, and the serenity of his mind, he possessed a cheerfulness of manner that was almost sportive, and which particularly assimilated with the disposition of Mrs. Bonville; a tenderness of address that awakened all the daughter in her heart; and when she was first presented to him, she could have bent her knee, and said, "Bless me, oh my father!"

On the following Sunday, Sir Charles Seymour, his lady, and their son, with their numerous retainers and servants, and all the families of the parish, attended divine service; and unanimity and decorum, respect and reverence, were the auspices under which Mr. Conyers commenced his sojournment at Ashhurst, and his sacred station in its church: and when, with paternal and outspread hands, with uplifted eyes and voice, he gave the benediction of piety and peace to his people,—every heart, as if the heart of one man, gave its response and its mental amen.

Woodfield was his sacred home; and, that he might feel domesticated there, even as the Shunamite provided for the holy man of God, Mrs. Bonville appropriated to him his own chamber, his own seat at dinner, his easy chair and little table in her own room; with all those minute attentions, that advancing years and regular habits require, she

most unostentatiously presented. To her children he supplied that endearing relation, that exceeds even parental tenderness, when sublimed to the fondness of the grandsire.

As a preacher, Mr. Conyers was peculiarly calculated to engage the attention, and satisfy the understandings of his hearers, who were principally farmers, and their labourers. To those he represented the peculiar happiness attendant upon their station; which, by placing them immediately amidst the works of their Creator, led them to the contemplation of his power and goodness, in conjunction with their daily occupations. He did not enlarge upon speculative matters of faith, but upon the practical duties of religion: like his divine Master, he pronounced blessings upon the humble, the meek, the merciful, the pure, the peace-makers. He forbade them to judge, lest they should be judged, or to be angry with their brother without a cause; he bade them swear not at all, and love their neighbour as themselves: he warned them not to do their alms before men, and admonished them to go into their closets to pray; performing all the services of religion with cheerful countenance, as with pious hearts, leaving to their heavenly Father, who seeth in secret, to judge of their sincerity. He humbly acknowledged the mysteries of godliness, but did not make them the frequent subject of his discourses: "But in holiness," he would say, "there is no mystery." And in inculcating its beauty and importance, he assured his plain, simple, yet sensible auditors, that, in God's good time, all mysteries should be laid open.

CHAPTER IV.

THE mornings at Woodfield were now wholly devoted to lessons; and when the brief sun of a November noon invited to the exercise of walking, it was never neglected. The evenings were passed in reading aloud, and, what was more delightful, in those happy conversations, that are no less amusing than instructive: in those, the children took their part, restrained only by those rules of good-breeding that alike forbid monopoly, and interruption, as they enforce the undivided attention and the prompt reply. In one of those noon-tide walks, Mrs. Bonville, Edgar, and Fanny, called at the cottage, to see Susan and her mother-in-law. "A fleet leaves England, for India, in January," said Mrs. Bonville, "and Edgar proposes to keep his word with your husband, and inform him of your health, which has certainly improved the last summer."—"Indeed it has, madam, thanks to your kind help and goodness; and please, Master Bonville, say, that I think of him every day, and pray for his safety and return every night." "And pray," said the old woman, who was seated by the fire, "tell him to get his discharge as soon as he can; for I think he had more need be taking care of his wife and his poor mother, than staying in that strange country." "George would not have been a soldier for Agincourt," said Mrs. Bonville, as they walked

along, "according to the burden of an old song yet sung in my country."—"Oh! what is that, mamma?" exclaimed both the children at once, for an old song and an old tale were their delight. Smiling at the eagerness of their interruption, she added, "When that pride of English soldiery, Henry the Fifth, was recruiting in Lancashire and Derbyshire, for the brave compatriots in that never to be forgotten expedition, he proclaimed in the words of the song:—

> 'No *married* man, or *widow's* son,
> I ask to go with me;
> For I will take no woman's curse,
> From Derby hills so free.'

Thus was his army formed of the flower of English youth; and she, from whom he took a son, had a husband left to console and support her." "I was a very little boy when we left Derbyshire, mamma," said Edgar, "but I have not forgotten it; there are *brave* hills there!" "So there are, my dear!" answered his mamma, pleased with the application of the word, however its correctness might be questioned; for she felt it assimilated with the aspiring heights of her native mountains, that, in her fancy, were unrivalled by the luxurious beauty of Teesdale.

After dinner, Edgar left the table; and, seating himself in the adjoining room, prepared his paper and pen, and placed himself in the attitude of writing; and so he remained, till Mrs. Bonville followed him, and taking up her needle, seated herself silently by his side:—"Mamma," said he, "what am I to say?" "The letter is to be yours,

not mine; you must say all you know respecting Susan, that will be most acceptable to her husband." She then resumed her work, and Edgar began to write. After an hour had nearly elapsed, he brought his letter to his mamma, requesting her opinion of it.

Woodfield, Nov. 15.

GEORGE SIMPSON,

I dare say you will be glad to receive this letter, because it will tell you a deal about Susan, your wife, whom you left so very poorly. I am afraid I shall make a shabby letter, as I never wrote one before to go so great a way as the East Indies, which, papa says, is many thousand miles from England; but I will tell you all I know of Susan, which, I am sure, you will like to hear the most; for I thought you was as sorry that she was ill, as my papa would have been if my dear mamma had been ill; and a great deal sorrier than Sir Charles Seymour would be if Lady Seymour was ill, for he does not seem very fond of her, though they are so very rich. Many days after you went away, Susan was very sick; and when I went to see her, she always cried, not because she was ill, but because you was gone; but mamma comforted her, and gave her good things, and told her she must be happy for your sake, and your mother's sake, who is very good to her, though I think she is rather a cross old woman.

When my sister Fanny had the measles, mamma sent for Susan to assist her to nurse, and she said, she was very useful; and she grew so much stronger

whilst she lived at Woodfield, that mamma kept her a little longer after my sister was quite well; and then she desired Charles to ask the housekeeper at the hall to let her have some sewing; so she made Master Seymour some shirts, for which she got a deal of money, which she gave your mother to pay her rent. Susan is a deal prettier woman than I thought she was, when I saw her in the lane, hold of your arm; her cheeks are redder and rounder, and when I say you are well now, and very happy, she says, Ah! Master Edgar, I shall never be happy till my poor George comes home; and she told me to tell you, she prays for you every night. I wish you your health, that you may come back to your wife, who loves you so well, and who is a very good young woman—my mamma says so, and she never tells a false story. I am your friend,

EDGAR BONVILLE.'

Edgar waited anxiously for his mamma's opinion, and felt rather proud at having filled two pages of the paper without assistance: "Indeed, my dear boy, you have acquitted yourself very well: there are a few errors that I will show you, and when they are corrected it is just such a letter as I wish you to write. You say 'a great deal sorrier than Sir Charles would be if Lady Seymour was ill, for he does not seem very fond of her:' if you reflect a moment you will feel yourself wrong; you are received in Sir Charles's house, and treated by him with the greatest kindness: you cannot think it is right to repeat what passes there to the disad-

vantage of your friends." "But, mamma, you have often told me to remark all I saw, and if I am not to speak of what I see, what does it signify? and you said too, that the richest people are not always the happiest, so I wished poor George to be contented in his station; for it must have been a great trouble to have left his wife when she was so very ill."

"I approve your reasoning, Edgar; but you must allow me to direct it, and as you have argued upon the subject, we will proceed to treat it orderly. It is true, that I have frequently desired you to remark the different circumstances that occur in your circumscribed intercourse with society, and to look upon the little world around you. But when you speak of the actions of others, let it be to your papa and myself, that you may be informed of the justice or propriety of your opinions. To others remark them only in general terms; as when reconciling George to his absence, you might say, 'Riches alone will not make their owners happy. If Susan and you love each other, you are happier than those who have greater abundance without affection and content; that there are such I have heard.'"

"I will put all that out of my letter, dear mamma; I am much obliged to you: but you said there were two or three faults; pray show them to me." "They are trifling, my good boy, but will be better omitted. You say, 'Your mother is very good to Susan, though you think her rather a cross old woman.' Now if you wish to contribute to this poor man's happiness, why inform him of a circum-

stance so little likely to promote it; as it cannot do any good, why mention it? George appears to love his wife very tenderly; he may imagine his mother does not treat her so, and the thought will afflict him. He cannot return to Susan, and she cannot be in any other situation so proper and convenient for her. Never, my dear boy, relate what will give pain, unless some evil may be averted. Unfortunately, there are people so fond of talking, and being the first to relate all they hear, that they never pause to reflect how much distress they may occasion: sorry should I be that, either ignorantly or inadvertently, you should be one of them. 'Blessed are the feet of those who bring good tidings;' and true charity does not consist so much in bestowing gifts or distributing money, as in softening the asperities, soothing the sorrows, and respecting the feelings of our fellow creatures."

The marked attention with which Edgar listened to his mamma's observations, proved his conviction of their truth. "To-morrow," he said, "I will write the letter again, and attend to all you have said." "And when," she added, "you express your sorrow in the comparative degree, write, 'more sorry' rather than 'sorrier;' after the sentiment of your letter, we must attend to its style. I approve the unaffected manner in which you have written, and have no further objections to make."

Edgar put aside his employ, and joined his father and sister. During the conversation of the evening, he said, "Pray, mamma, how came George Simpson to be a soldier?" "I have asked the same

question of Catherine," she replied, "who has known him from a child. George's father died when he was only ten years old; yet at that early age he contributed to his own support, for he had been trained up in the habits of industry and civility; he could frighten away the birds from the corn for the farmers, drive their sheep, water the cattle, run errands for Mr. Travaire, and gather sticks and wild fruit for his mother. His good behaviour gained him the favour of a principal farmer in the neighbourhood, who took him into constant employ; and his gains increased with his strength and his years. At eighteen he was a fine stout young man, possessing the general respect of his employer, and the whole village. The militia of the district was then forming, in which the son of his master held a commission. George loved his junior master, and wished to see the world; the young lieutenant was proud to add so handsome and so good a recruit to his regiment; and thus was the mutual compact formed that made George a soldier. The same sobriety and order that had gained him friends in the peaceful occupations of husbandry attended him in his military life; his officers treated him with kind condescension; and those comrades who, like himself, had been taught early lessons of piety and virtue, found their principles confirmed by the example and exhortations of George; whilst the more profligate respected that conduct they could not without coercion imitate.

"When the term of his engagement was expired he had his choice, with many others, to return

home, or be drafted into the line. He chose the latter; his soldier's life had been a pleasant one to him; to discipline he cheerfully submitted, and punishment he had never deserved.

"His mother had a small stipend, that materially contributed to her support, and habit had reconciled her to his absence. Accompanied with the highest recommendations from his officers, he entered into the sixty third regiment, then quartered at New-castle upon Tyne; there he met with Susan, the daughter of an industrious laundress, that resided near his quarters; they were married, and were as happy as mutual affection and good conduct could make them; but in the same week the mother of Susan died, and the regiment received orders to embark for the East Indies. This twofold grief overwhelmed poor Susan's tender nature; and on her partial recovery, George obtained leave to accompany her to her native village: it was on the close of their tedious journey, that you and Charles rendered him such a kind and essential service."

"If honour consists in action, rather than station," observed Mr. Bonville, "there is as much honour due to our young soldier as can attend his general." "Oh papa," said Edgar, "I shall be so glad when he returns, that I may ask him about the East Indies! I dare say he will have seen an Elephant, and a Tiger." "And I," said Fanny," "shall be so glad to see him live happy with his wife and mother at Ashhurst."

"Suppose," said Mr. Bonville, "we complete the evening by following George to his destination. Reach the Atlas from the bookcase, and we will

refer to the map for the track that led him there."
"Pray, papa," asked Edgar, as he returned from his mamma's room carrying the folio, "why is it called an Atlas?" "I cannot give you a positive explanation my dear, but I will hazard a conjectural one. Atlas was well skilled in astronomy, and was the first inventor of the sphere or globe: as such he is represented in fabulous history, bearing the world on his shoulders. The word Atlas in the Greek, signifying to toil, or labour, is expressive of the difficulties of that science: perhaps the first folio collection of maps had his figure represented upon its frontispiece, as surveyor of the globe, which might give the name to future publications of the same nature." "Then," said Edgar, heaving the large book on his shoulders, "I am Atlas, and bring you the world on my back."

"This early astronomer," continued Mr. Bonville, "was prince of Mauritania, a northern part of Africa, whose inhabitants were so sensible of the importance of his discoveries, that they applied his name to any object of magnitude; thus mount Atlas, in Barbary, upon whose summit the clouds for ever rest, was called after him, and the vast Atlantic ocean, that divides the eastern and western hemispheres, and to which that mountain extends, was most probably denominated from the same word." "I have not Atlas upon my cards, mamma," said Edgar, "and I think he deserves to be ranked amongst the heathen gods as much as Hercules; but whenever I see the figure of a man supporting the globe upon his shoulders, I shall know who it means."

"I entirely agree with you," said Mrs. Bonville:

"he is certainly entitled to our respect and veneration as one of those superior beings, whom the heathens, for their bounty and goodness, eminent actions, or great virtues, classed amongst their demi-gods."

"Enlightened as they were in science," said Mr. Bonville, "yet how benighted in the knowledge of the greatness and omnipotence of the Creator of the world. We are awe-struck with the contemplation of Newton's powers, yet we do not think of deifying even him, but acknowledge with humility that all wisdom comes from God, the God of heaven and earth."

The book of maps was now spread upon the table; Mrs. Bonville and Fanny drew around, and attended with the closest interest to Mr. Bonville, whilst he pointed out the tracks our ships take to the East Indies. "We will embark at Gravesend in Kent," said he, "pass the mouth of the river Thames at Sheerness, and enter the Downs at Deal; proceed through the straits of Dover, with Calais on the left, and Dover on the right; and arrive at Spithead, the great rendezvous for our shipping, that are not bound for the North seas: we are now in the English Channel, that divides France and England; and coasting *with a fair wind*, our own lovely island, taking leave successively of the beautiful counties of Hampshire, Dorset, and Devon; pass the Land's End in Cornwall, and enter the Atlantic Ocean, where are the Scilly Isles, a few only of which are inhabited. We have hitherto steered directly westward; we

must now take a southerly course, and cross the large and stormy Bay of Biscay, formed by the shores of France and Spain: leave Cape Finisterre, the most westerly point of Europe, and Gibraltar to the left, and arrive after a month's sailing at Madeira; principally inhabited by the Portuguese, by whom it was first discovered. The vines of Madeira produce a white wine of very superior quality; and it accommodates our ships with fresh water, and a variety of fine fruits, so pleasant and salutary to seamen during their long voyages. After leaving Madeira, we must sail many, many days without the sight of land: Africa, twelve hundred miles on our left, and South America, eighteen hundred miles on our right; or, to speak more in the phrase of the element we are upon, Africa to the east, and America to the west. We now pass the Cape de Verd Islands, and cross the equator, an imaginary line, that divides the southern and northern hemispheres; observe Ascension Isle, a small uninhabited spot of earth, formed by highlands, on the extremest point of which a cross of wood is erected. Six hundred miles southward is St. Helena, an island belonging to the honourable East India Company, given to them by King Charles the Second; at which place their ships touch when homeward bound, affording a safe harbour, and delicious water. Favourable winds will soon bring us to the Cape of Good Hope, the most southerly point of Africa.

"The name of this important colony is encouraging to the Ocean wanderer; it was also called the

Cape of Storms, by those adventurous Portuguese, who first attempted a passage to the east, by exploring the vast Southern Ocean. There are the most delicious fruits, and flowers of the most brilliant hues; pine-apples grow without cultivation, and the beautiful and richly scented jasmine, that takes its name from the Cape, the same as that which Sir Charles sent to your mamma, is a native, with many others equally delightful, that are unknown in Europe. Geraniums grow in wild luxuriance to the height of tall shrubs, and spread over the ground in a boundless extent, illuminating the country with their gorgeous scarlet flowers, and filling the air with their fragrance. The breezes from the sea, by which Cape Town is surrounded on all sides but the north, keep it for ever cool; and after a long voyage either from India or Europe, are most delightfully refreshing to the sea-worn visitor."

"With such fruits, such flowers, and such breezes," said Mrs. Bonville, "we might almost wish to become residents rather than visitors; but we must not forget that there the lion stalks in his rage, and the tiger crouches in his dreadful ambush; that the same sun that vivifies this lavish beauty breeds the monstrous serpent and the scaly crocodile; whilst we, placed amongst more temperate enjoyments, possess them with confidence and security."

"We now," said Mr. Bonville, "proceed to cross the Indian Ocean, encountering heavy squalls as we pass the large island of Madagascar on the north; leaving the Isle of France and Ceylon in

the same direction, we enter the Bay of Bengal; the coast of Coromandel on the west, and the Malay coast to the east, and arrive at Calcutta, the seat of government, at the mouth of the Ganges; a river sacred to the Hindoos, a mild inoffensive race of people, who are natives of that extensive part of India called Hindostan. Well, Edgar, now we must rest, and as Fanny and you are probably weary of sleeping so long in a hammock, we will allow you to go to bed, and wish you a very good night."

"But, dear papa," said Edgar, "pray permit me just to ask how we got to the East Indies before the Portuguese got beyond the Cape?" "You must not encroach, my dear boy; it is past eight o'clock; we will delay your return over land till we have another geographical gossip." "Good night then, papa—good night, mamma;—but I am sure we cannot return all the way overland, because we live upon an island." "But I," said Fanny, "often dream I fly, so I can come home either way."

"Good night, chatterers," said Mrs. Bonville; "leave your wandering fancies below stairs, and let your last thoughts at night be gratitude to God Almighty for his past protection; your first prayer in the morning for his blessing through the day that is to come."

Edgar and Fanny parted at the door of their respective rooms, and forgot not their mamma's admonitions. Under the blessed influence of filial obedience and early piety, their nights were as tranquil as their days were happy. The Angels of Heaven watched around their bed, and the nightly

prayers of their parents reached its throne, "that they might live to the glory of God," which included the exertion of all possible good to their fellow-creatures, and consequent happiness to themselves.

Mr. Conyers, who was now fixed at Ashhurst, had passed much of his life amongst children. He was animated by the innocent cheerfulness of youth, and solaced by its affection; and such a child as Edgar Bonville could not fail to awaken a lively interest in his heart. To impart the knowledge he possessed was as natural to his amiable disposition, as charity and good will were congenial with it: the rich stores of learning that he had acquired, and which his situation had never suffered to remain out of use, were now uncalled for.

Edgar Bonville had repaid the care of his paternal instructor, by his application and attainments: and upon Mr. Conyers hearing the progress of his latinity, he said to Mr. Bonville, "No one, my dear sir, could have done more for him than you have; but if you think he will not lose by the change, I should be glad to take his classical education upon myself. I do not wish what I possess in that way to rust for want of use." "I shall greatly rejoice," said Mr. Bonville, "in Edgar becoming your pupil, and consider the offer as the most important obligation you could bestow upon me; it has removed one positive anxiety from my mind. I shall not now consider it requisite to take him from the care and approximation of his mother; for, as the traveller cannot pass through the spicy groves of Arabia, without bearing away its

perfumes upon his robes, I trust that her virtues and graces will be transmitted to her son."

"There shall be no favour acknowledged," said Mr. Conyers: "the only obligation I shall exact, will be a *regular* attendance in my study, on those mornings that we shall fix upon; and that the spirit of emulation, and the pleasure of participation, may accompany his progress, that he may have a companion up the hill of learning, I mean to make a similar offer to Sir Charles Seymour." The value of this offer was fully appreciated by Mrs. Bonville: that all the advantages of scholarship should be attained, without resigning those of domestic intercourse and paternal vigilance, was what her heart most anxiously desired. The grateful sense of which was more evinced by silent attentions than a form of words; which Mr. Conyers, who never affixed any merit to the performance of his duties, attributed to the increasing influence he acquired in her affections.

When the same proposal was made to Sir Charles Seymour, he was most liberal in its acknowledgement. "But," said he, "we must consult my Lady, before we determine;" and this he did, dwelling with grateful eloquence upon the kindness of his respected friend, and its evident advantages. "It is all very true;" said Lady Seymour; "but he owes you more than this: indeed, the offer should have been made to you the first, which I perceive was not; but I shall overlook the omission in consideration of your regard for him, and as I do not mean we shall accept it." "Not accept his offer!" exclaimed Sir Charles, in the accents of disappoint-

ment and surprise; "what then are your intentions, Lady Seymour? that Charles should be without learning?" "Not so, sir; there are other means of instruction to be had, more adapted to our station than this. Young Bonville may drudge at his books, for I suppose he is to be a clergyman, or a physician, or lawyer; but my son is not to be any thing, " but (Sir Charles sighed, and mentally feared he never would be any thing) a gentleman." "My lady, my lady, no one can be a gentleman without the education of a scholar. I was my own master too soon in life, and I am determined Charles shall have that learning, of which I am sure I am deficient; for I was past the age of restraint and application, when Mr. Conyers was my appointed tutor."

"We will have a tutor in the house," replied the lady; "an obliging young man, who will instruct him when he is disposed to learn, and be a fitter companion for him than Philip; and who will not maintain his own opinion so obstinately as Edgar Bonville does." In fact, Lady Seymour did not *say*, "I will have a time-serving obsequious parasite, who will be submissive and humble; above a servant in situation, but below one in respectability, as is every one who prostitutes his acquirements for the bread he eats, and debases his talents, by dependence upon an illiterate patron:" But the aggregate of this passed in her mind, and the plan of tutorage was determined upon to her satisfaction, though its application was still procrastinated.

Edgar Bonville immediately commenced *his* attendance upon his reverend instructor, who pur-

sued that regular and systematic course, that will alone form a radically learned education; and who observed that attention and progress in his chosen pupil, which would amply reward his care and solicitude. Under this pleasing consciousness, we shall continue to relate those incidents that intervened, and which tend to illustrate the amusements, improvements, and "Life of a Boy."

CHAPTER V.

The winter weather set in early; and its severity prevented all occupations without doors. The season was nigh at hand, in which Mrs Bonville annually prepared for the amusement and relaxation of that part of her family, who, during the progressive year, rose early, and wrought willingly in her service. Mr. Conyers, whose benevolent heart delighted to promote, and whose unsophisticated nature disdained not to participate with the simple pleasures of the dependent and the poor, was prevailed upon to become a guest at Woodfield, during the Christmas week. Edgar was appointed to walk up to the hall, and invite Master Seymour to partake of their general holiday, and witness its humble sports.—Mr. Bonville's menial household consisted of two competent female servants: Robert the farmer, who was the father of a helping boy; a gardener, and an old woman, whose services were within doors and without, and who was *employed*,

that she might be *supported.* Robert had a comfortable cottage adjoining the out-buildings—the gardener and the aged supernumerary dwelt in the village. To the housemaids Mrs. Bonville gave, according to their respective places, the established wages of the country; which were amply sufficient to provide them with suitable apparel, leaving a residue to form a small fund for future necessities. Their wages were paid at the expiration of every third month; but, if suffered to remain with Mr. Bonville, they accumulated at no inconsiderable interest. An attempt to dress in a manner unbecoming their station in life, excited Mrs. Bonville's immediate interference and decided prohibition: the respect that she uniformly inspired, gave, even to her requests, the weight of commands; and on this, as on every other subject, they had their due influence; for even the untutored mind could not be insensible to the wisdom and propriety of her life. *Her* well-ordered servants would as soon have presumed to have sat at the same table with their superiors, as to have imitated them in the form or character of their dress; and properly impressed by her admonitions, had a laudable pride in reserving a portion of their wages, for the assistance of an aged parent, securing them, in case of sickness or accident, from the disreputable necessity of claiming public relief, or to the establishing themselves comfortably in future life

Edgar now walked up to Seymour Hall, to pay his volunteer visit for the day, and ask the company of Charles for the ensuing week at Woodfield.

Sir Charles received him with his usual good-nature; and his son expressed, with great animation, the pleasure his arrival afforded, "for," said he, "we shall have fine sport; the servants are going down to the great fish-pond to break the ice; and papa, I am sure, will let us go with them." But when the children's expectations were known to Lady Seymour, she positively forbade their accompanying the servants; with whom she did not choose to entrust Charles, where such hazardous temptations were presented as a frozen fish-pond. Charles wept bitterly, expressing his disappointment with violence and petulant clamour, whilst Edgar sat a patient, but rather disconcerted visitor.

Sir Charles, who always received happiness when he could promote it, most kindly offered to become one of the party, which obviated every objection: with recovered good humour, Charles submitted to all the additional clothing his mamma inflicted; and, with the exhilaration of spirit with which a fine frosty morning inspires the animal frame, and with added pleasure from suspended enjoyment, the two boys, along with Sir Charles, commenced their walk, attended by a number of servants carrying pick-axes and other implements to accelerate their labours. The men threw large blocks of ice on the level banks, admitting the air to the exhausted fish, and flinging subsistence for them into the water.—Edgar said, "Come, let us build a wall with the ice; together we can lift these pieces." "How silly!" replied Charles, "a wall with ice, who ever heard of such a thing?" "Papa told us,'

said Edgar, "a very curious story of an ice palace, much finer than Seymour Hall, every thing within it was made of ice."

The temper of Seymour had been irritated by his mamma's interference with his pleasure, and though he had been soothed by her subsequent compliance, the discomposure had not wholly subsided. On the altar of self-love, some sacrifice must yet be made; and ill temper regards not whether the innocent or the offender be the victim. With returning petulance, he said, "I do not believe a word about it."—Edgar's cheeks were instantaneously crimsoned, yet he suppressed his rising feelings, and said, "What! do you not believe that my papa never told me so, or that I tell an untruth?" "I am sure that your papa would not tell you any such thing." Edgar was the child of feeling, but excellent habits, the result of a very careful education, were the correctives to its indulgence; -the colour that was receding from his face, returned with a higher flush; he stood indignant and irresolute, for perhaps, had not Charles been less than himself, and had he not remembered his papa's earnest admonitions, not to give way to the first transports of anger, he might have given him a blow. Sir Charles stood a silent and surprised spectator of the scene,—most severe was the conflict in Edgar's bosom; to be taxed with falsehood, and treated with insult, was more than his unviolated veracity, and quick sensibility could bear. His eyes filled with tears, his bosom heaved with sobs, and turning towards Sir Charles, he said, in a voice broken by emotion: "Good morning, sir;

I think I had better return home." The worthy gentleman had witnessed the childish rupture with concern, and immediately reproved his son with more sternness than Edgar had ever observed in him. "You are a very bad boy, Charles, said "I insist upon your asking Master Bonville's pardon." Hitherto, this amiable being had always given him the affectionate, the endearing name of Edgar; but now he sought to recall his son to a sense of the respect to which his young companion was entitled. Charles looked sullen, and turned away, whilst Edgar sighed deeply, but prepared to return to Woodfield. Sir Charles pressed his little hand most kindly, promising to visit him very soon.

The disposition of Charles Seymour was not so faulty as his temper. Nature had not been unkind to him, but fortune had spoiled him,—to part with Edgar, was grievous to him; and as usual, when oppressed by painful sensations, he gave way to violent weeping His father took his no longer reluctant hand, and led him towards Edgar, repeating his desire, that he should ask his pardon. "I do not wish him to do so," said the generous boy, "if he will only say he does not think I tell falsehoods;" then waiting for no concessions, he received and returned Charles's conciliating embrace, and Sir Charles was not the least happy of the three. "Will you tell me the story of the grand house all built of ice, when we get home?" said Charles, which Edgar readily promised to do. They were no sooner arrived in the breakfast-room, and seated by its glowing fire, than Charles repeated the request, which was seconded by Sir Charles, who

said, "Pray do, my dear; I shall be glad to hear it, so, I am sure, will Lady Seymour,"—pressing the [illegible]as in atonement for the past. Edgar im[illegible] complied, and addressing Charles, said, "[illegible]ow, Charles, that Russia is much colder than England." "No, I do not," he replied. "Oh! yes, but it is, and the winters more severe; the frosts are so strong, that all the great rivers are frozen up, and become almost solid ice.

"One of the Russian empresses, I think it was the empress Anne, but it is above sixty years ago, took a fancy to have a palace built of ice,—large pieces of it were sawn into blocks, and it was soon completed. All the furniture, chairs, tables, and every other article, were all made of ice: the building was cemented by water thrown upon the parts, which immediately froze, and held them together; and when it was lighted up with a great many lights, it was the most beautiful sight in the world, reflecting and multiplying them again and again, with all the colours of the rainbow. The first day of summer, that returns very suddenly in Russia, melted the whole away, and nothing remained but the place on which it stood, only the remembrance of it in the minds of those who had seen it." "I wish I had seen it," said Charles, "I think I should never have forgot it—Is that all you know about it, Edgar?" "Not quite, but I am afraid you will scarcely believe the rest." Though Edgar did not mean to awaken any consciousness in Charles, he appeared to feel it, and said, with quickness, "But indeed, I will believe whatever you say; so, pray do tell me all you know."

"In front of the palace," said Edgar, "there were, beside pyramids and statues of ice, six pieces of artillery, from which, as a trial, an iron [illegible] with only a quarter of a pound of powder w[illegible]d: it went through a two inch board, at [illegible]ds distance; the whole remaining uninjured by the explosion." "I think," said Lady Seymour, in rather an unkind accent, "you must have got all this by heart, or you could never remember yards and inches." "No, ma'am," replied the boy, with the most uninterrupted good humour, "but papa tells me, it is as easy to remember the exact number, as to guess at one; so that, if I pay attention to what he says, and think upon it at the same time, I shall remember numbers and dates, just the same as I do the story." Discussing the wonders of the ice-palace, a subject so entirely in season, passed away the remaining hours of morning.

The following day preceded the first and dearest holiday of the Christian world. The permission that Charles should pass it, and the ensuing week, at Woodfield, was granted conditionally, that Edgar should remain all night at the hall, and a servant was despatched to inform Mrs. Bonville of the arrangement. The evening passed rather heavily, for Edgar had not those resources for amusement that home always presented; and Charles, remembering the happy week he had passed there in the autumn, became tedious to himself, and others, by "wishing it was to-morrow." That petty space of time, so eventual in the life o[f] man, came in its due course, and the boys prepare[d] [wi]th great alacrity to set out early; Charles disre

garding all his mamma's fears of cold air and slippery paths. Accompanied by Philip, they trod the [illegible] snow with lively spirits, and sportive e[illegible]n, whilst various objects in their view, hither[illegible] disregarded, or considered too common for notice by Charles, now created a pleasurable interest, from being remarked by Edgar. Congregations of birds were chirping from the leafless bushes, and picking every remaining berry the inclement season had spared; and in the little Folds attached to the humble farm-houses that they passed, flocks of them were feeding upon the scattered grain, along with the domestic fowls. The Hares were scudding over the snowy fields, where scarce a blade of grass could be seen even beneath the sheltering hedges; the brooks were frozen up, and the icicles that hung from the branches that grew upon their borders shone like pendant lustres in the morning sun, whilst their sprays were beautifully delineated by the hoar-frost that covered them; interspersed amongst them arose the bright green leaves and glowing berries of the holly, that appearing to scorn the powers of frost, shed a ray of summer beauty on the wintry scene.

This variety of appearance, which the change of seasons produce upon the same object, and which are so frequently passed with indifference by the careless eye, awakened in Edgar's mind that internal sense of beauty, from which the seeds of future taste, and nice discernment spring, that which, in the time to come, will lead to their more consummate enjoyments; when the shadows of

the past shall give their tincture and their [illegible] to the harmony of the present Though [illegible] brightened the scene, his slanting ra[illegible]ed little warmth: at Woodfield they [illegible] able substitute, a glowing fire, and an [illegible] reception. During dinner a Robin alighted at the outside of the window, at which he pecked with his bill. Fanny knew the signal, and rose to throw him his accustomed meal. Returning to her seat, she said, "Surely, mamma, no one could harm a Robin-red-breast, of all birds." "Since we are not to injure any thing that feels, why the particular exception of a Robin, my Fanny?"—"Because, mamma, a Robin is not so shy as other birds; it hops about the door and window as though it could put trust in us, and knew we would not hurt it." "Your remark is very just; to betray such confidence would be adding ingratitude to inhumanity, odious vices which, I earnestly hope, you will never practise." "What a beautiful picture has Thomson drawn of the Robin," said Mr. Bonville, "and with what vivid colours has he brought the little rosy bosomed bird to view!" "My recollections," replied Mrs. Bonville, "were dwelling upon the passage, and anticipating the enjoyments there were in store for these beloved children when their minds were sufficiently matured, and their tastes awakened to the charm of that refined and picturesque poet; nor do I now think they would be insensible to the lively description of Fanny's little pensioner; I will repeat it to them." "Oh, pray do, mamma," exclaimed the brother

and sister, whilst the same wish was evinced by Charles in the marked attention of his face.

> "One alone,
> [illegible] [illegible]east, sacred to the household gods,
> [illegible] regardless of th' embroiling sky,
> In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves
> His shivering mates, and pays to man
> His annual visit Half-afraid, he first
> Against the window beats,

Here the children smiled with pleased recognition of the image with which they had been just familiar

> Then, brisk, alights
> On the warm hearth; then hopping o'er the floor,
> Eyes all the smiling family askance,
> And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is.
> Till more familiar grown, the table crums
> Attract his slender feet."

The slow, distinct, and expressive manner in which Mrs. Bonville recited the lines, met the understandings, and charmed the fancy of the children, who soon after returned to their own amusements, and mirth and good temper prevailed till the hour of rest.

When Mrs. Bonville entered her room in the morning, she found the little party attracted by the sparkling windows: the intensity of the frost during the night had diversified the glass with the greatest variety of beautiful figures, representing the branches of trees loaded with diamonds, obscuring all external objects from their view. The children were selecting those squares they thought most fantastically marked, and amused themselves

by observing the changes they underwent, as the warm air within the room gradually dissolved the evanescent vision; but what a piteous sight was then presented to theirs! the poor little Robin, stiff and lifeless, had fallen a victim to the severity of the night, upon the very place where he had been so kindly cherished. Fanny wept as she placed it in her bosom, trying in vain to recall it to life. "It came here," said she, "for shelter, and we could not give it; had it but been day, we could have saved it, but now it will never come to the window again." This sorrowful event occupied the whole attention of these tender-hearted children, who had taken great pleasure in alleviating the rigors of the season to all the domestic fowls, whilst this little volunteer upon their compassion had particularly won their affections. Fanny inclosed the little bird in a small paper box, filled with dried rose leaves from her mamma's pot-pourri, and Edgar buried him in a sheltered corner of the garden, not quite impenetrable to his little spade, and their tender regret was alleviated by the lines Mrs. Bonville gave them, after they had related to her the manner and place of its interment.

When summer smiling comes
I ll deck thy grave with flowers
Now winter's bleak and surly storms
Bring in the heavy hours.

Thy race shall oft partake
The willing crums I'll give,
For pity's, and thy gentle sake,
Shall future red-breasts live.

These simple lines were readily impressed upon

the memories of Edgar and Fanny; but Charles, who had never had that faculty called into action, could not perpetuate his sympathy by the same pleasing means.

Christmas-day succeeded; the parishioners of Ashhurst, from the Hall, Woodfield, and the village environs, assembled at its church, where their beloved pastor delivered the glad tidings of peace on earth, and good will towards man; the song of angels on the birth-day of that divine person, whose life was to be the example, and whose death the redemption of all mankind. The eyes of Mrs. Bonville filled with tears, sweet tears, as she listened to the rustic, yet modulated strains of her village neighbours, saluting "the happy Morn," and no fastidious feelings, no supercilious refinements of taste, interfered with her enjoyment of the provincial music of the country choristers. Her ear was always subordinate to her heart, and when one was touched, the other never was offended.

After the divine service of the day, Mr. Conyers arrived at Woodfield, where every member of the family strove to evince their respect by the alacrity of their attentions; whilst his benevolent heart, and sensible mind, was delighted to contemplate domestic happiness in all its refined felicity and true dignity. The children pressed around to share the good man's smile, and joined with unconstrained freedom the cheerful conversation of the evening. "Mr. Conyers," said Charles, "did you ever hear Edgar tell about a palace all built of

ice, in Russia?"—"I never did; but I have read a very surprising account of such a palace." "Do not you think, sir," asked Edgar, "that it was rather foolish to have been at so much trouble and expense for no purpose, for it was certain to melt away when the summer came?"—"No, my dear boy, I do not consider either the labour or expense thrown away; we must accustom ourselves to reflect upon every concurrent circumstance, before we condemn those that appear so questionable. 'The winters in Russia are so intensely severe, that all agricultural occupation is suspended—all manual labour that is performed out of doors ceases, and navigation of every kind is arrested by the severity of the frost, and consequently innumerable hands are unemployed that depend upon their earnings for their daily bread. 'What is to be done?' says a judicious sovereign, the compassionate 'Mother' of her people: for that is one of the titles of a Russian empress, far greater than her imperial one, for it unites tenderness with authority, and love with dignity. 'To employ our poor artisans is the best mode of relieving them; it maintains their honest sense of independence; it continues the habits of industry; it prevents their minds from dwelling upon the inevitable evils of their condition; and, therefore, rather than they shall become mendicants upon our charity, the labourer shall have his hire; every material but ice is out of our reach, so we will have an ice palace, which, though the sun will dissolve away, yet the same genial beams will open our rivers, soften

our fields, and supply industry with various means to pursue its honest labours.' All hands are now called together," continued the intelligent narrator, "and the palace gradually rises to view. How many are employed! some to break up the ice, others to wheel it to the building, to plan, to arrange, and cement the whole, every one pleased with the novelty, and fed by its remuneration." Charles, Edgar, and Fanny, could not restrain their delight.—"Oh, what a good empress!" exclaimed the children. "What a wise princess!" said Mr. Bonville. "What a happy people," added the pleased mother, "who were the subjects of such a benevolent sovereign, and how fortunate it is for your improvement, and her memory, the having a friend, who thus directs your judgment, and discriminates her actions." "I am very glad, my dear sir," said Mr. Bonville, "that you place this circumstance in so much happier point of view, than does our beautiful poet Cowper, whose kind heart was unfortunately contracted by those gloomy ideas of human nature that a constitutional melancholy disposed him to cherish." "Happy is it for us," observed Mrs. Bonville, "that we rejoice in our belief, and feel, that as God loves a cheerful giver, so he will accept the grateful services of that heart which cheerfully receives." She ceased, and respectfully looking at Mr. Conyers, appeared to wait for his concurrence. "I trust you are right," said he, in the most affectionate accents. "All the blessed dispensations of Providence, such as health, competence, and friends, talents and

genius, are given us by our benevolent Creator to make that life, which is his first and greatest gift, a blessing to his creatures; and it is the abuse of them alone that is sinful, as it is their innocent and temperate enjoyment, that, through the mercy of God, and the mediation of our Redeemer, will prepare us for another and a better world. To turn away from the banquet of life, as though all that came from God was not good, would be ingratitude to the bounteous giver. If we had not a lively sense of the benefits he bestows upon us, there would be no virtue, no praise in their pious resignation, whenever his wisdom recalls them. Austerity or abstinence is not religion, but sobriety in our desires, and temperance in their enjoyments, is virtue, and, if to that virtue we add piety, humility, and obedience, I think we may go safely on our way rejoicing." "As a reward to these dear children, for their attention, we will return to their subject, and read Cowper's very poetical description of the ice palace." "Fetch the book, Edgar," said Mrs. Bonville; "it is amongst the small octavos, exactly under the mild and affectionate resemblance of its author." "Yes, mamma, I know the place; the bracket on which the weather-house stands is betwixt it and the window; when you made that pretty house, you said that Cowper had given consequence to the simple Toy" In Mrs. Bonville's room every thing had its assigned, unalterable, and appropriate place; and, by the light of the fire, Edgar took down the second volume of Cowper's poems. Mrs Bonville read to

her young auditors the capricious effect of frost upon the mill-wheel, and then proceeded to the particular subject.

> "Less worthy of applause, though more admired,
> Because a novelty, the work of man,
> Imperial mistress of the fur-clad Russ!
> Thy most magnificent and mighty freak,
> The wonder of the north. No forest fell,
> When thou wouldst build; no quarry sent its stones
> T'enrich thy walls: but thou didst hew the floods,
> And make thy marble of the glassy wave:
> Silently as a dream, the fabric rose;
> No sound of hammer or of saw was there:
> Ice upon ice, the well-adjusted parts
> Were soon conjoin'd, nor other cement ask'd
> Than water interfused to make them one.
> Lamps gracefully disposed, and of all hues,
> Illumined every side: a watery light
> Gleam'd through the clear transparency, that seem'd
> Another moon new risen, or meteor fallen
> From heaven to earth, of lambent flame serene.
> So stood the brittle prodigy. A scene
> Of evanescent glory, once a stream,
> And soon to glide into a stream again."

All were delighted with the luminous description of the luminous object, still more illuminated by the clear, and distinct, and sweet voice of Mrs. Bonville, which conveyed not only the sense of the subject, but the harmony of the verse, to the understandings of the children.

A new delight seemed opening to the faculties of Charles Seymour, of which he could not yet foresee the extent—the pleasure deduced from reading, from an intercourse with superior minds, with wisdom, with fancy, and with talent,—a pleasure

which, if properly pursued, improved, and valued, could not fail to elevate and gladden, soothe, and sublimate his after life: and he now requested Mrs. Bonville "to read about the weather-house, if that was in the book," whose fanciful appearance, and fairy forms, delicately carved by Mrs. Bonville, had often attracted his attentions. She readily complied, and turned to the page.

> "Peace to the artist whose ingenious thought
> Devised the weather-house, that useful toy!
> Fearless of humid air, or gathering rain,
> Forth steps the man, an emblem of myself;
> More delicate, his timorous mate retires."

"Thus," said Mr. Bonville, "can the touch of genius elevate the most simple objects, and can place with no mean effect even this little paper fabric upon the same page with the glittering palace." How much would Sir Charles and Lady Seymour, but how much more would their domestics have been surprised to have seen their wayward Charles pass the whole of the evening—the long evening, without toys, peevishness, heaviness, or complaint, no sacrifices made to his humour, no particular consideration paid to his amusement, yet he had been cheerful, amused, and happy, retiring with Edgar at the hour of nine with pleasant acquiescence. After supper Mrs. Bonville accompanied her soft voice with the piano, in singing Handel's sweetest songs, those that feeling suggested as most consonant with the Season. Mr. Bonville listened with conscious happiness, that [illegible] who by her melody charmed his ear, by her

virtues blessed his life. Mr. Convers sat with his eyes closed, and his heart rejoicing with the "daughters of Jerusalem," and spiritually exulting "that every valley shall be exalted, and every crooked path made straight."

At breakfast, Mr. Convers repeated his thanks for the pleasure the music of the preceding evening had afforded him: "Which," said he, "did not cease with the cause; charmed and soothed by its consoling power, I retired to my pillow under the happy influence, and heaven appeared to me in my dreams. My dear madam, as I consider my office authorises me to reprove what is reprehensible in my flock, I hope I may be allowed the more agreeable privilege of my duty, and praise when I approve." "Surely," rejoined his pleased hostess; "and when your approbation is directed to me, most gratefully will it be accepted: for does not Shakespeare say—the most observing of all Observers—'one good deed dying tongueless, slaughters a thousand,' and that 'our praises are our wages.' Well did he know the minds of men and women. So, my dear sir, tell me wherein I meet your approbation, and I will try to deserve it still more and more." "In continuing," replied he, "to cultivate and improve your musical acquisitions: I am growing an old man, and have spent more of my life in contemplation than in communication with the world, yet I have had opportunities to remark, that too many married women—some from indolence, some from affectation, and others from indifference to please—have laid aside all those accomplishments that they prided them,

selves upon in their youth. There are a few, such as dancing, that perhaps belong more exclusively to that period; but that a woman, who wishes to embellish domestic life, and to concentrate its graces and its charms, should resign her music, surprises me. I consider its practice more incumbent on a married than in a single woman. Who shall awaken a love and taste for that sublime art in the minds of her children, but their mother! Who shall enliven the evening hours to the social and select circle of friends, but the lady of the House! Who soothe and cheer the father of his family, when the cares or the labours of his day is over, but the wife! *She* who presses her best powers into the service of those she loves, and esteems the most. How much time in youth is devoted to its acquirement! and it is for more mature life to reap the fruits of former application. Happy is Mr. Bonville in possessing a wife who extends and improves those powers of cultivation that gained the lover to the enjoyment of her husband and his friends!"

Mrs. Bonville smiled her thanks through her tears, for such sweet approbation thrilled at her heart; and Mr. Bonville's conscious happiness glowed in his face. The children, enlivened by exercise, and properly habited to resist the cold, were choosing their own amusements in the garden, where the gambols of a little Dormouse attracted their attention. The bright beams of the sun had drawn it from its mossy dormitory, and the heap of withered leaves, that concealed its retreat, were so exactly its own colour, that its animation alone

distinguished it from them. Crums of bread were so plentifully distributed, that it could not fail being the richest Dormouse of its tribe, for all were seized, and carried to its secret storehouse: the only regret of the children was, that its wants were so soon supplied.

This was the day appointed for the treat of Mrs. Bonville's domestics; and those who do not disdain the "simple annals of the poor" will not refuse the evening visit to the kitchen at Woodfield, but accompany the benevolent and the youthful party from the dining-room to survey its company, and their entertainment. Gold and silver could not more brightly reflect the blazing fire, than did the shining kitchen requisites that hung upon its whitened walls, amongst which branches of evergreens and holly-berries were plenteously intermixed. Cleanliness, warmth, comfort, and even brilliancy pervaded the spacious extent, and the plentifully covered table evinced the liberality and indulgence of its owners. Added to Mr. Bonville's household and helpers, there were assembled Philip from the Hall, Robert's wife and children, blind Katherine, and her little guide; Susan, the widowed wife of the absent soldier, and his infirm old mother, whom the men, at the desire of Mrs. Bonville, had brought up in her own arm-chair, and who was invited to remain all night. "For," said that excellent woman, "if old age is left to brood over its infirmities, and think of the time when it could have joined with the most joyous, no wonder that it repines and becomes peevish." Mr. Bonville's welcome inspired ease and confidence, which

was evinced by modest curtesies and grateful looks. Mr. Conyers approached the table, and consecrated the feast by a short but emphatic blessing, including those who dispensed and those who received, with the great Giver of all good.

The transient visitors then withdrew to the dining-room, to where the cheerful voices and joyous laughter of the feasters resounded. The pleasing air of Gramachree Molly, sung by one of the maids, and Poor Tom Bowling, very pathetically, by the gardener, who was one of the village choristers, gratified the children, at whose request the door remained open whilst they sung, that they might hear the rustic harmony. Soon after eleven all was silent; pleased and grateful, every one had retired, and quietness and order attended them to their respective stations.

The snow fell during the following day, confining the children entirely to the house. Whilst sitting at table after dinner, Charles Seymour, in whom the spirit of inquiry began to rise, said—"Pray, Mrs. Bonville, why have not you men-servants to wait in the dining-room?" "For several reasons, my dear Charles; but one may suffice. I think there is not any thing to be done in a house that a woman may not do as well as a man, and there are so many services out of doors that are better done by men, that I wish to see each in their appropriate place." "But," said Mr. Conyers, "men are generally allowed to wait better than women: we must not let Charles's proposition languish for want of a little contest." "By no means; men have always their stated employment in a

house, from which they are very seldom expected to depart; women, because they can be made so variously useful, are as variously employed, and therefore cannot be equally competent to one department (who are expected to take a part in all); but remunerate them as well, and do not exact more from them than the others perform; and I do not doubt but their domestic service, and prompt attendance, would be equally valuable and evident."
"Moreover than this," said Mr. Bonville, "you must correct the prevalent opinion, that it is more genteel to be served by men than women, before their real and distinct services can be balanced."
"I do not,' replied Mrs. Bonville, "attempt to combat fashionable opinions, or to control established customs in the world." "Nor to reform it by precept and example," interrupted Mr. Conyers, "or it would be wiser and better than it is."
"The world *I* live in," said Mrs. Bonville, "is so good, that I will not think ill of any other;" and the sweet sentiment diffused itself over her countenance, as she looked with love upon all around her.

Charles had listened attentively to the conversation he had suggested; and when Mrs. Bonville paused, he said,—"But I should wish to know what are the other reasons you have, for I am sure they will be good ones." "Now," observed Mr. Bonville, "Mrs. Bonville will not decline to gratify a wish, that is accompanied by so handsome and so just a compliment." "Dear mamma," said Edgar, who was always delighted when his friend appeared to advantage, "oblige Charles, will you?"
"What remains, my dear boys, does not apply so

well to general cases, as to my own feelings, but which answers more directly to the question put by Charles, why I do not employ men-servants in the dining-room? It is not convenient for me to keep a man-servant exclusively for domestic attendance; and I would much rather have my table served, and my tea attended by a neat active young woman, than by a man who was partly occupied in the care of horses, and the business of the stable.

"This reason applies to my individual feelings, but another would influence my opinion in any situation. The exigencies of the State call upon all men who are not employed in the cultivation of the ground, or the labour of the mechanic, to serve their country, and to carry a musket rather than a tea-kettle*." "That is the best of all," said Charles; "then you think it wrong for mamma to have her own footman, Sir Charles to have Morgan, and that it would be right for me to turn away Philip?" The whole party smiled at the zeal of the young reformer.—"By no means, Master Seymour; my private reasons are not to be opposed to received opinions, and general customs. I act and speak from my own sense of what I think right, but do not condemn others who think and act differently.

"It is expected, and it is fitting your mamma should be attended as other ladies of her rank and fortune are.—Your papa has been accustomed, from his infancy, to depend upon the aid of servants, and the personal necessity becomes more imperious with his years. Philip is a faithful do-

* Written before the close of the war.

mestic, whom they have placed in his station, for your safety and accommodation. But, my dear boy, this much you have in your own power; make yourself as independent of his services as you can. Accustom yourself to perform those little offices for yourself, that a man should disdain to ask of another; be not the slave of your servant, which every one is, who cannot help himself." "I will try," said Charles; "papa always says, I am a better boy when I have been at Woodfield.—When I go home, I will say, 'Philip, you do not need stand behind my chair whilst I eat my breakfast,—if my spoon falls, I can gather it myself,—when I have finished, I will ring the bell.'" "Bravo," said Mr. Conyers, "I wish Mrs. Bonville would take my pulpit, for, wherever she advances an opinion, or recommends an axiom, she never fails to make a convert."

On the following morning, Charles was standing at the window of Mrs. Bonville's room, which commanded the approach to Woodfield, when he suddenly exclaimed; "Come here, Fanny, and see what is upon the road; many people all white as snow, and glittering like the sun, with scarlet ribbons all flying about!" At the same time, Mrs. Bonville's *female footman* entered the room, saying, "the mummers were coming towards the house, and to ask if they were to be admitted?" "By all means," said Mr. Bonville, "and inquire of Robert if there is room in the barn for their exhibition." Patty retired much pleased with the orders she had received, and before the gay troop arrived, she, with Robert's assistance, had formed

seats of the bundled straw, for the company; behind whom stood the servants, with the wife and children of Robert. The spacious area of the threshing-floor was the stage on which the gambols of the performers were to be exhibited.

Though Charles was turned eleven years old, he had been rendered so timid from being waited upon and watched with a sort of nervous anxiety, that he was habitually fearful, and perpetually apprehensive of a *something* that was to harm him. The black face and grotesque appearance of the clown rather alarmed him, and he crept to the seat between Mr. Conyers and Mrs. Bouville, where, considering himself very safe, he became most exceedingly diverted with the ridiculous gestures of that personage, who, apart from the principal performers, attempted to caricature them. Six young men formed the group, and they were not ungraceful dancers.

They wore white dresses, fancifully decorated with ribbons and shining metal, and had small brass bells tied to their knees, which, by harmonising with the violin, tabor, and pipe, proved the dancers kept good measure. They each bore a light metal sword, with which they performed various evolutions;—the most pleasing of these was in uniting their points very dexterously, and in inclosing the clown with their pointed barriers, at which he appeared dreadfully alarmed.

The dancing was succeeded by a dramatic performance, where St. George, the champion of England, subdued all the other knights of Christendom, collectively; a display of national prowess

very allowable in such an exhibition. Mr. Bonville and Mr. Conyers rewarded the performers to their entire satisfaction; the latter, most good-humouredly, admonishing them to be merry and *wise* in its disposal; and well they knew the result of the caution would not pass without further scrutiny.

Charles had received great entertainment from the spectacle. "But," said he, "mamma will not let them come to the Hall: she says they are vagabonds and idle people, who would steal the poultry; and she orders the gates not to be opened for them."

"Your mamma is mistaken, my dear," said Mr. Bonville; "they are all our village neighbours: young men, who, during the Christmas holidays, have prepared themselves to exhibit an old English pastime, which they partly do because their fathers, grandfathers, and great-grandfathers did the same; and in the expectation of collecting a little money to enable them to enjoy that season their superiors devote to more refined amusements."

"I like to see these old English sports," said Mr. Conyers; "they preserve some little trace of the taste of our ancestors, in those times when our nobility lived all the year at their family mansions, only quitting them for a short periodical visit to London, to evince their loyalty to their sovereign.

"Three hundred years ago, similar amusements to what we have just witnessed were among the festivities prepared for Queen Elizabeth, by those nobles whose Houses she distinguished by her presence. In her reign, dramatic performances were in their infancy:—though Shakespeare was living, there were very few actors that could represent his

characters, and the only theatres were in London and at the two Universities, where the admittance had been one penny, afterwards twopence; and in his time, only one shilling.

"The dance we have just witnessed was brought from Spain, by the soldiers of Edward the Third, who learned it from the Moors. It was called the Morisco dance, Englishised to Morrice-dance, and vulgarised to Mummers; or perhaps so called under the usurpation of Oliver Cromwell, during whose supremacy, all kinds of amusements were suppressed, or held in the utmost abhorrence, and termed profane mummeries. With the restoration of Charles the Second, the amusements of the Continent were introduced; more refined, but lessinnocent; less suited to the character and genius of the English people, and much more injurious to their morals."

"But when I am a man," said Charles, "I will often have the mummers up at Seymour-Hall, whether it be Christmas or no."—"That would be wrong, my dear," observed Mr. Bonville. "By allowing and rewarding their exertions at a proper season, we give all the encouragement requisite; to promote their object, beyond this our participation, would derogate from our station in life, that presents different amusements and relaxations more suited to our education and resources."—"More ited to the future master of Seymour-Hall and gentleman," said Mrs. Bonville, "which, I st, will never be separate."

At the close of the week, Mr. Conyers and rles Seymour departed; the one to prepare for Sabbath duties the other to his usual dull rou-

tine of time. The succeeding week was enlivened by the recapitulated pleasures Woodfield had afforded.

The ice palace, the weather house, the robin, the dormouse, the servants' feast, and the morrice dancers, simple as they were—yet, the manner in which they had been subservient to his amusement gave them importance, and their reiterated detail never failed to afford him pleasure.

CHAPTER V.

Our God, when heaven and earth he did create,
Form'd man, who should in both participate.
If our lives, motions, theirs must imitate—
Our knowledge, like our blood, must circulate.

DENHAM.

WITH the progressive year, Edgar pursued his studies with regular application. Though Mr. Conyers was the most indulgent of friends, he was a strict preceptor: he considered a person who was half learned, as unlearned: a pupil of his must become a scholar, in its strictest sense, or cease to be a pupil. Edgar's application and ambition kept pace with his tutor's discipline and his parent's expectations; and though no prodigy, he was not excelled in his classical acquirements by any boy of his age in that part of the kingdom, so distinguished for producing scholastic learning.

Mr. Weston, a young man of respectable abilities and good disposition, was now engaged at

Seymour Hall; but his mode of instruction was too formal for Charles: his childhood had hitherto passed without restraint or application, and he was wearied with the systematic manner in which his lessons were given. The instructor did not condescend to the capacity of the pupil,—learning was a bitter pill, that required sweeting to the taste, and gilding to the eye of a boy, situated and indulged as Charles had been; and the preceptor, who had been educated under a severe master, where all dispositions had been treated the same, thought he best fulfilled his duty by pursuing the same plan. Possessed of a gentle nature, and having had little intercourse with the world, he really was in awe of Lady Seymour, and submitted to her authority his proper control over her son; whilst the manner in which she generally addressed him, and always spoke of him in his absence, did not tend to inspire his pupil with that respect for his character, that was requisite to give effect to his instructions. Charles never felt so great a desire to play as when Mr. Weston appointed him to read; and every added lesson was considered an additional burden. Remonstrances were gently urged in the presence of papa and mamma, representing, "that it was impossible those should learn who would never apply."

"Charles, my dear boy," said his father, "you must attend to your lessons; if you do not, you certainly will be a dunce:—a sad thing for a young gentleman to be a dunce. What have I engaged Mr. Weston for, but that you might learn at home? You must take care, or Bonville will beat

you far away at your book. What a thing it will be, if he can read Homer in Greek, and you can only take Mr. Pope's word for it!" "That will not give me any concern," said Lady Seymour; "Mr. Bonville's son is to live by his learning; but I do not see what use it is for a gentleman, who will have his steward to settle his accounts, and whose valet may write his notes: and, as for the classics, that seem to be such a plague to him, they are all translated I suppose, and he may read them that way if he likes."

To hear those acquisitions on which he had justly prided himself, and seen so highly venerated by the most distinguished and estimable of men, thus lightly spoken of, moved even the mild Mr. Weston to do what he had never done before—advance an opinion in opposition to Lady Seymour. "But, madam, you would not be satisfied with a copy of one of Raphael's finest pictures, if, by any exertions within your reach, you could possess the divine original."

"Mr. Weston," said this lady of dull perceptions, "we were not talking of pictures, but of *school books*; and if you thus run from one thing to another, I do not wonder Charles makes no improvement." Poor Mr. Weston might have said, with Lear, "I pray you, undo this button;" but to subdue this choking emotion, he withdrew; and as "the elements were so gently mixed up in him," that he could not find any solace in the indulgence of contempt or displeasure, he was grieved and unhappy.

A few months more terminated Mr. Weston's

residence at Seymour Hall: he was a conscientious young man, and he did not think himself the labourer worth his hire; for the ground on which the seed was sown returned no produce. Edgar and Charles continued to interchange visits; but Lady Seymour was frequently displeased, and her son vexed, that he never could be prevailed to stay beyond his appointed time, or disappoint Mr. Conyers's expectation of his attendance.

The present autumn was fixed for the Seymour family to visit London, where they purposed remaining the whole winter: a circumstance that had now ceased to be an object of vanity or pleasure to Lady Seymour, but adopted solely for the purpose she professed—that of giving Charles an opportunity to *learn* dancing, and to *receive lessons* in French. With the mode in which idle and half educated young men pass their time and spend their money, he was yet too young to be initiated.

A lovely autumn succeeded the summer of this year, when the family of Sir Charles Seymour left the woods and waters of Teesdale, for Brighton, previous to their establishment in Grosvenor Square. Before their departure, Sir Charles and his son took a most affectionate leave of their friends at Woodfield:—the former acquainted Mr. Bonville, that the housekeeper had orders to keep a constant fire in the library, when the weather became colder, for his accommodation, and that of Mr. Conyers; and Charles told Edgar, he hoped they should keep their Christmas together, at Woodfield.

The hours Edgar passed with Mr. Conyers, Mrs. Bonville devoted to the instruction of Fanny

in reading, music, and drawing. Whilst French and arithmetic were taught them by their father, Fanny's acquisitions in drawing were a never-failing source of amusement and instruction to her, being combined with various information, along with the specific art of imitation. The flowers she painted were copied from nature, and from the grasses in the meadows, which were arranged according to their botanical classifications. The ramification of forest trees; their foliage and fruit —the orders of architecture—the imitations of gems and fossils—insects and butterflies, she delineated with the greatest delicacy; and her portfolio would have afforded pleasure to such as were advanced in those pursuits that her productions only very modestly verged upon. The hours between dinner and evening were invariably occupied by taking long walks in the woods, by the river, amongst the rocks; Mr. Bonville frequently accompanying his family in those rural walks, so conducive to health and happiness; for the beautiful country wherein they dwelt perpetually excited their admiration; whilst gratitude to that Being, who had created, and given them feelings to enjoy it, glowed in their bosoms.

Walking on the banks of the river, Edgar drew his mamma's attention to a remarkable large oak tree, that flung its branches across the water, and widely extended them over the meadow. "What a noble tree that is, mamma, and how well it deserves to be called the 'king of trees!'" "Indeed it does," she replied; "for it possesses all those properties and qualifications that ought to attach to sovereignty;—its widely extended arms, like those of a

powerful and benevolent monarch, affording protection, shelter, and shade to all around;—the peaceful inhabitants of the field repose beneath them;—innumerable birds find the most perfect security amidst its thickly interwoven branches;—its bark is animated by various species of insects, many too minute for the unassisted eye to discover;—and, at the root, the industrious ants form their busy little republic. Independent of the services it affords to man and animals, we cannot fail to admire the ornament it is to our woods and fields. Like that monarchy, which, by benefiting others, elevates itself, it unites dignity and grandeur with usefulness and benevolence: every part that adds to its beauty, promotes some corresponding good. It displays no superficial trappings; for its characteristics are those of true greatness. The soft inviting airs of spring, or the first beams of summer, do not seduce it to put forth its early blossoms, or expose them too soon to the vicissitudes of the season; neither, on the first indication of the wintry tempest, will it yield its leafy honours:—the blandishments of prosperity do not soften or enervate, neither do the rougher blasts of adversity terrify or subdue. Thus far the moral character of the oak: its natural and historical one deserves our farther attention. But the sun has set some time; and the evening is coming on so fast, that we must hasten home, and finish our history of the Oak by the fireside."

After tea, Fanny recalled her mamma's attention to the sylvan lecture, first placing the footstool at her feet, adjusting the candle-shade, closing the doors,

and, with the intuitive spirit of Cowper, to whose works she was yet in the aggregate a stranger, arranging all for the evening's enjoyment with systematic precision. Mrs. Bonville, resuming the subject, proceeded with the natural properties of the oak. "It is," said she, "deservedly the pride of Britain, of which it is a native, suiting itself to every soil, and growing in all situations. Its timber is preferred for every purpose where strength and durability are necessary: by being immersed in water, it acquires the hardness of iron, and the colour of ebony: its crooked branches, formed like a knee, and so called by the workmen, are preferred, in ship-building, to those artificial joints or bendings, that the most expert mechanic can execute. Its bark is eminently useful, in giving to the hides of animals that tenacity and suppleness, that fits them for the various purposes for which leather is required. The acorns, that are the fruit of the oak, present a very nutritious support to that animal that supplies our tables with hams and bacon; and from acorns our forefathers derived a very principal part of their subsistence, 'when wild in woods the noble savage ran.' Even to this day, the ilex, or evergreen oak, growing on the shores of the Mediterranean, is ground into bread by the poor inhabitants of the south of France. The fallen leaves of the oak are not without *their* use: gathered by the careful hand of the gardener, and deposited, at certain periods, in one large heap, they undergo a decomposing process, that fits them for the use of the hot-house, and, in a more advanced state, to en-

rich the soil of the garden; thus returning to the earth that first sustained them, their grateful tribute The galls, that are an excrescence produced on the leaf of the oak, by an insect living upon its juices, possess the same astringent quality, will corrode iron, and are a principal ingredient in dying and making ink. The root, which, from its excessive hardness, is eradicated with great difficulty, is very valuable for many purposes that repay the laborious exertion; and of the trunk, the noble trunk, are built those wooden walls that defend our island home, and gain us riches and glory, to whatever part of the globe we are destined.

> Let India boast her plants; nor envy we
> The weeping amber, or the palmy tree;
> While, by *our oaks*, the precious loads are borne,
> And realms commanded which those trees adorn*."

" Those are very good lines, mamma; pray who wrote them?" " I hope you understand as well as admire them, Edgar. What do they express? That we do not need to envy the productions of other climates; because we not only fetch them in our ships, that are made of English oak, but, by their help, can conquer, and make them our own." " Very well illustrated," said Mr. Bonville; " and proves the general assertion, that Mr. Pope's verse unites sense with sound." " Shall we proceed, or delay what remains of the subject to another evening?" " Oh! pray continue, mamma," exclaimed the brother and sister at the same time; ' if you are

* Pope's Windsor Forest.

not weary." "I do love the autumn," said Edgar; "we have the enjoyments of the summer's day and the winter's evening. If we should not be troublesome, I wish mamma would give us the history of all the forest trees. I only know the Oak and the Sycamore, and do not know the properties of any."

"You have, indeed, engaged me in a woodland walk," Mrs. Bonville replied, "but one from which I shall receive great pleasure." "But to give more effect to the lecture on trees," observed Mr. Bonville, "you should treat upon the subject of each beneath its shade, that you might exemplify your observations from nature." "That we can do," said Mrs. Bonville: "we will finish the oak this evening; and, before we begin another lecture, (to use your dignified appellation) we will visit the copse of Elms that skirts the highway, and which has a particular claim upon our children's attention.

"Naturalists assert, that a hundred years must pass before the oak arrives at maturity, another before its growth is suspended, and the same centennial period revolves before its decay commences. But it is ascertained, that it will also outlive a much longer time, still presenting a venerable memento of its primeval grandeur.

"Cowper testifies, that the Yardley oak gave signs of vegetable life, after an existence of seven hundred years. Beneath wide spreading oaks, any one of which was in itself a grove, the ancient Britons assembled to perform their religious rites; which, amidst all the superstitious ceremonies by which they were encumbered, still evinced that a belief

in a superior Being is natural to the heart of man; though it is by the revelation of the Gospel alone that he can direct his faith, agreeable to his reason and his feelings.

"The oak was consecrated to the gods of their idolatrous imaginations, and became a sacred tree in the earliest ages of our history. By the Romans, it was named, "Jove's tree;" and by them consecrated to him. A chaplet of its honoured branches was assigned to those who had materially served their country, or who had preserved the life of a fellow-citizen, and was called a civic wreath, ennobling its wearer in the eyes of every compatriot Roman. An oak was planted at the gate of Cæsar's palace—a mark of the estimation in which it was held. Our sailors, the guardians of England, are called "Hearts of Oak"—

> Hearts of oak are our ships,
> Hearts of oak are our men:

and to the widely spreading branches of the oak we owe the restoration of monarchy in the preservation of Charles the Second, after the battle of Worcester, since which it has been called the Royal Oak. I think you will agree with me, that every one who plants an oakling, or sows an acorn, and watches and protects their growth, has deserved well of his country, and merits the civic wreath.

"Before we conclude the history of the oak, we must mention the surprising magnitude it occasionally acquires. In Welbeck park, Nottinghamshire, there is a tree called the Greendale oak, whose per-

forated trunk presents a bold and lofty arch, beneath which a coach and six has been driven: one fine branch yet crowns its aged head with verdant beauty. In Sheffield Park, Yorkshire, the manorial residence of the earls of Shrewsbury, in the reign of Elizabeth, several oaks of prodigious size were cut down, and sold for a hundred pounds each—an enormous sum in those days: one of these, when felled, and laid down upon the ground, rose so high above it, that a man on horseback on each side could not see the crown of the other's hat. Philip the Second of Spain transplanted the oak from England; and several fine avenues, that surround the Escurial palace, and other places of distinction, prove the estimation it was held in there. It is evidently a native of our own island; as more than twenty places, named from it, are mentioned in Doomsday-book—a book formed by order of William the Conqueror, in which the estates of the kingdom were registered. And now, my dears, I have transmitted to you all *my* knowledge of the oak, which your observations in future may amplify."

"I would not interrupt your mamma in the midst of her very interesting detail," said Mr. Bonville, "but did it not remind you, Edgar, of your lesson this morning?" "I do not remember, papa; pray tell me how it should." "The Druids, said your mamma, formed temples amidst thick groves of oak, beneath which they erected altars of unhewn and ponderous stones, consecrating them to the gods of their idolatry. Recall the subject

which you read this morning, and try if you cannot apply it."

Edgar paused some time, whilst the conversation proceeded by the others. "Oh, papa, I do think I know what you mean. Plutarch said, 'A man might travel all through the world, and find cities without walls, and without kings, or schools, or books; but none without some sort of temple, or place set aside for worship: and you thought of that when mamma said, 'the Druids made their temples in the thick groves of the oak.'" "Exactly, my dear Edgar—your application is good, very good: it is thus your reading will be serviceable to you, as it will lead you to compare things with their analogies, and draw your inference. Moreover he says, 'it would be as easy to build a city without a place to found it upon, as to keep men together in any social compact or consistency, without some form of religion to which the majority subscribed.' Agreeing with your mamma's admirable remark, 'that a belief in a superior and overruling Power is natural to the heart of man, which it can only depart from by becoming the wretched dupe of pride and false reasoning;' for my own part, I consider an idolater in a more favourable state than an infidel: he acknowledges, however distorted his views of it may be, a guiding and superior Being, to whom he submits his wants, and to whose favour he raises his hopes; and his heart may be right, whilst his understanding is wrong. But an infidel, if such a being indeed exists, is nothing but himself: and what is man that

presumes upon himself alone? In prosperity how insolent! for he acknowledges no higher Power, that has brought all the good to bear: in adversity how abject! for though now impotent in himself, he cannot look up to a mightier hand for help: death alone can end his misery, and that, according to his creed, is annihilation; a state that no conscious being can desire, but he who feels he does not deserve a re existence."

"Such a conclusion as this," said Mrs. Bonville, "has given importance indeed to the lecture; its termination has led to the Tree of Life!"

As no time was to be lost at this season, when the woods were in all their beauty, the precursor of their periodical decline, Mrs. Bonville accompanied her children, in the afternoon of the succeeding day, to a noble elm that grew on an elevated part of the adjoining field, which, encircled by a green bench, offered a shaded and inviting seat. "The elm," said she, as the eyes of her little auditors were raised to its leafy canopy, "approaches nighest the oak in beauty and utility, and, from the majestic height to which it aspires, appears to share the sovereignty. Elms grow in every part of England, but most in the north and western parts, where they are considered as natural to the woods. Elms possess various qualifications that recommend them to our culture: their growth is so quick, that the planter may hope to see the end of his labours, and reap its benefit; they will rise above a hundred feet in less time than a person's age; they are peculiarly ornamental in all situations; and in none more so than amidst the sweet seclusion that em-

bowers the ruins of Rock Abbey, in Yorkshire; contrasting their verdant foliage with the silvery rocks, and rising most majestically from the very bottom of the deep valley to the height of its rocky boundaries. In agricultural implements, in mills, waterworks, aqueducts, and ship planks, and wherever lightness and elegance is not required, the timber of the elm is variously useful in architectural purposes; it is suitable for the use of the carvers; and its leaves, collected in autumn, and properly dried, are, in severe seasons, an excellent substitute for hay, that the cattle prefer even to oats."

"It is a beautiful tree," said Edgar, looking upwards; "but it is not the oak." "Very true, Master Bonville," replied his mamma; "but your remark is a very sapient one." "Do not laugh, mamma; but indeed the elm does not touch my fancy like the oak: it has not saved kings, or crowned heroes; it has not been the temples of the Druids, or formed the portico of an imperial palace." "Very true; but along with the usefulness and beauty I have mentioned, it has a particular claim upon your affections, though it has not made that impression upon your fancy. The young and flourishing grove of elms, at the boundary of your father's land, was planted by him on his first possession of Woodfield; which his parental care has appropriated to the future advantage of his daughter: wishing to perpetuate his estate to his male descendant, he loses sight of no collateral opportunities to secure an independence for your sister. Their value, from the growth of twenty-one

years, (the time when he would wish even to emancipate *her* from personal dependence) will materially add to whatever his care and affection designs for her; and this motive prompts that systematic economy in our household, that we feel it a duty and pleasure to observe. You, my dear Edgar, he intends for sacred orders, which he himself would have chosen, had not his father's wishes influenced him differently: become his own master, he declined his commercial pursuits, and adopted those he now enjoys. I trust the happiness of which you partake is a conviction that he has chosen well: but should your inclinations have a contrary bias, he will not oppose them: all that he will require from you is implicit candour. From *him* you will ever receive indulgence and liberality. But you look serious, my dear children: we will not let this little digression from our subject take our attention from the elm: will it not rather induce us to consecrate it to the household gods, whose mild and parental influence dispense happiness and tranquillity; and which, though not the tutelary deities of kings and heroes, I hope will ever find friends and worshippers at Woodfield."

"Though my fancy," said Edgar, "may always bow to Jove's tree, my heart will more fondly incline to Fanny's tree; and I will love the Elm, whilst I honour the Oak."

"What will be the next lecture?" asked Fanny: "I do so love those that are passed!" "The Beech; that I can almost predict will be *your* favourite, my Fanny; and afterwards you shall have *mine*, which is the Ash. But we will now return to the house;

the dews are rising from the water and the woods, and the sun has sunk some time ago."

"Pray, mamma, what were those lines you repeated to papa, as we returned from our last walk?" "I am so often led into repeating lines, Edgar, particularly when I walk, that I am not sure to what you allude: perhaps they were these—

The dews of the evening carefully shun;
They're the tears of the day for the loss of the sun."

"Yes, mamma, those are they. What a pretty fancy! I do love verse, it gives such a turn to our ideas." "I am not sorry," said Mrs. Bonville, "that you love poetry; verse is but its vehicle: because when the subject is such as I trust you only will approve, it adds to our pleasures, and 'where virtue is, is most virtuous.' It elevates the soul, and raises our spiritual nature to that heaven from whence it came, and where it must return. We are all in danger of becoming too much attached to this present material world, which, as a passage to a better, and as the gift of our Creator, is most worthy our regard: yet, were it not for these ardent risings of the soul towards all that is sublime and beautiful in the immaterial world, and which alone inspires true poetry, we should sink below the dignity of beings created for immortality. The lines you asked for are not of that nature, but, as you observed, they have fancy, and are pretty."

Arrived at home, Mrs. Bonville was informed Susan Simpson was waiting for permission to see her. This respectable young woman very modestly

informed her kind benefactress, "that she had received a letter from her husband; and she thought Master Bonville would be pleased to hear that George was well, and begged his humble duty to him." The letter had been brought by a frigate, and was dated Calcutta. It assured his wife of his health and affection; and gratefully referring to the kindness of Master Bonville, which appeared to have made a deep impression upon his honest heart,—he added, "that he had done a trifling service to a noble gentleman in India, from whose goodness he had received great favours; and that by the next fleet, that would sail in two months, he would send his wife a remittance of money, hoping the ships from England, that were daily expected, would bring him a letter from thence." Such intelligence could not fail to afford the same pleasure to his benevolent friends at Woodfield as it did to his village neighbours at Ashhurst.

Within the week a letter arrived from Sir Charles Seymour, informing Mr. Bonville, the noble gentleman, whom George had mentioned, was Colonel Manners, the brother of Mr. Manners, the Cumberland friend of the Seymours, then in London; that Colonel Manners had written to him expressly on the nature of the service he had received. "Simpson, with several others, had obtained permission to spend a day in the diversions of the country; purporting to shoot monkeys, and ensnare birds. Strictly cautioned to avoid the jungles, and those places frequented by tigers,—they entered upon their amusements with that in-

sensibility of danger, or determination to repel it, that marks the character of the British soldier, who, when armed with his musket, and cheered by his comrade, feels what he professes, 'neither fear of man nor beast." The day had almost past in its promised amusement, when George, wandering from his associates, who were all seated together upon the grass, saw an English officer, who like himself had left his companions, occupied in viewing the surrounding scenery: unperceived by the gentleman, a large tiger, half hid in the long grass and underwood, was just going to make its fatal spring upon him, when George levelled his musket loaded with slugs, fired, and wounded the tiger. Though all was the work of a moment, the imminent danger and the providential escape rushed upon the mind of the horror-struck gentleman. Before the animal could recover the effect of the fire, George ran to him, and with terrible and repeated blows of the musket deprived him of the power to move from the place; whilst the officer stood speechless, overwhelmed with his various emotions. The report of the musket brought the companions of George and the gentleman's party quickly to the spot, where the rolling and dying tiger told the story. The monstrous creature was speedily and completely despatched, and his beautiful skin, the prize of George, secured by the soldiers."

In the generous, grateful, and reflecting mind of Colonel Manners, the impression of his escape, as effected by the gallantry, courage, and presence

of mind of his preserver, sunk deep, and was doomed to become indelible. Had the soldier but paused a moment to have warned him of the danger, it would have been irremediable: had he thought of his own safety alone, Colonel Manners would have been for ever lost. From that moment he considered the happiness and interest of George Simpson identified with his own. After making himself acquainted with the situation of his preserver's family, he wrote to England, commissioning his brother, who was most fraternally attached to him, to dispense his bounty, as would be most advantageous to the wife and mother of George Simpson, whose residence he found was in the very village adjoining Seymour-Hall.

Its benevolent owner entered into the views and wishes of his friend with the most prompt alacrity, proving that Sir Charles Seymour only wanted an impulse, and a direction to have been more eminently useful. Through the judicious appointment of Mr. Manners, a fund was placed with Mr. Bonville, that would immediately supply every assistance the increasing infirmities of the mother and the delicate constitution of the wife required. Their cottage was most comfortably repaired, both within doors and without; and this office, so suited to the active mind and benevolent nature of Mrs. Bonville, was undertaken by her.

In the prospects that bettered her declining life, the repining temper of the old woman became ameliorated; but the anxious affections and wishes of the wife were increased with the additional comforts she enjoyed.

CHAPTER VI.

By the most judicious arrangement of her time, these village events, in which Mrs. Bonville took the kindest concern and the most active interest, did not prevent her pursuing the regular attention to her children: their morning lessons and evening walks succeeded each other without interruption; and after returning from giving her instructions to the workmen at the cottage, she took the Beech tree for the subject of their walk.

They sat beneath its spreading branches, that overhung their beautiful arbour; its ruddy leaves brightening the departing year. "The beech," said their beloved lecturer, "grows, as you see, to a noble height, and its trunk attains a considerable size. It is particularly serviceable for the purposes of the turner, almost every domestic utensil being formed of its wood.

Hence, in the world's best days, the humble shed
Was happily and fully furnished:
Beech made their chests, their beds, and their joint stools;
Beech made their board, their platters, and their bowls.

"Of the laminæ that lies beneath the bark, scabbards for swords, bandboxes, and those articles, where lightness rather than strength is wanted, are made. From the masts, or nuts, a very sweet oil is expressed, that the French peasantry consider a

great luxury: they likewise fatten our pigs and deer. The leaves, that so thickly adorn its spreading branches, form a beautiful winter canopy when most others have left the naked trees, and compose most excellent and easy mattresses; continuing sweet six or seven years.

Their woods a house—their leaves a bed.

Squirrels, dormice, and fieldfares feed most luxuriantly upon the kernels of its nuts: the bark readily receives the incision of the knife, that widens with its growth, and exists in its existence, perpetuating village dates and rustic attachments to a far distant time. It is this tree fancy would plant in Arcadia, best appropriated to the pastoral life of those who people its happy plains; whose shade forms their habitations, whose leaves make their beds, whose slender twigs they weave into baskets, whose fruit is food, and whose bark is books."

"The Beech shall be mine," said Fanny; "it would half furnish a cottage! You observed, mamma, 'beech made their platters:' were they like what the farmers use, and call trenchers; round pieces of white wood, that are ranged in their houses, as the earthenware is in our kitchen?" "Exactly such as are now used by farmers' domestics, were the only kind formerly used in England. The great Alfred, the saviour and legislator of his country, eat his daily meal from a beechen platter.

"Until the conquest of Peru, in the fourteenth century, silver was unknown in Britain, but as a

coin. At a later period, a mixed metal, of lead and tin, called pewter, native minerals of Cornwall and Derbyshire, supplied the tables of our nobility and gentry with platters, that distinguished them from the yeomanry: those were succeeded by earthenware from Delft, in Holland, where it was made; but which is now manufactured in a much superior manner in this country; and large quantities, of the most gaudy patterns, are constantly transported there, from the English potteries." "Why should they be preferred, mamma? for common pottery is so very ugly!" "The people of Holland are proverbial for their industry and perseverance in commercial pursuits: the accumulation of wealth is the principal object of their assiduity, and the stimulus of all their exertion.

"In a nation of traders, the fine arts are disregarded. Taste, that arises from the knowledge and study of them, languishes, if it exists at all. Accustomed to estimate quantity rather than quality, their ornaments are massy and ill assorted, loaded with tawdry colours and tastless gilding; and the flaming red and green ewers that you despise, would be there preferred to the chaste and colourless Etruscan vase, that we all admire. Many specimens of cumbrous pieces of delft, as it is called, are preserved by the curious.

"Hampton Court, the favourite residence of William the Third, prince of Orange, contains many of his national ornaments, ugly in themselves, but not inappropriate to the palace of a Dutchman: and I am very far from depreciating those partialities that arise from local or national feelings, which I

never indulge in more fondly, than when I contemplate our venerable sovereign, British born and British bred, whose exalted station never raised above the sweet domestic charities of life, that are better understood, and more fondly cultivated in his own England, than in the dominions of any other potentate on earth."

"My dear mamma, you are so loyal," said Fanny, "that *vive le roi* is your motto." "So truly English too, my Fanny, that I would rather it was, in letter as in sentiment, 'God save the king!'"

"Give me leave, dear mamma," said Edgar, "to ask where Arcadia is, that you spoke of, along with the beech tree?" "Arcadia was a province of Greece, remarkable for the richness and luxuriance of its pastures, and therefore inducing those who preferred rural occupations to the bustle of life to seek its tranquillity. This quiet happiness was described with all the magic of the early poets of Greece and Rome. Influenced by its imagery, gentle minds, disgusted by the follies, aud weaned with the disappointments of the world, create an imaginary one of their own, where, divesting man of the pride of arts and science, pomp and wealth, wars and the rumours of them, they place him in a sylvan retirement, where the earth produces its fruits without labour, and presents to him shades, *beechen* shades, that shelter him; green meadows, whereon his lambkins feed and play; murmuring streams that soothe his ear, spontaneous flowers that adorn his crook, and enclosing mountains that re-echo to his pipe of reeds.

"Associating these soothing objects with the ima-

gery that suggested them, they call the ideal scene, Arcadia; an innocent species of visionary happiness, preferable to that of the aerial architect, who builds his castles upon the foundations of crowns and sceptres, or any other ambitious or inordinate allurements. But we," she continued, "desire no sweeter Arcadia than our own Woodfield. How beautiful it is! see how the lengthened shadows are thrown across the bright green meadow!"

It was indeed as beautiful a scene as ever was presented in a rich autumnal evening. The variegated woods hid the adjoining village, excepting the rustic tower of its church, gray with the moss of centuries; whilst, in the farther distance, the windows and the vanes of Seymour Hall were illuminated by the splendour of the setting sun. Mrs. Bonville arose to return to the House, promising to comply with Fanny's whispered wish—"to give the description of the Ash in the evening: for you said, that was your tree, and I long to hear why you love it the most." "We shall love it too, I am sure," said Edgar; "but I cannot think how you can describe it more nicely than the Kingly oak, or the Princely elm, or the Arcadian beech."

"Papa," said Fanny, after tea, "the Ash is mamma's favourite tree, and we have reserved it till evening, that you might hear why she loves it." "She will not have a more pleased or willing auditor, my Fanny; and I am entirely at her disposal." "Now then, mamma, for the Ash."—"Its attraction as a tree, my love, it certainly owes to its exquisite beauty and elegance; its particular favour with me, to the sweet recollections of my youth, that

are associated with it. But, before I speak of those, I will give you a description of its usefulness, and how it is profitable to man, not yielding in utility to the oak itself. The ash is alike serviceable in peace and war. Every article of husbandry is made of ash; ploughs, axle-trees, handles, and blocks for all sorts of tools: oars for the seamen, ladders for the builder, and for every purpose that requires wood that will not warp from its original design. Its inner bark was used to write upon, before paper was known; and its keys, or fruit, are a very nice salad, when pickled young. Homer gives his heroes spears of ash; and the pikes that our soldiers use are made of its wood. The ash loves to grow beside clear streams and crystal rivers; and never did I see it flourish with so much beauty as in Derbyshire, to which dear and romantic country I should think it is indigenous; spreading its delicate and feathery foliage with the greatest luxuriance, and, with the hazel, forming the peculiar sylvan beauty of those enchanting little valleys with which that country abounds. The banks of the parent river of Derbyshire, the amber Derwent, are richly wooded by the ash, growing even upon the buttresses of the handsome stone bridges that cross it in its course, through the beautiful vale of Hope, beneath the princely walls of Chatsworth, the Derbyshire palace of the Duke of Devonshire, and between the rampart rocks of Matlock—but where grows it not in Derbyshire? It shades the cottages—it fringes the banks of rivers—it graces the frowning castle, whilst the ramifications of its roots bind together

the mouldering walls: in the valleys it rises to the proud dignity of a forest-tree; on the sides, and in the hollows of the brown mountains, it forms little sylvan patches most lovely to the eye; it starts in single beauty from the fissures of the rifted rocks, and from the summits of their lofty points its graceful foliage waves in the upper air and blossoms in the sky, its beautiful relation, the mountain ash, not unfrequently mingling its scarlet berries with the enchantment of the scene. The name of the adjoining village proves it to be a native in our own vicinity, Hurst being the Saxon word for wood, or grove, a language that has been upon the decline since the conquest, therefore we may suppose that the ash grew upon this very place in the time of our great Alfred." Mrs. Bonville paused, and Edgar exclaimed—"Indeed, mamma, you do love the ash! The other trees you described, but *that* you have painted: I shall never look upon it on the banks of the Tees, without wishing to see it on the banks of the Derwent." "And what is the other ash, mamma," asked Fanny, "with the red berries?" "It is known by a variety of names in different parts of Great Britain: in Yorkshire and Wales it is called wigan; in Scotland rowan-tree; by naturalists quick-beam, or fraxinus, and known to all as the mountain-ash; but it is only in particular situations it grows to any distinguished height: its leading branch rises gracefully, and it grows in a conical form, with upright and tender shootings; its foliage is similar, though more delicate, than the ash-tree, of which it is a species; its berries are a

fine scarlet, from the juice of which the Welsh produce a fermented liquor, using them instead of malt; and thrushes are so fond of them, that they never forsake its branches whilst a leaf remains upon them. When archery was practised in England, its boughs were of great estimation, being inferior only to those of the yew. It is planted in every church-yard in Wales, the superstitious of that country considering it an antidote to witchcraft, many of the inhabitants wearing a cross formed of its wood, as a spell against every evil spirit: hence its name of wigan, a corruption from witchin-tree. It is most peculiarly ornamental wherever it grows, either alone or intermixed with others; and, at the back of a laurel hedge, forms one of the most beautiful screens to a flower-garden that can be produced." "Will you forgive me asking you one thing, mamma," said Fanny: "what made you get to know so much about trees?" "I know no more, my dear, than I suppose every one knows who exercise their senses and their faculties; but, from my earliest infancy, they were objects of interest and admiration. I recollect taking my playthings—my wax baby—my Æsop's Fables, all that I took delight in, beneath the shade of a large ash-tree that stood at the extremity of my father's grounds, whose branches, bending downwards to the ground, almost inclosed me within its sylvan area. Thus the sweet pleasures of my childhood were associated with the shade and beauty of trees. What we love, always awakens an interest and inquiry. I never walked out without remarking their beau-

tiful variety: when my observations became more extended, I eagerly sought intelligence from every source that presented itself; which, without going out of my way, I always met with. Seated upon the trunk of a felled tree, by the side of an old servant of my father's, who was a 'hewer of wood,' whilst he was chipping off the branches of another, I have gained various kind of information, that added something to my little stock, whilst books and attention to that conversation, between my father and friends, connected with the subject, added something more to what his experience had conveyed. These noble productions of nature have subsequently been so frequently the objects of my attention, that they have become my companions and favoured associates.

"And well have they repaid your regard," said Mr. Bonville; "for they have ever been friendly to man. By the ancients, a grove of trees, or an expansive wood, was consecrated,—a sort of superstition from which no harm could arise. In various parts of the south of Italy the exhalations from extensive and corrupted marshes spread contagion over the country, from which Rome itself was not exempted: a grove of trees has been found to intercept the noxious vapours, and save those who were thus screened from its baleful effects; it therefore became sacrilege to destroy or diminish them; a sentiment not uncongenial to Christianity, for those who injure man, offend their Maker."

"To-morrow evening," said Mrs. Bonville, "you will not *wish* for a lecture." "Why so,

mamma?" "Because we dine with Mr. Conyers, and it will be a day without lessons and without lectures." "But one of the sweetest pleasure, and the happiest enjoyment," added Mr. Bonville.

It was already such in anticipation; for in the interval—"We dine with Mr. Conyers to-morrow," was repeated from brother to sister—from sister to brother; and very early in the forenoon they were the happy avant-couriers of their papa and mamma.

Mr. Conyers received them with fond benedictions. "Bless you, my children," said he, and they felt blessed. They were soon followed by Mr. and Mrs. Bonville; and the universe could not present a scene of more tranquil enjoyment, or more refined happiness, than did the Parsonage at Ashhurst on this day.

The sanctity of age, the grace of manhood, and the beauty of youth, were there in the sweetest union that affection and friendship could cement. Secluded as the life of Mr. Conyers might appear, it was one of the most active benevolence. The acquisitions of his mind were of the most essential benefit to the temporal, as to the eternal, advantage of his more humble parishioners; and, through them, to the general good. He was well acquainted with the laws of his country, and no man better informed of its parochial regulations. His gentleness and impartiality had their due effect upon the minds of his rustic neighbours, and impressed them with the most profound respect for his judgment; so that the spirit of litigation, unfortunately awakened by the cavils of Mr. Travaire, was gradually decreasing; that spirit, so much at variance with the precepts of the gospel, the *life*, as the

doctrines, of Mr. Conyers tended to subdue. To his parish friends he always spoke with reverence of the law when maintained in defence of the oppressed, and in the equitable security of property; but checked, on its first appearance, any inclination to contest every trifling grievance or imaginary wrong: accustomed at all times to identify himself with his hearers, he more particularly visited the aged and infirm; and, as the most humble cottager possesses some little personal property, which, though too insignificant for legal disposal, is of comparative importance to him and his successor—such was, at the suggestions of Mr. Conyers, portioned out by its owner in his lifetime to their children or relatives, and the distributive justice publicly acknowledged. Thus were those subsequent contentions avoided that so often poison the springs of domestic peace, and destroy the decencies of life, the fulfilment of which Mr. Conyers never thought below his endeavours, in the humblest sphere of his observations. Daily appeals were made upon his charity, his judgment, and his decision; and, as he neither strove to hide nor obtrude his benevolence, his visitors, as his family, were all agents of his "good deeds." The housekeeper had caught a corner of his sacred mantle, and she was as happy, and as active in nursing the sick and the aged, as her master was in providing the means.

When the cloth was removed, Mr. Conyers arose and said—"As the afternoon is so lovely and warm, I have ordered our little dessert to my favourite retreat at the bottom of the garden."

There the party adjourned, and seated them-

selves under the shade of a fine spreading oak, beneath whose outstretched arms the table, covered with home-made wines and home-grown fruits, was placed. All admired the umbrageous canopy, through which the blue sky was scarcely seen.

"Under such a tree," said Mr. Conyers, "Abraham entertained angels on the plains of Mamre: asking pardon of Fanny," said he, jocosely, "for talking Latin, an oak was *triclinium angelicum*, the angels' dining-room. Under such a tree, we may imagine Adam received his heavenly visitor.

> 'In such green palaces the first kings reign'd;
> Slept in their shades, and angels entertain'd.'

"Beneath the shades of the oak were formed their royal cemeteries: for we read, that 'the bodies of Saul and his three sons were buried beneath the oaks in the valley of Jabesh.'"

The children smiled most expressively at their mamma, delighted at this recurrence to their favourite subject. She answered their conscious looks by observing, that, to the regality they before had acknowledged in the oak, Mr. Conyers had now added sanctity, an appendix that united reverence with loyalty.

One of the servants from Woodfield now made her appearance. She informed Mr. Bonville that a workman was waiting there for his instructions respecting an aviary, previously planned by him for the security of the young fowls, that occasionally suffered from a careless foot, or the tread of an unconscious animal. Its plan had been digested with great pleasure, and its entire completion before the spring, joyfully anticipated by the family. It

was to be covered with network, equally to exclude the enemies of the air and the field; small awnings of wood were to be placed within, to shade its inmates from the rain; the floor was to be partly grass and partly gravel, and a small paved channel was to be an aqueduct, to supply a circular stone basin at its extremity. Edgar had been delighted with the plan, and very anxious for its completion, calling it "the Abyssinian retreat of the fowls." An ingenious mechanic in the village had promised to undertake its execution, when he could be spared from an employment that engaged him at some distance from home, and no particular time had been specified.

"Edgar," said Mr. Bonville, "we must not lose this opportunity; and I will not prefer your company to mine here, so I must depute you to act for me at home: you know the exact situation I have chosen; and here," taking a paper from his pocket-book, "here are the dimensions; that will be sufficient instructions for the present."

A shade of strong feeling passed over Edgar's face—its expression was not reluctance, but regret; yet was his obedience graceful, because it was prompt.

Fanny felt with her brother this "sudden wrench from their present happiness;" and whispering her mamma, asked her "if she might accompany him?" which was denied.

"For," said Mrs. Bonville, "you are the visitor of Mr. Conyers, and must not *voluntarily* withdraw yourself."

"I know you would have had a pleasure in remaining with us," said Mr. Conyers, as he shook

the hand of Edgar; "but to be useful should always be our greatest pleasure."

Edgar bowed, smiled, and departed; but his smile was something like the sunbeam of an April shower.

" Though I am an advocate for systematic education," said Mr. Bonville, " I cannot systematically arrange mortifications for the purpose of initiating the young pilgrim in life to its warfare; for should my plans be detected, my motives might be misunderstood; indeed, all artifice I wholly disapprove; but, when circumstances like the present occur, I am glad to avail myself of them, that the mind may gradually be inured to those disappointments with which it inevitably will have to contend, and the temper to the discipline it will require."

" You are quite right, my dear sir," answered Mr. Conyers. " We are not to do evil that good may come of it; and every thing bordering upon deception is an approach to it: premeditated mortifications, unless they are acknowledged punishments for admitted offences, are replete with error; the confidence of children is shaken; their reason does not carry them to the extent of our systems, and their ideas of their own deserts are confounded; but when in the course of events these salutary trials occur, they give the preceptor a most favourable opportunity to impress upon the youthful mind the importance and necessity of regulating the temper under the vicissitudes of life; and their cheerful submission, we must convince them, is considered a proof of their dutiful obe-

dience, whilst we must carefully avoid weakening that feeling by any ill-timed pity, or counteracting the good effect, by offering any alleviation or after compensation. Allow the medicine to go to its full extent, and the constitution will be proportionably strengthened."

CHAPTER VII.

'Thy chains are broken—Africa, be free!'
Thus saith the island-empress of the sea—
Thus saith Britannia:—O, ye winds and waves,
Waft the glad tidings to the land of slaves;
Proclaim on Guinea's coast, by Gamba's side,
And far as Niger rolls his eastern tide,
Through radiant realms, beneath her burning zone,
Where Europe's curse is felt, her name unknown—
Thus saith Britannia, empress of the sea—
'Thy chain is broken, Africa, be free!'

MONTGOMERY.

ONCE out of the enchanted ground, for such was the garden of Mr. Conyers to Edgar, he became himself again, and hastened with alacrity towards home, repressing the frequently rising wish, "that the man had come any other day," by recollecting how very anxious he had previously been for his assistance, and how he should have striven to have obviated every impediment to its prosecution. Edgar arrived very fortunately. He found that Ralph, the joiner, and Robert, their own servant, had commenced the staking out of the place; and with that want of perception which so frequently attends the best workmen and servants, had fixed upon a wrong site, which, by a space comparatively

small, would have disconcerted Mr. Bonville's plan. Edgar thought of his papa's consequent mortification, and sincerely rejoiced in his own return. The mistake was soon rectified; and, with the assistance of the manuscript directions, the work went on with avidity. With the last ray of daylight Ralph departed, most satisfactorily informing Edgar, that, owing to the delay of necessary articles for the work that had previously occupied him, he could attend on the following day.

It was quite dark when Mr. and Mrs. Bonville returned; but Edgar gave Fanny a circumstantial account of the progress that was made; and present and anticipated pleasure accompanied them to their repose.

On the following day Mr. Bonville took an active part in the formation of the aviary; and, by watching the manner in which Ralph nailed the transverse slips of wood upon the upright supporters, Edgar took no inconsiderable part in its completion. Robert was employed to cut the small canal from the rivulet, that had formerly turned Edgar's little wheel, by which a perpetual stream of water would be diverted from it to the aviary; the masonry of the basin and channel had been previously wrought, and the network procured, so that at night there was no more to be done than the work of the painter, which Ralph undertook to do as soon as he had completed the moveable awnings that were to be placed within. In the mean time its prettiness and novelty afforded great delight to the children, who, seizing the last lingering gleams of summer, made it their sitting

parlour, taking their seats and books, and living like two turtle doves within the spacious cage.

From this favourite afternoon retreat Edgar was summoned to the dining-room. A packet had arrived from Sir Charles Seymour, containing Letters for Mr. Bonville and Mr. Conyers: the latter Edgar was deputed to convey to the Parsonage; and, from the conversation of his papa and mamma, he learned that Mr. Manners of Cumberland was expected at Seymour Hall; that the Butler had been sent down to prepare for his reception, and that Sir Charles had requested his two friends to be there on his arrival,—" So," as the kind gentleman expressed himself, " he might not come to an empty house, which that might be called which contained only servants."

Edgar set out upon his mission; and, after delivering the letter, complied with Mr. Conyers's wish, and remained the afternoon with him. " This Mr. Manners," said he, commenting upon the letter as he read it, " is a most excellent man. I have heard the high character he bears in Cumberland. I am very glad he will have an opportunity of knowing your family: the excellent of the earth ought to be acquainted. I think there is a desire of this nature expressed in Sir Charles's letter: but Mr. Manners's principal motive for making Ashhurst in his way home is to see the wife and mother of George Simpson, to give them information of him, and to settle with your papa for their permanent advantage. This is Wednesday; he will be here on Saturday. Dinner at five—rather too late, as far as *dining*

goes. Your papa and I are desired by Sir Charles to be there to receive him: very well, my dear, I shall be punctual."

During tea, Mr. Conyers heard the whole description of the aviary; and that it was to be painted dark green, and sweet peas, and the everlasting peas, were to be sown and planted around it, with the mountain ash for the thrushes; "for all the birds of the air" were to be welcome.

"I think," said Mr. Conyers, "I will remunerate myself for the pleasure I lost on Monday evening in your company, and return with you to-night: can you ensure me a welcome?" asked he, archly.—"A double assurance," replied Edgar, joyfully. "I know papa and mamma will be so pleased, and that your room is always in air." "Be it so, then," said the cheerful old man, "and we will walk immediately, for I must see the clerk to-night, so we will walk by his house."

"His house" was the prettiest ever occupied by a subaltern of the church; it was hedged in like a bird's nest, enveloped in climbing flowers and clustering foliage; and, standing upon the very verge of the church-yard, into which the little rustic gate from its garden opened, it had the additional shade of those venerable trees that surrounded the sacred inclosure. Mr. Conyers loved to see his more humble associate so pleasantly and respectably situated, and encouraged him in the care of his trees and flowers. After speaking upon the business that occasioned the call, the clerk walked across the church-yard to open its opposite gate; the evening was drawing in, and the sombre hue

of a large yew-tree, and the darkening branches of the ancient elms, gave a soft solemnity to the scene, that inspired both Edgar and Mr. Conyers with silent musings.

Samuel Cuthbert seemed to read their thoughts, and said, "It would have been a pity to have cut *them* trees down, sir!" "Cut them down!" repeated Mr. Conyers; "who ever thought of such a thing?" "Mr. Travaire, sir, often thought of it, and if he had lived another year he would have done it, and the old oak, too, that is at the bottom of your garden; he would have got a deal of money for them." "Fond as I am of my old oak," said Mr. Conyers, "I would rather have parted with it than any one of these trees; the very antiquity of my calling seems identified with them. Short as my days may be in this world, no money could buy my life in them, and blessed may he be who cherishes them when I am gone!"

"Mr. Travaire meant, sir, to have planted a young tree for every one he cut down." "Nonsense," said Mr. Conyers, with more asperity than he was ever heard to speak, "he might as well have pulled down the parsonage-house, and have built another of pasteboard:—see that fine old elm," his voice recovering its usual serenity and affectionate tone, "that grows at the east end of the church, when the morning sun darts through its branches, and the breeze plays amongst its twinkling leaves, the reflection upon the floor of the chancel is as beautiful as that which the painted windows of York minster throw upon its marble pavement."

They were now arrived at the gate.—"Good

night, Cuthbert; you may be assured I shall not outlive my trees." "Good night, sir, and God grant that both may long flourish together!"

To such a tree-loving boy as Edgar this conversation endeared Mr. Conyers still more fondly, and most graciously they pursued their walk together. The welcome exceeded even Edgar's assurance, and supper was served early, and the children allowed to partake of it, because both were agreeable to Mr. Conyers. When over, Fanny drew her chair close to his, and detailed the particulars of the aviary, where, she said, "the fowls were to have every thing provided for them, that fowls could enjoy:" and, added her mamma, laughing,

'Chickweed and groundsel served up in a salad.'

But go, my loves, to your own perch, and be ready to meet Mr. Conyers at his early rising to-morrow." To-morrow and to-morrow succeeded, and found Mr. Conyers at Woodfield.

On Saturday, he and Mr. Bonville walked up to Seymour Hall, where, half an hour afterwards, the carriage of Mr. Manners drove into the court-yard. After shaking off the dust of travelling, he joined them in the library. Characters so congenial in essentials soon passed over the forms of introduction.—The comprehensive eye of Mr. Manners saw at a glance, that Mr. Conyers, in years and in functions, was the superior; but his hand was so quickly transferred from one to the other, that Mr. Bonville could scarcely believe he was not first distinguished. Mr. Manners presented the most

prepossessing appearance,—to his fine tall figure and erect form was added a decisive step and manner, a true English countenance, open and frank as his nature and his heart; his features possessing such perfect symmetry, that though the eye is said to indicate the understanding, as the mouth, the temper; yet, in the eye of Mr. Manners, there was sweetness united with talent; and in the mouth good sense with kindness of nature; whilst every sentiment he expressed, confirmed all that the combination of feature promised. He was, indeed, one of those who might be styled that "Corinthian column," that gives grace and dignity to the station it maintains, and the structure it supports.

He spoke with the most animated enthusiasm upon the subject that brought him to Ashhurst. "Colonel Manners," said he, "is one of the noblest of men; as a soldier, 'worthy to stand by Cæsar, and give directions.' A gentleman that acts up to all that the compound word implies, and a brother endeared by every tie that can unite the sons of the same mother. His life was preserved by the courage and presence of mind of a brave and honest soldier, and I now request your advice and assistance, gentlemen, how we may best serve him and his family. Colonel Manners has procured his discharge, and this he could most conscientiously do, as the health of George is suffering by the climate. I should not wish to take him out of his station in life, because I do not consider that would advance his happiness; but I should wish to take him with me to Cumberland, and to have his interests always in view." "The days of his mother," said Mr.

Conyers, "are drawing to their close:—she is as unfit, as I dare say she would be unwilling, to quit this place, and the people with whom her life has been spent. George, I hope, would not leave her in her latter days for any selfish considerations, and he too, no doubt, would have great satisfaction in living for a time amidst his neighbours, under such creditable and respectable circumstances. Therefore, if it be the will of God to restore him to his native village, I would recommend the delay of your kind intentions for a season." "I thank you, sir," said Mr. Manners: "your suggestion is very judicious; he shall come home to his aged mother, and she shall grow young again in the prosperity of her son."—"I hope you will do Mrs. Bonville and myself the favour of dining with us to-morrow," said Mr. Bonville. "Most willingly, sir: I should wish to engage a lady as my almoner; for Ledyard himself did not estimate the true value of the sex more than I do. I like him, and, like every man who treats them with proper consideration, have ever found

> 'Men's hearts and dispositions various,
> But gentle woman ever kind.'

I will meet you at the church, to-morrow, sir: afterwards I hope to have the pleasure of being introduced to Mrs. Bonville, and on Monday we will see the wife and mother of George Simpson."

This agreeable arrangement was executed, and the heart of the widow sung for joy, whilst the tears of the wife were wiped away.—Their neighbours rejoiced with them in their good fortune, and in

the expected return of George, and all was joy at Ashhurst. "And now," said Mr. Manners, "that I have fulfilled my brother's commission, I shall consider my own particular pleasure, and this dear Edgar," drawing him nigher to his side as they sat together upon the sofa, "I must know more intimately,—must make him known to Mrs. Manners, and produce *my* boy against *hers*."

After impressing their children with virtuous feelings and sentiments, the first wish of Mr. and Mrs. Bonville was to acquire them friends amongst the most amiable and estimable of mankind. No servile regard to rank and fortune ever influenced their attentions; but when to rank and fortune talents and virtues were added, the whole homage of their affections and respect was paid.

With the character of Mr. Manners they were previously acquainted by Mr. Conyers, and they looked upon him with the same admiration and delight as the appreciating eye sees a rich and brilliant gem, as richly and as brilliantly set;—such was the impression Mr. Manners left at Woodfield, after having arranged a future intercourse with its inhabitants, the commencement of which was, that Edgar should visit Derwent Priory when Mrs. Manners and her protegée boy quitted London for Cumberland. And who is her protegée boy? A legacy of love from one of the best beloved and most tender of mothers, for whom Mrs. Manners had left Cumberland to attend in sickness, ultimately to receive her last sigh, and to witness the death of a Christian.

The happiest union that ever united mother and

daughter subsisted between Lady Ann and Miss Mahon; nor, until the marriage of the latter with Mr. Manners, had they been ever separated. Wherever the chance of war or the exigencies of the state called the services of General Mahon, his wife and daughter accompanied him: and previous to the marriage of Mrs. Manners, they had all returned from a long station in the different West India islands.

During their occasional visits at the house of an opulent planter, residing at Kingston, in Jamaica, a negro-boy, of eleven years old, had frequently attracted their attention. He was distinguished from his sable brethren by a form that a statuary might have modelled from, and a face that lost none of its loveliness from the jetty hue that distinguished his origin. To his peculiar beauty he was indebted for the notice of Mrs. Bryan, who employed him in various little offices about her own apartments. The attractions of this lovely child excited the frequent attentions of Lady Ann Mahon and her daughter, which led Mrs. Bryan to relate circumstances connected with him, that she thought would interest her distinguished visitors.

"Mr. Cozens," said she, "the captain of a Guinea ship, of whom Mr. Bryan bought Madua, brought him, when an infant, along with his mother and other slaves, from the gold coast. He said the mother was wife of an African Prince, who had left his little territory to repel the attacks of a neighbouring Chief. That he had been driven by stress of weather on that part of the coast which was not usually touched upon, but he was deter-

mined to turn it to the best account; and I believe he made a famous voyage, though the slaves were more unruly than any he ever had dealt with; and he expected the most difficulty from the wife of the Prince, whom he had taken with her infant son. The negroes who surrounded her, and by whom she was treated with their customary forms of respect, uttered a yell of horror when she and her infant were seized by the sailors, who themselves appeared a little touched by her commanding air and gestures. Her arms and ancles were decorated by rings of gold, and her hair braided with strings of coral: the little embryo king wore the plume of royalty, and his jetty limbs were stretched upon the skin of the Leopard. With a sort of sullen dignity she submitted to her fate, yet frequently exerting her authority with the negroes, over whom she had more influence than the drivers' whips; prevailing upon them to take their food, and preventing them from leaping overboard. 'I was very glad,' said Mr Cozens, 'when my ship was cleared of its turbulent cargo, and ready to sail for Liverpool with quieter freightage.'

"But," continued Mrs. Bryan, "I must finish my story, by observing, that our young Oronooko is treated by his mother as though he yet wore the plume of royalty. She is a fine tall young woman, very useful in the plantations, very industrious, and might have saved money; but though she wraps herself in the commonest materials, she folds up young Africanus, as you see, in muslins of the finest make and most beautiful colours; and puts jewels

in the little Ethiop's ear, that would almost buy a slave.

"I one day spoke to her upon the subject, representing to her the folly of keeping up such thoughts in the child's head, as she must be aware he would soon be taken from the house to the plantation. I shall never forget the woman's answer:—she appeared to grow taller, and the lights from her dark eyes seemed to flash against mine; yet her manner was not disrespectful. She said, 'Massa may do his will wid him, he could not unmake him de son of de king: he was born dat, and he would always be dat: though no people call him so, his moder know him to be it,—noting could touch de mind dat de great Spirit had made.'

"I thought it in vain to talk to her," continued Mrs. Bryan: "the boy's fate will soon be decided, for I understand she is nearly dead, having been declining some years, though she has never relaxed in her labours, or been heard to utter one complaint. When Mr. Bryan and I go to England, which we soon shall do, Madua will be turned over to the driver: however, I shall charge him to use him well." Various were the sensations that had oppressed the feelings of Mrs. Bryan's auditors, whilst she related this affecting narration. Admiration, grief, and indignation, had succeeded each other in their generous bosoms.

The sufferings of the injured Africans might then have been first known to them, in which the injuries of Amalata and her son appeared concentrated. Their history attended them home, accompanied them to their pillows, and broke their

morning slumbers. Lady Ann and her daughter slept no more upon their benevolent intention. Conducted by one of Mrs. Bryan's domestics, they visited the cabin of Amalata, whom they found supported upon her pallet by one of her fellow-slaves. Her beloved boy was reclining at her side, holding one of her cold hands in his.—Lady Ann approached the bed with a countenance radiant with benevolence: she saw in the dying African the superior being, whose mind rose above its destiny, whilst her frame yielded to its hardships. "Tell me," said she, in terms the most compassionate, yet in the most assuring tone, "how can I give you consolation—how can I help you?" The poor sufferer looked in her face—it expressed what every human being, of whatever country, could understand. With a supplicating expression she gazed upon Lady Ann, and then turned her eyes upon her boy.—"He shall be mine," said Lady Ann: "he shall be free; your countrymen shall be free.—England, that has no other spot upon her fame, has abolished the odious traffic:—the whole world will follow her example, and the mother and her child, the husband and the wife, shall no more be torn asunder from each other and their country.—Madua shall be mine: I will be a mother to him." "My heart will break," said the grateful African, "but cannot say its feel; me will die now, me want to live no more. Madua free! Madua yours! Angel all light!" The boy raised his shining eyes to Lady Ann, and then hid his weeping face in the panting bosom of his mother.

His benefactress and her daughter now withdrew, anxious to execute their benevolent intentions. Possessing the most acute sensibility in unison with the most ardent benevolence, Lady Ann Mahon never paused in its exercises from the apprehension that those heaven-inspired feelings should be mistaken or misunderstood by her fellow-mortals; never allowing "I dare not" to wait upon "I would," to check the generous impulse; but with the bold consciousness of virtue, fearlessly pursued its dictates, and found her reward in the sweet complacency of her own heart; that heart which was never satisfied with sympathy that evaporated in sentiment, or that pity which was inefficient to relieve. She knew the generous nature of General Mahon, and possessing his acquiescence, she applied to Mr. and Mrs. Bryan for their co-operation with her wishes. They were more than complied with, for they rejected any compensation for the beautiful negro, and Madua was transferred to Lady Ann without a bargain and without a price. Amalata lingered a few hours after this, but she declared they were the happiest she had long known; and the last exertion of her life was to place her boy in the arms of Lady Anne Mahon, a gleam of rapture illuminating her eyes for a moment, and then they were closed for ever.

"And what," asked General Mahon, "do you purpose doing with your protegée? The son of a prince, and your adopted, cannot take an inferior station." "Surely not," answered Lady Ann, her face suffused with generous feeling; "but for his sable complexion, he might hold a commission



in your regiment,—a situation a prince would not disdain." "We will talk of that hereafter," said the General; "till then, make him your own aid-de-camp, and teach him the graces." "He possesses them already," said his animated friend; "but the first lesson I shall haste to impress upon him will be gratitude to you, the best and the kindest of men." "Ah, flatterer!" replied her delighted husband, "it is thus you make me what you please; and, through all your professed deference and submission, rule a husband; but I will go on parade, lest I forget that my duty is to command, and leave you in the indulgence of your greatest luxury, the indulgence of an angel's benevolence."

Madua now became the pupil of Miss Mahon, and all she taught he appeared intuitively to learn. The excessive grief he felt for the loss of his mother had subsided into tender remembrance, which was destined to become a permanent feeling of his soul; the glowing impulses of his nature were all concentrated in affection to his benefactors, and happily for him, as it would be for all, the affection he felt he also inspired. But their tender regard extended beyond mere earthly considerations: Madua was received into the community of Christians by baptism, General and Lady Ann Mahon answering for his future acceptance and fulfilment of its ordinations: at the same time, he received from them the name of Augustus, which princely nomenclature Lady Ann thought his origin alone could justify, to which Kingston was added; by those he was to be acknowledged in Europe,—but, in the hearts of Lady Ann and her daughter, he was yet, and

for ever, their own Madua. The fanciful dress of his Country, that his mother had delighted to continue, was changed for the now more consistent, though less beautiful one of Europe. He wore a black velvet cap, with gold ornaments;—a short dark-green jacket, with the collar of his frilled shirt thrown open; but still retained his wide white trowsers, drawn close around his ancles. The good taste of Lady Anne forming a pleasing medium between the picturesque effect of his former appearance, and the more compact one of England; that country to which he was speedily to remove.

General Mahon had received orders to take home his skeleton regiment; a circumstance that he had long anxiously wished, and now most joyfully accelerated. The embarkation was a scene of wonder and delight to Augustus. He stood upon the deck waving his cap, and stretching out his arms towards the receding shore, till the gloom of evening obscured it from his view; and his heart felt in secret this final separation from the shades and turf that covered the remains of his mother. His transatlantic passage was marked by improvement. A clergyman, to whom General Mahon had shown great kindness, and rendered important services, most anxiously undertook the instruction of Augustus in the English language, geography, and astronomy; and raised his heart to more than that heavenly science—to the word of God. With as much pleasure the Officers gave him lessons in fencing and dancing. A young Highlander, a lieutenant of marines, taught him the use of the

broad sword, and the strathspey of his native district; whilst the general declared that he would soon learn to beat even him, his master, at chess. In the science of defence, the youthful "Angelo" was an early adept; it was then the seeds of his native destiny appeared to shoot with luxuriant blossoms; and when his little sword was put into his hand he became a new creature, born to conquer and command; or when returning, with inimitable grace, the arrested weapon of his adversary, his eye expressing the noble feelings of a generous victor, he was equally irresistible—yet not more attractive than when dancing on the quarter-deck to the clarionet of Lieutenant Rasay, his highland friend, the very spirit of joy and sport possessing his unwearied limbs; or, with the intrepid elasticity of the sailor boy, springing amidst the shrouds, equally the delight of all the ship's crew.

One morning, as he was walking the deck with Lady Anne, watching a distant sail that had been in sight all the preceding day, he looked up at the union flag, and asked why the sailors seemed as proud of it as they were of the ship, and as fond of it as they were of the captain. "Because," she replied, "it is the representative of their king, and the emblem of British superiority."

At that moment it was unrolled by the breeze, and waved majestically over their heads. Augustus instinctively took off his cap. "It is the ruling star," continued her ladyship, "of our brave sailors; never are their gallant spirits daunted whilst that flag flies above them, and they

would rather go to the bottom along with their ship than see it disgraced or insulted. It is the support of the weak—the guardian of the unfortunate—the avenger of the oppressed—and the glory of England! happy England! that is to be your country, Madua; and with which your honour and prosperity are to be united." "Your country, lady, be Madua's country—Madua be yours—*happy* Madua!" exultingly repeated the boy: "but," continued he, "the enemy's ship has colours too; see them all fly yesterday, then sail away—so fast get away." "He was afraid we should pull them down," said Lady Anne. "Indeed!" said Augustus, thoughtfully; "but if they come again, Captain Neville *will*."

The day after this conversation the ship again appeared in sight, and the Cambrian bore down upon her. She was a French frigate, that a strong gale had separated from her company: though she carried more guns than the English ship, she evidently wished to avoid an action; but, upon a shot being fired, she brought to, and showed no less alacrity to engage than did the Cambrian. The decks were all cleared, and the guns manned, when Captain Neville harangued his men. His address was brief, but it went point-blank to the hearts of his hearers:—"Not only for the honour of old England, my brave boys!" said he, "but for the honour of St. David and for Wales. *I* know the ship we are about to engage; she has often outsailed us, but you will take care she does not outfight us. It is the French frigate Le Hauteur, but the French Hauteur shall strike to the ancient

Briton, if we fight till the last man remains on board her."

And well his sailors knew who *that last man* would be, if his life was spared through the action. Three cheers from the crew sealed the compact; the soldiers were provided with arms; and all, with their own officers, submitted to the command of Captain Neville. The silence that pervaded the ship was expressive of the self-command and confidence of the officers, and of the determination and discipline of the men.

Lady Anne, her daughter, and Augustus, were conducted below by General Mahon; who, after embracing them with affectionate tenderness and tempered cheerfulness, rejoined the brave men above.

The two ships were laid alongside each other, and the Frenchman poured in a broadside, which was received without returning a single shot. Captain Neville knew the enemy outweighed him in metal, and it was on the metal of his men he relied. He gave orders for immediately bringing the Cambrian athwart the bow of the French ship; and, before the thunder of its guns had ceased, he was fighting his way sword in hand to her main-mast. A measure so unexpected struck the enemy with panic. In the conflict, the captain and his first-lieutenant fell on the deck, covered with wounds; and, whilst the guns of Le Hauteur took no effect, those of the Cambrian began to fire without intermission upon her hull. In the midst of this desperate conflict the cheering of the British was heard; and the wind at that moment clearing away

the smoke, it was observed the French colours had struck. The second-lieutenant, who had taken the command, strove in vain to rally his men; the crew of the Cambrian poured upon his decks; and confounded and overpowered, he delivered his sword into the hand of Captain Neville, whilst, amid the shouts of the English sailors, every Frenchman submitted to the rapid valor of their conquerors.

When Captain Neville returned the French officer his sword, he expressed his surprise "that so brave a man should have raised his arm after he had given orders to strike?" "There has been treachery on board," said he; "and that alone has compelled my brave fellows to surrender to men as brave, but more fortunate than themselves; who the traitor is, yet remains a mystery."

Lieutenant Aprice now took charge of the prize; and the prisoners were taken on board the Cambrian; where all hands went to work to restore the order that had been interrupted.

During the action, Lady Anne Mahon and her daughter had been abstracted from personal fear, in their apprehensions for those who were engaged in it. Their hearts were raised in silent prayer to that God who nerves the arm that is lifted in a just cause; and, from their trust in his aid and protection, they received the only consolation they sought. The hurry, the confusion, the tumult of the fight had ceased, and General Mahon had hastened to congratulate those so dear to him; when, at the moment he asked for Augustus, his attendance was required on the quarter-deck.

Lady Anne looking around, said—"Where is the dear boy?" and, taking up the lamp, she and Miss Mahon sought around the darkened void: at its extremity he was lying stretched upon the floor, fast asleep, and enveloped in the French colours: they looked upon him, and at each other, with surprise. The crimson current that had mantled along his veins with delight still glowed through the dark hue of his cheek, and painted his red lips with brighter scarlet; half open, they displayed his beautiful teeth, that showed like a double row of pearls between them: he appeared to have fallen asleep amidst the feelings of triumph and exultation; and, though the fire of his eyes was hid by the deep fringed lids, their expression sat upon every feature. Lady Anne stooped to press a maternal kiss upon his innocent—his happy face; and Miss Mahon gently took his hands within hers: the pressure awoke him, and he opened his eyes upon those he loved so well. "Madua!" said Lady Anne, "how is this?" "Tell you all, Lady Anne; me come quick to your cabin, there tell you all." "Our cabins are not yet replaced; tell me now." Raising himself, and folding his trophy proudly in his arms, he said—"Madua tear down this! Captain Neville no be very angry? He be good gentleman—handsome gentleman! forgive poor Madua." "You tear it down? Impossible! my child. How?—When?" "Lady Anne pray to God, Miss Mahon pray to God; lay down their heads; Madua get away—great noise—very great smoke—no one see Madua—keep close to Rasay—jump on the French ship—

not know how—jump up, cut, tear away colours: den one great shout—two great shout—tree great shout. Captain Neville—all come; Madua get away—run down all hot—trow himself down—go to sleep, and never try." "My Mary," said Lady Anne to her daughter; "he was born a prince, and he will live and die a hero: but Captain Neville must know this." Then folding the torn ensign around Augustus, she took his hand and led him to the quarter-deck, where a council of officers were assembled. "Captain Neville," said she, with all the beautiful enthusiasm of high-wrought feeling; "I bring you a young hero, whose brave exploit must not be a moment longer withheld: though," added she, "he is a little afraid, that having acted without orders, he is liable to your reprimand. Here are the French colours, and he who wears them won them!" She then gave the account she had received from Augustus, and presented him with marked expression to Captain Neville. One feeling appeared to animate all present; and Captain Neville received Augustus from the hand of Lady Anne amidst their cheers; the ship's crew caught the joyous sound, and it was re-echoed from stem to stern.

General Mahon pressed forward, and Augustus rushed to his warm embrace. "Here," said he, "take him, my dear lady, for he is a hero of your own forming, and after your own heart: but this will be too much for you. Rasay, do you take charge of Madua;" for so he always called him when he loved him most; "and allow me, my dear Lady Anne, to attend you below."

The joy, the flush of victory had not yet subsided, when Captain Neville took the hand of Augustus, and led him to the gang-way: "Here, my brave fellows," said he, "I have brought you a shipmate whom you will be proud to own." The rumour had reached the sailors, who all pressed around Augustus, each striving to express their hearty approbation; but, that he might not be overpowered by their cordial salutations, Captain Neville drew him away. As they retired, the old boatswain said—"Let his colour be black or white, his heart's of the right sort!" "The de'el a pit care I for his colour," replied an honest tar, "put I do wish the prave poy had peen porn in Wales, for the honour of St. Tafid."

Augustus found Miss Mahon alone, seated at the window of her replaced cabin, watching in silent contemplation the gentle waves break against "the tall ship's side," and the sun sinking in his ocean bed. Her thoughts accompanied his retiring beams to the western isles, to the grave of Amalata: how she would have rejoiced in the "fame of her son!" Augustus drew nearer to her: "What Miss Mahon see?" She pointed to the glowing west; but the discerning boy saw the intense feeling expressed in her face, and that his inquiry was yet unanswered. An English boy, who had read Hamlet, would have said, what do you see in your "mind's eye?"

Shakespeare and nature are the same; and in all countries nature speaks the same language, which whoever looks into will interpret. "But what," said he, "Miss Mahon's heart see?"

"Your mother, dear Augustus—her life—her death—her grave." He knelt at her feet—looked up in her face, and said—"Madua *never*, *not* see his moder. Madua love de sun; when he go away, he go to Jamaica; love him when he come back; come to Lady Anne, to Miss Mahon." "Your motto, dear Augustus, must be 'Love and Loyalty;' you have already earned their honorable distinctions. But go, dear boy—go to rest; Lady Anne is overcome by the circumstances of the day—a day so arduous, so honourable to all; and I am sure when you lay down your head you will 'go sleep without try:' but do not forget to thank God Almighty, who has preserved you through its dangers." "Great God always good," replied Augustus; "but none danger." With his heart full of feeling and his head of incident, he immediately complied; for, though playful as the panther in the woods, as the dolphin in the waves—yet, by those who loved him, and by those he loved, he could be guided by a single thread, and reined at their will.

On the following day the command of the prize was given to Lieutenant Aprice, with orders to accompany the Cambrian to England. "The only favour I have to ask of the Admiralty," said Captain Neville, "is that it may take the name of Kingston." "Friends and fame," said Lady Anne, "are all I ask for my boy." "Both of which I am sure he will deserve," added the General.

Arrived at Portsmouth, Augustus left the ship under every testimonial of affection and respect

that could be paid to him. The gallantry the youthful African had displayed reached London before him. When there, the favour of his honourable friends, the captivation of his manner, and the beauty of his person, rendered him the object of general admiration by the friends of his patron, and the enthusiastic public.

After a few months' residence in the capital, the family of General Mahon removed to Cumberland; to that elegant retirement and rural ease for which the heart of Lady Anne had long languished. In its neighbourhood, Derwent-water Priory, the seat of Mr. Manners, was situated; his father had been the hereditary friend of General Mahon's; the intimacy was revived, and the connexion more closely drawn and ratified by the marriage of Miss Mahon with Mr. Manners: the contiguity of residence happily prevented the separation of two families so fondly united, and which, for the three succeeding years, knew no interruption.

Almost imperceptibly, even to the most solicitous affection, Lady Anne's health was gradually declining; the ardour of her mind, and the energies of her frame, had been greater than the strength of her constitution. The casket was too fragile for the rich gem it contained. General Mahon, alarmed for a life so eminently dear, removed with her to the more genial climate of the South; purporting to pass the winter in Devonshire. Resting awhile at Bath, Mr. and Mrs. Manners joined them there. Alas! neither care nor skill could arrest the rapid progress of her confirmed decline; but only with her life was her affectionate nature, her

ardent spirit subdued. On the very day she ceased to live, she sat up and conversed with her beloved family, and then sunk her head upon the bosom of her daughter; whilst at her feet sat her dear Augustus, Mr. Manners, and General Mahon, almost suspending their breath lest they should interrupt her slumbers. Upon that bosom she breathed her last—from that slumber she awoke in heaven.

General Mahon was inconsolable Grief completed the effects of military hardships and unhealthy climates; and his honourable and useful life became the sacrifice. "He tried to live without her—liked it not, and died." He had been prevailed upon by Mr. and Mrs. Manners to accompany them to London, under the promise that wherever he died his remains should rest by those of his beloved wife

By this deprivation Augustus and Mrs. Manners were still more fondly endeared; they each appeared to the other the sacred relic of those who had been so dear—of those who were gone for ever. "One moder die—two moder die," said he, as he returned from the grave of Lady Anne. "You live, *so* Madua live!"

It was at this period Mr. Manners received the intimation of his brother's preservation in India; and the generous heart of his wife restrained her grief to participate in his gratitude and thankfulness It was determined that she and Augustus should remain in London, whilst Mr. Manners visited Ashhurst; purporting to return to dear desolated Cumberland in the spring. With the character of Mr. Bonville's family they had become

acquainted from the conversation of Sir Charles and his son; but it was from Mr. Manners's more discriminating account Mrs. Manners appreciated their worth, and anticipated with pleasure their personal acquaintance.

George Simpson, the humble instrument of this present and future intercourse, was now returning to England: his health had materially suffered from the disorders incident to the climate; in consequence of which Colonel Manners had procured his discharge, and assisted his departure home. He had embarked on board the Albion; accompanied by the cordial good wishes of all his comrades, and the friends of Colonel Manners, who had arranged every accommodation for his comfort, and met every pecuniary demand for his passage. The voyage was made during a very favorable season; and George Simpson arrived at Gravesend the last day of October: proceeding immediately to London, he first visited Portman-square, the town residence of Mr. and Mrs. Manners, with whom Sir Charles, Lady Seymour, and their son, were visiting.

Charles Seymour's ready recognition of the honest soldier was not the least pleasing part of his reception; Mr. Manners received him, not alone as the preserver of his honoured, his beloved brother, but as the good son, husband, and soldier; and he shook him by the hand in all the warmth of cordial approbation. Mrs. Manners, with graceful condescension, presented hers to him, and said—"To the preserver of Colonel Manners more than I can give is due." "Brave man," said Augustus,

repeatedly, as he walked round him, with looks of admiration; "you be de English lion; you save Mrs. Manners's broder from de great tyger; you be Madua's friend; you save Colonel Manners; you save Mis. Manners, too."

There was no occasion to charge the butler with the care of Simpson; he had servèd the father of the brothers, and he loved them both with the most devoted affection. After remaining a week in London, George became anxious to visit his wife, his mother, and his home; and his kind and benevolent benefactors readily promoted his wishes. Amidst many and substantial proofs of regard conferred upon himself, Mrs. Manners deputed him to convey a small cabinet of shells to Miss Bonville; whose sweet attentions had so greatly charmed Mr. Manners, the man she loved with all that truth and affection which constitutes "a woman's love."

The old butler saw George seated in one of the northern coaches, which, in the lapse of three days, conveyed him within a short distance of his native village. There he found his beneficent friends had been before him; and his home presented itself to him in a form of more endearing respectability than his hopes had even presumed to picture.

Few public occurrences diversified the uniform tranquillity of Ashhurst. The return of George Simpson was a public occurrence; and he participated in the little evening repast that his village friends and neighbours had subscribed to give him, with the spirit with which it was offered. The shells from Mrs. Manners were presented to

Fanny; and his own little offering to Edgar—a fine bamboo cane, and several pieces of Indian coin, was most gratefully and respectfully tendered. Mr. Conyers had taken his afternoon walk to Woodfield; and his venerable welcome went to the very heart of George, which was deeply touched by the goodness of God, in having preserved him through many perils, and restored him to so happy a reunion with his family.

The shells afforded conversation for the prolonged evening; nor even was November a dull month at Woodfield. They were contained in a small but exquisitely beautiful Japan cabinet, and created the liveliest admiration from the pleased and grateful possessor. "Did you ever see such a shell as this before, papa?" exclaimed she: "what a variety of fine colours it has; and it is shaped just like a ship!" "I have seen one of the same kind, but they are a very scarce shell; it is called the nautilus, and takes its name from its form,—its upper part, or head, turning spirally like the stern of a vessel, widening at the opposite end. The fish that steers this little bark is wonderously and curiously made. He has eight legs of different length and form; these he uses as oars and rudder; and a skinny membrane, that connects them, he raises as a sail to ply the wind: thus equipped, he navigates his brilliant barge in fine weather; but when fearful of danger, he returns within his shell, by which he gains water, and sinks to the bottom. Sometimes he quits his pearly asylum, which is then driven by the waves against the rocks, and dashed to pieces; sometimes thrown upon the

shore, and gathered by those people who are in search of shells and other marine productions. The knowledge of shells, which is called conchology, forms a very agreeable part of natural history: the objects by which it is illustrated are various and beautiful—gratifying to the man of taste, the philosopher, and the virtuosi." "Papa, I know the meaning of a philosopher, but not of a virtuosi," said Edgar. "A mere virtuosi, my dear, devotes his time and his money to collect whatever is curious or wonderful, though possessing neither use nor beauty; a hunter of oddities, because they are such, who cannot illustrate any one of them from his own internal acquaintance with their specie or nature; or tell you that a shell, for which he has given a great price, is an univalve or a bivalve,—the distinction of those that are formed of one piece, or of two."

"And what does a philosopher mean?" asked Fanny, observing her papa had concluded: "do tell me that, brother." "Papa will," said Edgar; his face covered with transient blushes at the recollection of his premature assertion. "Oh! no, my dear boy; speak out: you have nothing to fear here."

Fixing his eye upon his father rather than Fanny, and more in the tone of asking than giving information, he said—"Is it not a person who thinks and inquires into the cause that produces the effect of any thing? *I* know that rain falls from the clouds, and refreshes the earth; but a philosopher searches for the natural cause of its formation and its descent, with the properties it possesses and produces.

You have told me, papa, that he who studies the changes and the variations of the human mind is a moral philosopher; and he that seeks for the causes producing those effects that are occasioned by the agency of the four elements is a natural philosopher."

Fanny saw the approaching smile of her parents; and, kissing her brother's cheek, said—"And you are our little philosopher!"

"Most delightful," said Mr. Bonville, "is the study of nature: it expands the mental powers of man, and exalts his soul to God."

"And this is such a lovely world!" added Mrs. Bonville; "presenting to the eye that *will* see, and to the ear that *will* hear, such a range for the understanding and the heart, that, if united with piety and humility, man must declare with his Maker 'it is very good'"

"Yes," said Mr. Conyers; "and if he but asks of God with all his heart 'to deliver him from evil,' and to that petition adds his own earnest endeavour to control every inordinate desire to which his nature may be prone, he may then take all the good, the beautiful, and the joyous of life with innocence All that his heavenly Father has presented to him in this 'fine universe.'"

"Surely," said Mr. Bonville, "after the amendment of the heart, the improvement of the mind, and the cultivation of our talents, is a just and grateful return to that Being by whom they were created and implanted."

The sudden tear rose to Mrs. Bonville's eye: it was thus she loved to contemplate the gifts

of God Through the vision of her genuine piety, gentle benevolence, and sweet disposition, every object around "struck her eye with sights of bliss:" her husband, so excellent in all things, the man whom she could so truly honour; her reverend friend, such a rock of support, on whom her affections and her confidence might so securely rest; her children "heirs of immortality;" her servants faithful—her neighbours virtuous and grateful—her home a terrestrial paradise! Yet it was not in the *pride* of possession that her heart exulted; grateful love, and humble dependence upon the great, the gracious Giver, was its most predominant feeling.

The children were too much impressed by the sentiments of Mr. Conyers and their father, and the "mind-illumined" face of their mother, to resume the subject of their curiosity.

But Mr. Conyers, with considerate indulgence, said—"Well, my dear sir, but is there nothing more to be said upon the tiny captain of the little ship 'nautilus?'" And their gladdened eyes thanked him for resuming the entertaining conversation.

"Though he makes no figure in the naval chronicle, he is a very celebrated seaman," replied Mr. Bonville; "but as he is very seldom placed on our station, I really have told you all my knowledge concerning him."

"But I," said Mrs. Bonville, "can bring you a natural curiosity as beautiful as the shell of the nautilus." When fetching from the drawer of her book-case a small box that contained a tuft of the most silky

texture and brilliant appearance, she said, "this is part of the beard of a muscle, found on the Calabrian coast, adhering to its rocks, and of the extraordinary size of two feet in length."—"It is, indeed, most curious," said Mr. Conyers; "and I shall be glad to hear a further account of this gentleman, with his golden beard." "That gentleman," replied Mrs. Bonville, "is a Sicilian, named pinna marina;—when in search of food, he throws out these beautiful filaments, that expand and float on the surface of the Sicilian sea, as though it was liquid gold; within its meshes small fish are caught, and every separate tuft contains a diminutive crab, that is said to be the watchman of the muscle, giving notice of the enemy's approach; on which the muscle draws in its shining beard and its advanced guard along with it, and both are in perfect security:—'But who can tell the wonders of the ocean!' The polypus octapedia is the most subtle enemy of the pinna, for watching its opportunity when the muscle is in quest of its prey, the polypus chucks a small pebble close to the hinge of the shell, by which it is prevented from closing, and the pinna becomes its easy victim.—I was told by a lady, that she had seen a muff that was presented to Lord Nelson, when he was stationed on the Sicilian coast, that was formed entirely of this beautiful substance; the value of which was estimated at five hundred pounds."

"If collecting these beautiful productions of nature form the virtuosi," said Edgar, "I should like to become one."

"If science and taste give their aid to the pursuit,"

said Mr. Bonville, "instruction will unite with elegant amusement. Coins and medals so frequently the object of their research, establish dates and illustrate history, where its written records fail. A regular series of medals, that an antiquary will arrange, may be called an epitome of history: and before the art of printing was known, the memory of great actions was perpetuated by them. Those minutiæ that the historian thinks beneath his dignity to describe, the medal preserves: the very manner in which the Faustinas, Empresses of Rome, wore their hair;—the laurel wreath that Julius Cæsar adopted to hide the deficiency of his, are portrayed by their medals. The Romans struck medals upon every occasion connected with the glory of their country: on one side the head of the hero; on the reverse allusions to his most celebrated victories. The beauty and the virtue of the Roman matrons, and upon others the emblematic devices of those countries they had subdued, were alike the subjects of their medals; keeping in constant review those actions that had obtained them the mastery of the world, and those countries that had submitted to their victorious arms. Our own Britannia was cast by them, to signalise their conquest over this island.

The warlike nation of Britain is expressed by her accoutrements; she sits upon a rock, a globe and the waves of her Island-home beat upon her feet. Her spear and shield is a classic acknowledgment of the military genius of her country, and may now be considered as emblems of her determination and her power to defend her freedom and her rights. The lion was not assigned to her by the

Romans, but adopted as significant of the magnanimous character of her hardy sons. As the perpetuation and circulation of the national events were the first objects of the Roman medals, copper and brass were the metals they preferred to gold and silver; presenting less temptation to the covetous to hoard, and the spendthrift to squander.

"I must become a collector of coins and medals," said Edgar, "and George Simpson's gold pagodas and silver rupees shall be the beginning." "And I," said Fanny, "will add my shells and butterflies and dried plants to your medals, and when Charles Seymour returns, we shall have something new to show him." The hour of nine appeared to strike an hour too soon; but shells, coins, and children, disappeared.

As Mr. and Mrs. Bonville sat over their evening repast, the expressive face of the mother beamed with affectionate devices, which Mr. Bonville interpreting, said, "What are your plans for tomorrow? For your face, my love, is as a book in which I read strange matters!" "Strange, indeed," said she; "for has not china been wittily said to be the test of female philosophy? and I am thinking of giving up my china closet to these dear little philosophising virtuosi. *Shall* I do this?" said the amiable woman, who in all things paid deference to Mr. Bonville's judgment. "You know that best," he replied; "if you can spare it, your decision is sufficient." "I confess its great accommodation," said Mrs. Bonville, "but I can find a substitute; and I shall have great pleasure in making a sacrifice to such amiable children." "Be it

so, then," said the kind father, "and glad their young hearts with your indulgent plan; for at their age, the heart and the fancy are one." The season interrupts their woodland lectures; and many of those amusements that used to fill up the winter evenings have become too trivial for their age — The present pursuit is so connected with mental cultivation, and order is so requisite for its attainment, that I shall be glad to see it promoted." Edgar and his sister were at breakfast in their mamma's room, when she entered it the following morning: their conversation was the subject of the preceding evening;—Fanny was just saying, "Oh! brother, if we had but a small apartment, you would form a nice museum." "But as we have not, dear Fanny, we had better not wish."

"Suppose," said Mrs. Bonville, "I was to give you up my china closet, would that meet your wishes?" The flush of delight coloured their cheeks. "Oh more than meet it, mamma!" said Edgar.— "Go beyond it, mamma!" said Fanny; "but you cannot possibly spare it."—"I can do much for those I love, and those who deserve to be loved.— I have only to desire the novelty and amusement it promises may not divert your mind from your lessons, and your time from the attention due to others, and then the closet is yours." She saw their grateful assent in their smiling faces, and did not wait for professions, neither did she delay their pleasures; for what she did kindly she did quickly. "I will give orders," said she, "for it to be cleared, and in the afternoon we will reconnoitre its capabilities." Edgar left the table to go to the parson-

age.—After having read and written her lessons, Fanny sat down to her needle; but the latent enjoyment of her anticipated pleasure dimpled her cheek, and a conscious smile rested on her face.

In the afternoon, Mrs. Bonville invited them to accompany her. They found all the china and shelves had been removed with silent despatch; and that which had been called a closet, when filled with them, now appeared a commodious little room. "I am glad," said Fanny, "the upper part of the window is half circular, as it is more like the gothic." "You mean to be antiquarians, then?" said Mrs. Bonville. "Oh! yes, mamma: we mean to get king Alfred's Horn Book, if we can."

To meet Fanny's idea of the gothic, Mr. Bonville procured a paper for the walls, representing the perspective of a gothic arch, entirely of stone colour, and a floor-cloth that appeared like green rushes, interwoven. Mr. Conyers entered with even boyish alacrity into their present pursuit.

In sinking a deep well in the neighbourhood, an oak had been found lying horizontally, many feet below the surface, where it was supposed to have remained several centuries; it was black as ebony, and part of it had been presented as a curiosity to Mr. Conyers.—Of this subterraneous wood, he had an antique table and two chairs made, which he presented to the Bonvillean museum; very seriously assuring its owners, "they were formed upon the exact model of the chair and table used by the Abbot of Furness."

Mrs. Bonville presented her Sicilian curiosity and some very fine specimens of Derbyshire spar,

"the gift," she said, "of a gentleman, at whose romantically situated house some of the most pleasant days of her youth had passed."

The progress of this new and very interesting pursuit afforded amusement for the ensuing winter. Its contiguity to the flue of the dining-room afforded an opportunity to make a small fire-place in it. The shells and the beard of the pinna, with the rupees and some old English coins, occupied its prettily formed cases; in one compartment of which the Derbyshire fossils were placed. The deep recess of the window was lined with the various mosses that Teesdale afforded, and which gathered at the close of a fine autumn, carefully dried and intermingled with excellent effect, presented a beautiful and rich embossment of scarlet and brown, green and yellow hues. Every article was numbered, which referred to its corresponding number, in a large quarto that was laid upon the table; which, under its particular class, gave an accurate description of the object, its nature and properties, and by whom presented. Each of the juvenile owners had a key, and many and multiplied were the pleasures comprised in their mutual enjoyments.

Thus, without splendour, without wealth, as weighed by the wealthy, without dissipation, Woodfield was the seat of happiness; for it was the seat of piety, intellectual improvement, of cheerful occupation, and of affectionate intercourse. Thus, as the castle of an Englishman, is his house, the paradise of an Englishwoman, is her home. As the one is maintained by the firm independence of his

mind, the other is embellished by the graces and the affections of her heart. Happy combination of the country's envied boast—an Englishman's fire-side.

During the winter, Edgar's attendance upon Mr. Conyers was unremitting. He "trode the pure virgin snows, himself as pure," his improvements keeping pace with the expectations of his venerable preceptor. At home he commenced the study of English history, reading a lesson every day from Rapin. He then wrote a theme upon the subject, that was submitted to his papa in the evening, receiving his criticisms, or those of his mamma; Fanny being always present, by which means she made the same progress in the study as her brother.

Edgar was not allowed to write an exercise carelessly. After they had undergone Mr. Bonville's correction, they were all copied fairly into a neatly bound book, forming a pleasing and useful compendium of the principal events of English history. But it was not the succession and character of its kings that formed the prominent object of Edgar's attention. The origin of laws, how real liberty had been established by the very attempts to its subversion, and the fundamental principles of the British constitution, which, by the progressive wisdom of its legislature, and the characteristic good sense of its people at large, is arrived at as great perfection as human government can attain, were impressed upon [illegible] mind.—The familiar conversation of the evening frequently took its rise from the lessons of the day.

The opinions and feelings of the young people

being called forth by colloquial exercise, they acquired a freedom and ease of expression, that conveyed their ideas with facility and advantage; ever observing the rules of politeness, deference to superior talents, and respect for seniority of years. Under such control, Mr. Bonville wished to imbue the mind of his son with this freedom of discussion. He knew that every gentleman of education, or who pursues a learned or liberal profession, may, in England, converse with those who are at the head of its affairs, when circumstances give them such opportunity; and thought nothing could be more gratifying to a laudable and manly ambition, than to have the power to suggest any measures for the general advantage, or to prove that those acted upon, were understood. Knowledge never fails giving weight to character.—"Knowledge is power." The structure of Edgar's mind was solid; for its key-stone was, "Fear God, and honour the king." As Mr. Conyers taught him to look to Jesus Christ, as the pattern of his life, and the rock of his salvation, his father directed him to the church of England, as the pillar of its constitution, with which the real interests of the state were inseparably connected;—thus uniting the Christian and the patriot with the acquirement of learning, and the progressive faculties of youth.

It was at the beginning of April Fanny announced with joy the bursting buds of the sycamore tree, that recalled their autumnal pleasures. "I think, mamma, it will be one of the first trees that will afford us opportunity for a lecture."—"It is one of the earliest in leaf," said Mrs. Bonville,

"and very beautiful in its progress through the seasons: its tender green in spring, deeper shade in summer, and bright yellow in autumn, present an enchanting variety; whilst its straight and upright shafts, the smooth bark of which is covered with the minutest but most verdant moss, rises like a column; and it has been said, that opposite lines of these trees first suggested the form of the gothic arch: their aspiring branches, uniting at the extremity, present just such a perspective as the long withdrawing aisles of our cathedrals. In June, its leaves emit a most fragrant perfume, and dewy sweetness, that attracts myriads of bees, until the stately tree becomes musical with their pleasing melody." "Though I never was in a cathedral, mamma, when I have walked in that long avenue that leads to the old house, at Green Hayes, I have fancied it was like a temple, and thought the sycamore, with its smooth bark, the prettiest of all the trees"—"Then you have not noticed the silvery whiteness of the birch." "Pray do not forget that," said Mr. Bonville; "the only tree that has taken a degree." "How so, papa?"—"Oh! Mr. Conyers can tell you how often the aid of Doctor Birch has helped Edgar to construe his Latin" "No, no," said Mrs. Bonville, "we confer no university honours at Woodfield; therefore, the birch is but a minor tree with us." "But the spring will bring them all out!" said Fanny.

With the spring came Mr. Manners. The Letter that preceded him a few days, signified his intention to take Woodfield by the way, in the hope that Edgar might accompany him to Cumberland; where busi-

ness of a local nature recalled him, before the season was sufficiently advanced to admit Mrs. Manners's' departure from the south. It is said there are many kinds of welcome; but the Woodfield welcome was the flow of soul, which was met by Manners with sympathetic feelings.

The evening was cheerfully and happily passed.—Mr. Conyers, with the garrulity that accompanies age, particularly when affection impels its subject, led to the embriotic Museum, that Mr. Manners desired he might visit in the morning. He admired the room and its arrangements, approved the design, and commended the pursuit.—On examining the catalogue, he said, "My name must be amongst the donations. I see Mrs. Manners stands foremost; and I always wish we should appear upon the same page. I brought from Italy several small vases, dug out of Herculaneum; with a very fine hyacinth, I gathered, myself, from Mount Vesuvius; a very beautiful gem, of a deep ruby colour, tinged with orange; and several medals from Rome, half covered with 'the sacred rust of twice ten hundred years.'—These I will send Miss Bonville, to recompense her for running away with her brother. They are all worthy to be placed in a collection; and I shall be glad to dispose of them so well.—Such a pursuit should be commenced early in life; as it then proceeds without absorbing more important ones."

After dinner, Mr. Manners and Edgar left Woodfield; when Fanny's alternate tears and smiles expressed the sorrow she felt at parting, and the pleasure she took in her brother's anticipated en-

joyments. Mr. and Mrs. Bouville were sensible of the temporary separation; and Mr. Conyers told Mr. Manners, he was "taking the joy of Ashhurst away with him." "Of that I am aware," said he, as the door of the carriage was closed; "but joy and he shall return together."

They travelled only one stage that day; and, on the following, entered Cumberland. Edgar saw the grand amphitheatre of its mountains with sensations of solemn pleasure, that he had not words to convey. Hills rising over hills, like the years of eternity; and when the eye could not stretch its vision to the barrier mountain, the spirit bounded beyond into unknown space.—For the first time in his life, Edgar was serious amidst the scenes of nature. Teesdale was all sylvan verdant beauty: the rocky banks of its native stream were fringed and softened by variegated foliage; and its starting rocks were tinted by moss and lichens. Home-views, that attach the heart of man, whilst the sweeping heights of the Cumberland hills, with their aerial tints and cloud-wrapped summits, raised his soul above earthly interests and earthly feelings, as though it approached higher to Him that laid these vast foundations by his will, and upheld them by his power.

"Edgar," said Mr. Manners, as he laid his hand upon that of the boy's, "why so serious? are you thinking of Woodfield?" "Oh! no, the thought of Woodfield never makes me grave. I was only thinking, if I had wings, I would fly to yonder far off mountain top, and sees what lies beyond it." —"You will see, before evening, what there is at

the foot of it," said Mr. Manners: "I fancy I can see the smoke rising from the chimneys of Derwent Priory, where I hope soon to welcome you."

The day-light was passing away as the carriage entered the park. Mr. Manners was received by his confidential and faithful steward, and his matronly housekeeper, with the most affectionate respect; every subordinate servant finding or creating some pretence to enter into their master's presence; but to meet his eye, to make their silent bow, and to retire happy in the consciousness of his safe arrival. "Mrs. Kirley," said Mr. Manners to his housekeeper, "till the return of Mrs. Manners, this young gentleman is to be under your care and mine; and, I assure you, I consider the trust a very great one." "Sir," said she, with a gentle curtesy and a gratified smile, "I hope no harm will come to master, at Derwent Priory. I am sure I will answer for myself, and all your honour's servants, to take good care of him. Shall I put him in the crimson-room, that opens to your dressing-room, which I always think the most quietest, and safest room in the house?" "Where all is so quiet and safe," replied Mr. Manners, "that must be a desirable room, indeed; and *that* let it be. Send in a little supper; and then, my dear boy, you shall take possession of it; and, to-morrow morning, you shall tell me how you like your monastic home." Mrs. Kirley lighted the young stranger to his room; that, she told him, was always appropriated to a young person, or a timorsome one."—"*I* am young," said Edgar, "but not at all timorous; but the room is very nice, and I thank you for choosing it me. Good night."

As every man is most truly known at home, we will now form a more intimate acquaintance with Mr. Manners, under the roof that his family had lineally inhabited for several centuries. Derwent Water Priory was not the Monastery that had stood in the same place, in the days of Alfred, though it occupied the very site of that old Saxon abbey, that had been destroyed by the Danes, during the heptarchy, when the kingdom of Northumberland had been equally the object of their hatred and revenge, as of their ambition. It had been rebuilt during the episcopal reign of the pious Henry the Sixth; and given, after the reformation, by Henry the Eighth to the ancestor of the present possessor: with admirable taste, he had converted its ample range into a most commodious mansion; without destroying or interfering with the exquisite style of architecture of that period, which produced King's Chapel and Eton College.

The respectable antiquity of his ancestors was the inherent pride of Mr. Manners; a distinction, which, it is said, and with great truth, no one disdains or undervalues but those by whom it cannot be claimed. With Mr. Manners, all its tendencies were honourable;—as he lived in an old house, and was of an old family, his principles and feelings were all on the side of the old-fashioned virtues. His service was an inheritance; for, when past its duties, his domestics became his pensioners; but from the orderly habits of their lives, their usefulness was extended to a late period; and several who had lived with his father had their places supplied by their own children. His old horses and dogs were suffered to wear out their protracted

existence in ease and plenty; every thing within doors and without was in perfect harmony; and consistency was the guide of Mr. Manners. His tenants succeeded each other, from father to son, in regular progression; and his politics were those of a truly patriotic country gentleman. He was not only independent in himself, but allowed and promoted the same freedom of thought and action in others; for though he possessed great territorial influence, he did not consider his power as extending to the minds and feelings of his tenants. He sought not to command votes, but he secured hearts, and hands followed of course. They loved and reverenced their landlord, and trusted in his known worth for the soundness of his principles and the wisdom of his measures; and feeling themselves free, the spirit of opposition was never fostered in the most wayward disposition. Every serious grievance or aggression that arose amidst his tenantry or labourers, was made known to himself; allowing no intermediate agent to act from his own bias or interest, thus bringing his principal's name into contempt or accusation. With a sort of enthusiasm, for which he was happier, he considered his tenantry as members of his large family, and that it was his duty to dedicate his talents and exertions to their advantage.

Inflexible in the duties of a magistrate, he was a terror to evil-doers; for though his heart was compassionate, and his disposition most merciful, he was of the same opinion with that great lawyer, who said, "though he had pity for the offender, he had more for the community:" he had no lenity for vice; and most indignantly detected and exposed

that over-reaching spirit, that, under cover of the law, aims to take advantage over simplicity and ignorance. But he did more for the amendment of morals by prevention, than punishment:—his own servants were strictly methodised. Houses of public resort were regularly inspected and reduced, by his authority and attention, to what their purpose ought to be,—places of refreshment to the stranger and traveller, and of occasional relaxation to the villagers and labourers. His personal regard and intercourse with the Clergyman of the parish, the upright Attorney, who practised the law, without distorting it, and the skilful and benevolent Surgeon, he considered as amongst the duties of his station; and by evincing his respect, secured that of others, to those learned professions, that are all so honourable where the professors are men of honour, classing in society with gentlemen, whose gradation is only secondary to rank to such, Mr. Manners gave all the consequence their respective situations exacted. His mind was polished without its strength being weakened; and, though a man of the present world, his manners partook somewhat of the old school of politeness. He was most scrupulously attentive to the claims of the female sex; and he not only set the example, but inculcated to every man who served, appealed to, or associated with him, a deference for woman.

An extensive park would have excluded the passing world from his house; but, to the very great accommodation of the villagers, he allowed a foot road to be opened across an angle, that materially facilitated their intercourse with the vicinage and the church. And it was not one of the least pleasing

sights to him, as a man of benevolence and of taste, to see the industrious peasant, to whom Gainsborough could not have given an added effect; the lingering school-boy, the cottager with her infant, the little girl and pitcher—pass, at different times of the day,—a moving picture that never gave offence. An annual acknowledgment of this indulgence was paid by the parish, by which measure its abuse was prevented, and the power to withdraw it maintained.

A young lady, at his table, said, "Mr. Manners, we saw your politeness this morning, from the library windows, to a poor woman in the Park; and I said, I would ask you how you came to take that large basket off her head, till she got over the park stile, and then lift it upon her head on the other side?" "Because," said he, "she was a woman, and required assistance, that, if I had withheld, I should not have deserved to be a man!"

Though his fair questioner remained silent, she thought such attentions from Mr. Manners were only due to a lady, but Mrs Manners thanked him, with a smile, for his consideration to her own sex. "What induced you then," continued the same young lady, "to help the carter, a few days before, when his cart had upset?" "Then, my little inquisitor, the strength of two men was required, and he had but the strength of one: but you could not see that from the windows?" "Oh! no, but my maid told me; she said, the man was coming to the house, and he said, what a misfortune he should have had, if a very civil gentleman on the road had not helped him, and put a

good shoulder to the wheel. He then described the civil gentleman, and all the servants said it was their master: so the man was quite frightened, for he said, he had told him he was a good hearty fellow, and hoped he never would be in want of such a lift; but the servants told him, he did not need to be afraid, for that you went about to do good." "I think I am repaid, even for tearing my coat, by such honest praise," said Mr. Manners; "but though I am no Quixote in search of adventures, I am always glad when I can afford help to those who want it." Such was Mr. Manners; and he was the friend of Edgar Bonville. Could the life of a boy be more distinguished?

CHAPTER VIII.

'In powers of mind,
In scale of culture, few among my flock
Hold lower rank than this sequestered pair:
But humbleness of heart descends from Heaven,
And that best gift of Heaven hath fallen on them—
Abundant recompense for every want.
—— Stoop from your height, ye proud, and copy these!
Who in their noiseless dwelling-place can hear
The voice of wisdom whispering scripture texts
For the mind's government, or temper's peace,
And recommending for their mutual need
Forgiveness, patience, hope, and charity.'

WORDSWORTH.

But a few days passed before Mr. Manners superintended the transfer of the promised treasures from his library to the cabinet at Woodfield.

Edgar had examined them with delight, and wrote the information Mr. Manners had given him concerning them to his sister.—The two vases were of exquisite beauty; the ground a fine deep blue, and the basso relievo figures, representing an offering to Ceres, were of grayish white. They had been presented to Mr. Manners by Sir William Hamilton, from his own fine collection; and who, during his long residence as ambassador at the court of Naples, assisted the king in arranging the description of the Herculaneum curiosities, that were published, by order of his majesty, in six folio volumes.

The hyacinth, the gem, more generally known as the jacinth, approaching nighest the ruby in colour, is far inferior in purity. This piece was nearly the size of a nutmeg, which it never exceeds, and is frequently not larger than hemp seed. It is found both in the East and West Indies, Silesia, Bohemia, and some parts of Italy. "And this medal," said Mr. Manners, "in addition to its scarcity, is an interesting accompaniment to the vases. It bears the head of Titus; in the first year of whose reign, Herculaneum and Pompeii, two cities in Campania, were destroyed by a most terrible irruption of Mount Vesuvius, in the seventy-ninth year of the Christian era. These subterraneous cities remained unknown seventeen hundred years; the bodies of their inhabitants remaining in the very attitudes in which they were so awfully entombed, in the theatres, the streets, and the houses; presenting to the curious and astonished investigator the dress, ornaments, the furniture, and the domestic utensils of the Roman citizens, at that very period.

"And now that we have fulfilled our promises, Bonville, sacred as the payment of our debts, we may think of our pleasures. To-morrow morning, Henderson goes upon business amidst the mountains. He will be two or three days absent; and the first night will reach the house of his own family, very worthy people. If you would wish to see something more of the solitudes of Cumberland, you shall ride a favourite horse of Mrs. Manners's, and accompany him. I would entrust even her to his care."—Edgar received the proposal with joy, for his recent journey had awakened the spirit of travel in him.

On the following morning, he set off early with Mr. Henderson, who, knowing all the passes of the mountains, took his young companion through paths unknown to, and which, indeed, would be unattempted by less experienced travellers. Houses of public refreshment were not to be met with; but wherever there was a house there was a welcome; hospitality, in its primitive spirit, happily keeping pace with the advantages of civilisation; and amidst the Cumberland hills, "Stranger was yet a holy name." Bread, milk, and eggs were the only variety of their fare; but it was presented with such true good will, such courteous solicitude, and such cheerful alacrity, that, by a taste less simple than Edgar's, it would have been thought delicious.

They travelled westward; and saw their companion, the Sun, sink behind the mighty mountains, with a splendor that illuminated the sky and earth, long after his orb remained visible. Though it was the middle of May, the winter's snow yet

continued upon their highest peaks, which were tinted with rosy light.

Descending into a small valley that sunk before them, they had just day-light sufficient to discern a substantial farm-house and buildings, standing beneath the shelter of the hills: it was the paternal home of Mr. Henderson, where they were received, not only as welcome, but as honourable guests.

Before they parted for the night, Mr. Henderson recommended Edgar to remain at Deepclough the following day.—"The road he had to pursue was rugged, and the country was wild, and the business he had in hand might keep him out later than he should wish to have the charge of Master Bonville. He hoped the immediate country around would afford him amusement for the day, where every one would be pleased to attend him."

Though Edgar would have preferred accompanying his kind fellow-traveller, he readily submitted to these reasonable representations; and, as soon as Mr. Henderson departed, prepared to wander amongst the dales, taking a little terrier dog with him as companion and guide; receiving a strong charge from his matronly hostess, "To keep within sight of the house, and to return when the sun was passing over the top of that high brown mountain; for that was their dinner-time."

The simple manners of these solitary dalesmen were very touching to the mind of Edgar, assimilating with his unsophisticated nature and tender heart; and he assured Mrs. Henderson, he would not neglect to notice the magnificent time-piece.

As the sun advanced over the "cloud-capt-hills," he saw the mist roll up their steep sides, like a

curtain, and display their lofty summits in clear outline, against the bright blue sky. Animated by the pure freshness of the mountain air, and by the tacit invitations of his four-footed companion, he soon reached the extremity of the dale, where the house was kept in view: there appeared no intricacies before him; and, depending upon his own observations, and the sagacity of little Viper, he proceeded, under the influence of health, spirits, and curiosity, till the dale terminated in a steep ascent up the turfy side of a hill, the summit of which appeared easily accessible to his elastic footsteps; seemingly to invite his progress, by the promise of an extensive view over the country it appeared to divide him from; but when attained, like the projects of human life, it only presented other hills, rising in long and distant succession.

The prospect, however, was beautiful in the eyes of Edgar. The day was uncommonly clear, and the sun shone with unclouded brightness: a view of the gleaming lake was caught in different points; —here and there, a cottage was perched on the mountain's side; and, from a deep gully, a glittering cataract precipitated itself, to the lake below.

As *he was contemplating this scene, his spirit* bounding where his foot could not reach, he saw a man approaching, whose appearance accorded well with the country around. He was tall, though a little bowed by years; his gray hair was blown about his face by the mountain breeze; though the freshness of his cheek and the vigour of his limbs accorded with the prime of manhood. His dress was coarse, but very clean and whole, and of the same colour as the sheep that were browsing around him.

A black and white shag dog accompanied him; and he rested on his long stout walking-stick, till Edgar approached him.—"Ye are a bonny bairn," said the man, "but ye seem nat to be o' this country; I hope ye ha' na lost yoursel amang our hills?" "Oh! no, I am only come to admire them; and left Deepclough this morning." "Ah! but ye ha' wander'd far for a stranger," said the shepherd; "ye maun gang wi' me, and just get a wee bit to eat: for I'm gaun to my dinner, and it's but a stap or twa adoon the hill, just under our feet."

Desirous to see the country and its inhabitants, Edgar did not hesitate a moment in accepting the frank invitation of his new acquaintance, to whom his ready compliance was very pleasing. They took a winding path down the side of the hill, and soon saw the chimney of the cottage rising beneath. It stood upon a small platform, a natural terrace of green turf, and appeared, from the vale below, to hang among the clouds, that frequently swept its roof with their misty skirts. Upon a stone bench beneath its window the partner of his cottage was seated, her knitting, of coarse brown wool, was lying at her side, and she was giving warm milk, from a bottle, to a weakly lamb upon her knee.

"Come, dame," said the man, "here is another stray lamb I have picked up among the hills, who can eat some of our homely fare,—the keen air will give it a relish."*

"Ah! bless his bonny face," she replied, gently putting down her fleecy pet, "he shall have the best we have, and there is not finer eggs, nor better bread and butter, in the country,—he shall

have a dinner, (said she, cheerfully), fit for a king."

"My good auld woman," said her husband, "what do we know about kings? they are other guess folks fro' we; but the travellers that come over the hills say, King George is a good man, and his Son's a good son, and goes on in his father's ways—now he is almost past it."

"Ah!" deeply sighing, said the old woman, "happy is the father, whose son stays with him in his trouble; and may God prosper them both!"

"Amen," said the Shepherd, as he re-echoed the sigh of his wife; then, turning to Edgar, "desired him to walk into the house, and dinner would be ready in a trice."

He seated himself in a fixed bench in the window, and contemplated such a scene as the eye of a king seldom surveyed. The majesty of nature was spread before him. Within twenty yards of the door, the rock, upon which the cottage stood, sunk, perpendicularly, many hundred feet;—at its base, a deep defile wound amongst the surrounding mountains; a few cottages were seen below, almost obscured by depth and distance; the dashing of the unseen cataract was heard in the solemn silence of the place; but the gray mist that arose from the bottom of a distant valley, marked its unseen course to the lake; on the banks of which stood a low building, covered with turf, and enclosed by a walled fence; a turret of wood, that rose over a small bell, told its destination.—It was a temple made with hands, and raised by man for the worship of his Maker. Humble and lowly as it appeared amongst the grandest monuments of his power, it was all that man could there do; and

when "two or three were gathered together" to praise his goodness, he blessed them, and was amongst them.

"Pray, my bonny child," asked his hostess, "how far are you from home?" "Thirty miles from my friends, and many more from my own home." "Alack-a-day!" she exclaimed to her husband, who then entered with the new-found eggs. "Only think, love, this young one is thirty miles, and more, from his father and mother. Oh! if they knew what we do, they would never have let him gone so far from home."

She put down the bowl of milk, and began to weep. He wiped her eyes with the corner of her own apron, whilst his filled with tears. Edgar could scarce refrain from weeping in sympathy.

"Come," said she, first recovering, "let us go to dinner, and then we will tell this nice lad what a sad thing it is for youth to be given to roving.—Come, draw to; for ye're kindly welcome."

The relish with which Edgar eat his mountain fare afforded his entertainers real pleasure; and when the simple repast was over, Viper was not forgotten by them.

Edgar was too delicate to renew the subject of their sorrow; but they appeared to understand his silence, and, without any preface, his host said, "Just as you see us, my father and mother, and his father before him, dwelt in this very cottage. The same old hills fed their sheep and cattle, for three generations. I fetched my wife from yonder little town, at the foot of the great Fell; and we, neither of us, have travelled farther than the Church, by the lake side, and where our cattle feed.

A trader comes over the hills, that takes our spare wool and stock, and leaves us, in change, those matters we cannot buy among ourselves. We were the happiest of God Almighty's creatures, till our great trouble came; for we had enough for ourselves and our only child, and to pay his reverence his dues, and put a little matter into the poor's-box, at church; for we are too far off our neighbours to know who wants, and a Cumberland man, or woman either, will not beg or go to the parish, if he can earn sixpence a day: so where there is sickness, or mishap, our good parson deals out what is given as he sees best, and there is no words said about it; but a-well-a-day! how I talk as if I was afeard of coming to what I was going to tell you. Our only child made life a blessing to us; he made the longest summer's day like an hour; but his mother loved the winter best, for he was both son and daughter to her."

Edgar ventured to raise his eyes toward her. She sat still as the lifeless; her hands closely folded together; her eye fixed in patient suffering, and the tremulous motion of her lip alone evincing her feelings. "My wife spun or knitted, whilst I read the Bible to her; our little lad never missed school and the church, when the weather would allow; and a very pretty scholar he was. We had no other book than the Bible; indeed, what need is there for any other? Does it not teach us to love one another, and to be good to our neighbours, and merciful to our beasts, and that God will take care of us all? So we went on, our Richard growing up, like Isaac, in the Bible, in favour, as we hoped, with God and man; but, a-lack-a day! young minds

will be roving after something new. Richard had got hold of some books of his school-fellows, that gave him a longing for the like, so he begged of me to ask the chapman to bring a new book with him the next time he came; so the trader promised to send one by the drover that came for the sheep; and so it is, that to give our children pleasure we seek sorrow for ourselves. Richard had gone with the dealer a gateward, a few miles, and, I suppose, had told him what sort of book he wanted. When it came, he seemed to live upon it: his knitting, that always used to be in his hand when he was watching the sheep, was thrown away; and when winter came, he would sit in the chimney corner, and never take his eyes from off the book, but to raise the faggot for a better light, till bed-time. 'Pray,' said his mother, 'read that book to us, for it seems to have enchanted thee;' and so then he began.

"It appeared a strange account, and stranger still to see how it worked upon the lad; whose head, I saw, was filled with roving notions, and his heart set upon going round the world, as that Commodore did that the book told of. He pined about, and took no more delight in home; and at last told me, if I would but let him go to Tynemouth, just to see what sort of a vessel it was this Commodore went out in, he would then be satisfied.

"We had a distant relation there, and had heard that ships came and went to it: so, with our blessing, and a little money, and great stress upon him to return as soon as he had seen them, we let him go."—Here the poor man's voice failed, but he controlled his feelings, and proceeded: "We com-

forted ourselves at the end of every day, thinking that his return was a day nearer; but that wished-for day we never saw.

"Our relation wrote us word, our child had gone from thence, to Hull, and embarked there for Greenland. Ah! what *green* land could he see so dear as his father's? or what could *he* sail around the world for, that wanted nothing in the world that heart could desire?"

The afflicted father ceased; and Edgar asked, in the sweetest tones of sympathy, "if they had never heard from him, and how long it was since he had left them?"—"Eight years," replied the father, "and five since we received the only letter that ever reached us: get it out, love, and let this kind-hearted young gentleman see how tenderly he could write to his poor parents, that he had used so cruelly."

The fond and weeping mother arose, and unlocked a little box that stood within a cupboard, and took the treasured relic from its careful deposit. "Read it," said she; "we know it word for word."

"Honoured Parents,

"If my fault has not caused you to disown me, you will be glad to receive this letter; which, if it ever reaches your hand, will tell you that your son is yet alive, and that he hopes you will believe him, when he assures you, that wicked as his conduct must have appeared, he has never ceased to love and honour you. Indeed, my dear father and mother, it was not my intention to deceive you when I left Shepherd's Flat, neither did I forge a

false tale to get away; but when I got to Tynemouth, I was not myself, and the restless wishes I had felt for many weeks overpowered me. I will not tell you how my heart upbraided me when I was far out at sea, for the sorrow you would feel, or what I suffered during the voyage. In respect to profit, I fared pretty well; but that you do not want, or care about: but, when I was hastening home to you, saying in my heart—'Father, I have sinned against heaven and against you,' I was seized, with some other shipmates, and put on board a tender, from whence we were removed to a king's ship. I submitted to this hardship as a punishment for my former offences; so determined to do my duty, and bear my lot with patience. We are now with the fleet in the Mediterranean; fine pleasant sailing; and very different from my voyage to Greenland. You may fancy our ship as a boat would be in one of our largest lakes, for the land is continually in view. A ship from Malta has just hailed us; and this letter has been ready some time, waiting for an opportunity. I am on board the Dreadnought, Captain Duncan; and if it please God to spare my life till we are ordered to old England, I will spend the rest of it with you, my parents, striving to make amends for former failings; and ever remain your dutiful and penitent son, "RICHARD ARMSTRONG."

Edgar returned the letter, saying, he hoped their old age would be comforted by seeing their son again; that perhaps he was then on his way home.

"Please God we may see *that* day," they ejaculated; one feeling animating every emotion of the venerable couple—"then, like good old Jacob, we shall die in peace; but should he *never* come back, who is to close our eyes—who is to comfort the last liver—who is to live in our dear old cottage, and take to our little means?"

"He will come back," said Edgar; and, like uncle Toby, his heart said—"He *shall* come back."

Though he could have passed the whole day in this alpine abode, with its kind-hearted and simple inhabitants, he feared his longer absence might create uneasiness to his friends at Deepclough. He wished to offer some recompense for his entertainment, but feared to pain the hospitality of the good couple. Mrs. Kirley's care had provided him with a large India silk-handkerchief, which, though unused, fortunately was in his pocket. He put it into the hand of his hostess, and begged her to keep it for his sake.

As a recompense, she would have refused it; as a keep-sake, her hand opened to receive it. "I will put it with my dear lad's letter," said she; "and I pray to God to bless you, sweet one, and keep roving thoughts from your mind: but, if ever you should take such a fancy as going round the world, perhaps you may meet my dear Richard; and pray tell him we forgive him from our hearts, and beg him to come back, that we may see him once more before we die."

Edgar's heart was too full of tender sympathy to feel other sentiments than respect for these sorrowing parents; but, in recollection, he could not

refrain from smiling at the simplicity of his hostess. Alas, her maternal heart had often circumnavigated the world, and her only object of discovery was the son of her love. The old man accompanied Edgar to an opening in the mountains, that led to the valley he had wandered from; there they parted, Edgar shaking his rough and honest hand with repeated graspings. Little Viper ran before, till the house appeared in view, and announced their approach with congratulatory barkings. A sweet consciousness of filial duty and submission glowed through every feeling of Edgar's heart. He had seen what a parent suffers even for the son who had deserted him, and how the form of a mother was bowed by sorrow; how she languished for the sight of the child whose infancy and youth had been her constant care. He mentally rejoiced in the remembrance of his own obedience and devotion; for not one self-accusation, one parental reproach, wounded the memory of the boy; and, as he had been taught to pray not to be led into temptation, he raised his heart to his father in heaven, to preserve him from all future allurements. Early piety was habitual to Edgar: in becoming a habit, it had not ceased to be a feeling. Amidst the grand and visible operations of nature it was ever most active, and rose in happy devotion to that Being who had called him into it amidst so much beauty. A taste for its magnificent, as for its softer and lovelier scenes, that his parents had awakened, were in unison with that spirit of piety that had been their first care to inculcate—an unison, that was the happiest

source of his devotional feelings, and which were never more sweetly exercised than in the remembrance of his Creator, amidst the wonderful works of his mighty hand. When the blue sky was all serene above him, and waving trees and sparkling waters moved in his sight; or when, amidst the solitudes of the mountains, he felt himself almost in the presence of Him who made them—faith, love, and praise, filled his happy bosom; for it is in youth that religion is indeed most lovely; when the mind and the heart are untainted by the world, uninfluenced by its interests, unperverted by its sophistry; not driven to it as a refuge from dismay, or a solace from distress, but as the grateful offering of an ardent, glowing sensibility, united with those feelings of humility, with which the creature must ever contemplate the majesty, the mercy, and the goodness of its Creator. It is then that religion becomes that pure, impulsive, lovely ray, that more than lights the morning path of life; it gilds it, too!

Edgar was received with renewed expressions of kindness at Deepclough; and, when he told his friends there where he had been, Mrs. Henderson said—"Sure enough, young master has been at Shepherds' Flat, and seen our old neighbours. The winter has been so hard, and it is such a scramble for me! but, for all that, I should have gone to have seen them! poor good old bodies, they have never been like themselves since Richard went away. They had given him good schooling; and, if he had not liked a shepherd's life, (that, after all, is best), he might have done as our good lad has—been a penman for some worthy gentleman."

"Ah!" said the master, as his wife always called him, "it is enough to have a good son almost forty miles away: what must it then be for him to set off round the world?"

The remainder of the day was passed by Edgar in looking over the home occupations of the elder Mr. Henderson, not only to gratify his own desire for information, but in courtesy to his kind and hospitable entertainers.

"You see, sir, that we have no new ways of doing old-fashioned work here; we thrash out our corn, as it has always been done since Cumberland was Cumberland." "But I have heard," said Edgar, "that machinery is much improved in the south." "Very like," replied the good old farmer; "southern lads are but weakly bodies: they happen to need such help; but we like it not. What! is it not said in the Bible, that 'man shall eat his bread by the sweat of his brow?' Put a good flail into a man's hand, and it teaches him to fling his arms about him; besides, there's music in it, as every stroke tells through the barn. What! if every thing is be done without labour, we shall have no brave and hardy fellows left; and what is old England to do then for her soldiers and sailors? No, no, *my* lads shall thrash as their grandfathers did before 'em; times were better then than they are now. The reason's plain: men were forced to work harder, and keep closer to it; and women had to spin a gown before they could wear it; so neither had so much time to do mischief."

Edgar was much amused by the downright arguments of a Cumberland farmer, who deprecated

all innovations, or, as he called them, "newfangled ways."

Night came on, but the younger Henderson did not arrive: his mother repeatedly expressed her wishes for his return. "My good woman," said the father, "be easy; he knows every pass and turn o' the hills, and never was out of his sober senses in his life; and what can a man be doing better than minding his business? and has he not a beast under him of my own breeding, that 'll never flinch a foot if he were coming down Skiddaw?" "I know all that," she replied; "and I do not fear but James's life will be long in the land, for he has always honoured his father and mother; but I should like his company." "Why so should *I*," replied the farmer; "but Master Manners must be served first."

CHAPTER IX.

The sight of home again inspires
My bosom with its genial fires:
I feel again its genial flow,
That makes me half forget the woe,
That all my aching heart could tell,
Since last I bade its scenes farewell

In the morning, Edgar entered a neat little carpeted parlour, where his hostess, the only part of the family present, received him with loquacious attention; and, whilst they breakfasted together, entertained him with the history of her parlour. "In this room," said she, "we used to keep our

wool; for the other is so large and comfortable, and every thing we want is at hand, that we never thought of living elsewhere; but when James went to live at Derwent Priory, he wished us to take the wool away; for sometimes Mr. Manners might like to spend a little time amidst the dales, or bring some company to see the lakes; so we did, and we always call it Mr. Manners's parlour. James wished the slated floor to be covered with a carpet; so my girls and I spun this, and sent it by the dealer to be wove. He told us, if it had been white wool, he could have got it dipped all colours, so that the floor would be like a flower-garden; but the master said he would have the cloth good and strong, but just as it came from the poor sheep's back; 'for,' said he, 'no, no, farmer Henderson will never be ashamed of his colours!' and that *I* am sure he is not the man to be, nor am I the woman to gainsay what he thinks best."

Edgar told her she had no occasion to wish it otherwise, for it afforded all the comfort a carpet could give; and its mixed hue of brown and white was very agreeable to the eye.

In the course of the day, his fellow-traveller returned, and the ensuing morning they were to depart. Edgar was greatly interested in his present visit; it gave a view of life new to him, and not an unpleasing one, and he contemplated it under all its happy and respectable combinations. Deep-clough greatly varied from the elegant retirement of his own home, from the opulence and display of Seymour Hall, the union of both at Derwent Priory, from the sanctified quiet of the parsonage

at Ashhurst, and the humble, yet contented poverty of his village acquaintance; and, without analysing it as one of the substantial links in the chain of social compact, he was struck by its novelty, and pleased with its respectability.

They departed early in the morning, but not till they had partaken of a northern breakfast, composed of the produce of the farm—eggs, butter, cream, honey, bread, and salted mutton, that the owner said was the best in the kingdom: "nice little wethers, that had cropped their turfy hills for five years." As they travelled along, Edgar expressed, with great animation, the pleasure he had enjoyed from the kindness he had received. "Yes, sir," said his companion, "I think the character and manners of the Cumberland people are something like its hills, always the same, without any trimmings or dressings to disguise their form and structure. There never was a happier couple than my father and mother: I never heard him contradict her in my life; and she thinks so highly of her master, that his opinion is invariably hers: indeed," continued he, with a smile, "no man can have more reason to be satisfied with a wife: she was the woman of his own choice, brought up in *his* school of right, the old-fashioned way; she loves her husband and her children, never goes from home, and is provided with all she wants by the exchange of wool with the travelling dealers, and is allowed the perfect liberty of indulging her charitable disposition, by giving to the poor or sick whatever she pleases from her well-stored dairy and larder: very little money, I believe, passes

through her hands, but quite as much as she wishes. My father provides every thing, and pays every thing; but I know, in case of his death, he has taken care that all her comforts are secured to her, independent of her sons."

At the first house where they stopped to refresh their horses, little Viper came barking in, and jumped upon Edgar with eager fondness, that was as eagerly returned. "Would you wish to have him, sir?" said Mr. Henderson; "for he has shown a proof of his regard for you." "Indeed I should, if it would not be depriving his master of a great beauty." "Oh, they will not mind that, if you wish for the dog, though I believe its mother could not be had for money or favour. It is about two years since my father, overcome with heat and fatigue, threw himself upon the hay in the field, and fell asleep: he was awaked by the springing of his dog into his bosom, where a viper had crept; it seized the reptile, and held it by the neck till it was quite dead. I believe there will always be a dog of the name of Viper at Deepclough whilst there is a master of the name of Henderson.'

From that day, the pretty little black terrier, with his white necklace, was Edgar's constant companion and most attached adherent.

As they approached the Priory, at the close of the day, Edgar's impatience to regain his superior friend appeared to be communicated to the gentle animal he rode; and, as neither restrained the impulse, they speedily crossed the park, and were received with affectionate welcome.

After supper, Mr. Manners informed Edgar he should have the pleasure to introduce Mrs. Man-

ners and Augustus to him on the following day; that atmosphere being always the most salutary to her where those she loved resided; "and, in whatever weather they come," added Mr. Manners, "they will bring summer to me. And now, my young areonaut," continued he, "what news from the upper regions? for I suppose you have scorned the earth, and paid a visit among the clouds. Did you meet any aerial beings in your ascension?" "Indeed I did," answered Edgar: "if innocence in themselves, and good will for others, constitute the essence of angels, I certainly met with two, who really, in heart as in habitation, were above this world." He then described most minutely the venerable mountaineers he had visited from Deep-clough—their pastoral life—their hospitable manners—their uncorrupted hearts, and their parental sorrows; "but for which," said Edgar, "they appear in possession of perfect happiness." "The absence of moral evil, and the possession of innocent tranquillity," replied Mr. Manners, "must ever afford comparative happiness; but, Bonville, would you wish so to spend your life?" Edgar paused a moment. "I think," said the boy, "like poor Richard Armstrong, though I might not wish to go round the world, I should wish to see something more of it than Shepherd's Flat." "You would wish, my dear boy, for more exercise of your intellectual powers; for the opportunities of more active benevolence—more resistance of temptation—a fuller acceptance of the high-calling that is before you; and *I* would wish that your light should shine before men, fair as a city set upon a hill. Proceed in all that is virtuous and amiable, as

you have begun, and my hopes will not be disappointed in you."

Nothing is so sweet as praise to a deserving and ingenuous mind, from those it loves and reverences.

> "Oh praise! thy language was by Heaven design'd.
> As manna to the faint and timid mind;
> For thy sweet accents wake new vital powers,
> And make life's thorny path a path of flowers."

The heart of Edgar thrilled with modest joy, but the grateful expression of his eye was hid beneath its long dark lash. At this moment a scratching was heard at the door, accompanied by quick short barkings.

Edgar knew from whence it proceeded—"Ah! sir, it is my little dog; may I introduce him?" "You have the old adage in your favour," replied Mr. Manners, smiling; "so let in the dog."

Edgar then made known his hereditary worth, and his favour was secured.

The sun shone brightly on the day of Mrs. Manners's return—not more brightly than on many a preceding and succeeding day—but to the fondly expecting inhabitants of her household its beams appeared to diffuse a sympathetic joy. Mrs. Kirley was directing the cook to prepare the dinner she *fancied* her lady preferred; the gardener brought those plants into the hall he *knew* she most admired; and Mr. Manners himself undertook to fill the vases in her dressing room, from the large basket-full the footman brought into the breakfast-parlour. "Tray, Blanche, and Sweetheart," were new trimmed by the groom, and their dumb sa-

gacity seemed to participate in the happy preparation.

Early in the afternoon they arrived. In a moment they were in the hall, in the arms of Mr. Manners, whose hand, eye, and lip testified the full and happy welcome of his heart. "Master Bonville," said he, as he first presented Edgar to Mrs. Manners—then to Augustus: but the warm and high-raised affections of the African wanted not the forms of introduction. Throwing his arms around his neck, he exclaimed—"You *love* black boy, he *so* love you!" Then walking round him with looks of admiration, he laid his hand upon his head, as if to measure his height. "Quite handsome!" looking at Mrs. Manners; a word of compound meaning with him. Captain Neville's heroism, Lady Anne Mahon's benevolence, as Edgar's personal beauty, were "all handsome." "Mr. Manners's dear boy love Madua? all love one another; dat is best!"

The beautiful negro excited no less affection in the bosom of Edgar—a soil equally rich in all the confidence and glowing sensibilities of youth: his appearance so picturesque—to Edgar's fancy so poetic—was striking and impressive: the intense clear white of his dark eye was softened by its silken lash, and his white—*white* teeth, were perpetually visible by the smiles of his receding coral lips: the excessive care bestowed upon his hair rendered it bright and soft, and black as the raven's wing; and, excepting that his jacket was changed to a short frock-coat, his dress was the same as he wore on his voyage to Europe. In-

stinctively quick in all his acquirements, the elegant society he had mixed with had given a high degree of polish to his natural graces; and, though he retained his warm and impulsive affections, there was a delicacy of manner, particularly when with strangers, that placed him upon an equality with all his associates. All touched the fancy of Edgar, who had previously been disposed to esteem and love him: a quick and happy bond of affection was formed betwixt the boys, and their amiable patrons saw the virtuous attachment with pleased approbation.

After dinner, Mrs. Manners's beautiful horse was proudly led by its groom in front of the dining-room windows; the three dogs, that were also his charge, gamboling around it: its bright bay coat and dark flowing mane evinced the care of its keeper. Mr. Manners threw up the sash, to which it was led; and Mrs. Manners caressed her favourite, and commended the servant's care. The three little dogs bounded in at the open sash, to share her attention; whilst her bosom thrilled with pleasure in the consciousness that every animated creature of her household appeared happy in her return.

The supper table was always a pleasant rallying point at the house of Mr. Manners. Around the evening table, that was more a social meeting than a requisite meal, the happy quartette were assembled, when Mr. Manners said—"Though I fancy Tom can give a very correct pedigree of the Favorita, yet you must apply to Bonville for his qualifications, who rode upon him over the hills a few days ago."

"Oh, I do not doubt his captivations," said

Mrs. Manners; "but I shall have great pleasure in hearing Master Bonville relate the incidents of his journey."

"We must not be spendthrifts of our evening pleasures," replied Mr. Manners; "but will reserve the relation till to-morrow night; for, when he gets amidst the mountains, he descends with reluctance."

Edgar left the table early; and his cheek shared, with Augustus, the maternal kiss of Mrs. Manners At the door of his apartment, he pressed the hand of Augustus, and said—"we meet again to-morrow."—"Madua be happy again then," said he, as he proceeded to his own.

CHAPTER X.

There was not, on that day, a speck to stain
The azure heaven; the blessed Sun, alone,
In unapproachable divinity,
Career'd, rejoicing in his fields of light,
How beautiful, beneath the bright blue sky,
The billows heaved! one glowing green expanse,
Save where along the bending line of shore
Such hue is thrown, as when the Peacock's neck
Assumes its proudest tint of amethyst,
Embathed in emerald glory.——
Young Hoel, with delight, beheld the pomp;
His heart throbb'd joyfully; and if he thought
Upon his mother then, 'twas but to think
How beautiful a tale for her glad ear
He hath on his return.

SOUTHEY.

It was on a sabbath-day morning the sun first arose upon that friendship, which was a bright

beam, whilst it shone in the Life of a Boy: a day that Mr. Manners observed with the devotion of heart it never failed to inspire, and with the propriety of conduct that was its consequent result. That part of the Priory that had been originally destined for public worship, had been retained for its sacred purpose, for the still more pure service of the reformed church. But Mr. Manners strictly exacted the attendance of all his family at the parish church: He loved to attend the "bell that called the poor to pray;" and his own observance of the outward visible signs that the church requires, was a most salutary example to its congregation, and a just and most respectful acknowledgment to its minister, that the inward and spiritual grace directed all. His ample dinner-table on that day was circumscribed, with very little exception, to what is fancifully described by the roll of the English drums—"Roast-beef and plum-pudding." Mr. Manners had travelled too far, and to better purpose, than the confirmation or creation of prejudice; but he was truly English at heart, and loved all the domestic institutions of his own country beyond those of any other; considering the decencies by which they were surrounded as partly the guarantee of its domestic virtues: he loved them, because he honoured them.

In the evening, the whole family assembled in the chapel of the House, where the after-service of the day was read by Mr. Manners, who never let the assembly depart without expressing, by kind looks or words, his approbation of its order and regularity.

During the day Mr. Manners informed the two boys that they might expect Charles Seymour on the morrow.

"You know him!" said Edgar to Augustus: "we have spent many happy days together; and I shall be so glad to see him again!"

"You be so good," replied Augustus; "you love all. Charles love Charles best; I be *his* Augustus—*your* Madua. Sir Charles very good man; Lady Seymour no woman at all—she love none. She love Charles a littel bit; dat all:" when, with the quickest transition of feeling, his eyes filling with tears, and his heart overwhelmed by tender recollections, he exclaimed:—"Dear, best Lady Anne, gone to Great Spirit—left poor Madua. *She* love all de world—black, white—all!" When, as quickly recovering himself, he said: "No grieve Mrs. Manners—she weep every day for Lady Anne!"

In the evening Mrs. Manners claimed the promised account of Edgar's excursion, which was readily complied with. Animated with recollected pleasure, he spoke with enthusiasm of the sublimity of the mountains, and the seclusion of the valleys; how the lake was spread in bright expanse, and how the solemn silence of the scene was interrupted by the sounding cataract. Animated by the fire of genius, his discerning friends saw

> "That all of wonderful and wild
> Gave rapture to the feeling child."

"The weather," continued he, "was most accommodating to travellers; but I would rather have seen the same objects during the awful appear-

ance of the gathering tempest, when the splendid sun was bursting through its rolling clouds, in the softened evening when it had passed away, or in the mellow moonlight, rejoicing in the restored harmony of nature."

Tears of admiration and sympathy filled the eyes of Mrs. Manners; but she repressed their expression, except by speaking in French, more rapidly than Edgar's acquaintance with the language could keep pace, and said—"Education is *forming* him for the world, but nature *has made* him for her own."

On the succeeding day Charles Seymour arrived, attended by Philip. He brought letters from Woodfield: letters of love, regretting the absence of Edgar;—but permitting his stay till the fortnight was elapsed, that was to terminate the visit of Charles. Superficially he was improved: his appearance was less childish; but it was his habits, rather than his manners, that had become more mature. He thought Edgar much taller; but, as the same simplicity of heart and manner, and the same good humour prevailed, he was only sensible of his personal advancement. The observations of Charles did not keep pace with the mental improvement of Edgar; and he presumed not a little upon the superior advantages he imagined he had gained by being in London. Distinct from either, Augustus was the delight of all; his ardent temperament, his sanguine disposition, and his ebullient affections, like the sun in his native clime, drew out and cherished all the energies of his mind and frame. In all youthful exercises he was pre-eminent; in activity he excelled the active Edgar; and even the jockeyship of the groom, and

the equestrian boldness of the huntsman, were rivalled by the temerity and agility of this child of the Sun.

During the week, several parties of the neighbouring families dined at the Priory, to welcome the return of its respected inhabitants: at their table society received its highest zest, diffusing its most elegant spirit to all present. The delicate attention paid by Mr. Manners to his female friends, and the encouraging regard shown to his youthful ones, contributed to the attractions of his table; when they were withdrawn, it was soon abandoned, and the tea-table of Mrs. Manners was attended on the very first intimation.—Cards, conversation, music, and reading, as the taste for each inclined, terminated the evening party of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. Manners. Amongst these, was a gentleman who had recently travelled through Scotland, and had given a very animated description of his journey across the Highlands, to which Edgar had paid the most undivided attention. His eye and ear were riveted to the speaker; the former expressive of the interest excited; whilst the abstraction of his mind, after the subject had ceased, evinced the deep impression it had made.

"We visited," said the gentleman, "the celebrated pass of Killicrankie, that guards the entrance of the Highlands, which its steep and finely wooded hills appear to exclude from all intercourse; but to which, an almost imperceptible winding narrow way affords the only admission. There the gallant Lord Dundee, the generous adherent of the unfortunate Stuart family, fell in the moment of victory, and with him the spirit of his soldiers, and the

hopes of his party; but, uniting the names of Killicrankie and Thermopylæ to the latest posterity. Amidst the silence and solitude of the Highlands, all the material images, with which the poems of Ossian abound, are presented; and in the obscurity of the mists, and the inconstant glancing of the sunbeams, a visionary fancy may imagine, the ghosts of his heroes are yet to be seen.—Crossing the great mountain Corriarach, near Fort Augustus, we followed the course of the Spey, through the wildest district that this truly Alpine and impetuous river rolls its way. My guide, an intelligent Highlander, pointed out to me a small hill of turf upon its banks, about two feet high, and eight long. It was surrounded by a low wall of sods, bound together with the fibrous roots of the heath. There is a cast of melancholy, not gloom, in the minds of the Highlanders, that renders them peculiarly susceptible to every object of tenderness or sublimity. My companion spoke of 'the poor inhabitant below,' with reverential sympathy; saying, he was a soldier who had been in many a battle; that he had subsequently been stationed at Fort Augustus; and was one of the number employed to keep the military road in repair; but that dying on the place, he had been buried there; that the neighbouring Highlanders, with their wives and children, annually visited the grave; or after any violent storms of rain, when the river overspread its banks, the young men would assemble to restore the rustic basket-work of its enclosure to its former order. 'Ah!' say they, 'he left his friends and country to fight for our sakes, and he died amongst us.' The simplicity of his description," continued the

gentleman, "reminded me of those beautiful lines of Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, that so sweetly embellish the travels of the enterprising Park, whose tenderness and pathos must touch every heart.—

> 'Alas! no wife, or mother's care
> For him the food or milk prepare!'

And as my humane guide repeated, 'he left his country and his friends, and died amongst us,'— the tender pause that ensued, was filled in my imagination, with—'and we will think of him as though he was a Higlandman.'"

With the gray dawn of the morning Edgar arose, his head full of the pass of Killicrankie, and his heart of the buried soldier, and Highland sympathy. Nature had not yet awakened from repose, excepting a low chirrup of birds, that seemed to be waiting for the sun to call forth their morning chorus, of which the long horizontal lines of bright amber, in the east, were the herald. Poetic feelings thrilled his heart; poetic images rushed to his fancy; and it is the indulgence of such, that awaken youthful poesy, before the restrictions of its rules, and the imperative voice of its legislators, chill its genial flow, and disperse those beautiful clouds that paint and gild its early inspirations.

In this, the happiest period of its influence, Edgar revelled; and when he attended Mrs. Manners in her dressing-room, after breakfast, the eloquent blood mounting to his cheek and forehead, he presented to her the effusions of his early walk—the visions of his early dreams.—With smiling acceptance, she read and re-read the following lines, before she spoke—before she saw their modest author had withdrawn.

THE WARRIOR'S GRAVE.

Cold is the blast, the torrent roars,
The rising Spey o'erwhelms its shores;
Dark clouds obscure the frowning hills,
The mountains pour their thousand rills;
And gathering storms, 'midst evening's gloom,
Howl round the Warrior's narrow tomb!

The waning moon, with sickly beam,
Hangs her pale crescent o'er the stream:
That troubled stream reflects no more
The beam that bless'd its mazy shore;
But winds of autumn loudly rave
Around the Warrior's lonely grave!

There, starting from his heathy bed,
The grouse-cock lifts his speckled head;
And raises, oft, his scarlet eye,
To meet the angry low'ring sky,
Where spirits of the air, alone,
Sigh o'er the Warrior's gray grave-stone.

The tall blue rock, the spreading fell,
The heath-cock's scream, the sinking dell,
The rushing torrent brawling loud,
The threatening sky, the lurid cloud,
No more are heard, no more are seen;
For midnight darkness shuts the scene;
And hides the turf, from every eye,
Where the poor Warrior's relics lie.

* * * *

In rosy light appears the morn:
The billowy clouds, by winds upborne,
Have risen above the hills so high,
Swept are the pavements of the sky;
Till not one vapoury speck is seen,
To shade the clear, the blue serene,
That tints the turf, where sleeps the brave,
That beams upon the Warrior's grave.

Not now Spey's ceaseless water's spread,
But murmur o'er their pebbly bed:
The rushing torrent roars no more;
Softly it steals along the shore,
And kisses every Alpine flower
That blossoms in the morning hour;
Whilst smoothly flows its shining wave,
Where softly, sweetly, sleeps the brave.

But see, at yonder pilgrim throng,
Winding the silent dales along:
Old men and babes—the blooming maid,
In robes of tartan dye array'd—
From distant dells, that rocks surround,
Seek out the lonely sacred ground,
Where all, with pious care, are come
To guard the Warrior's hallow'd tomb.

"See," said the aged patriarch Seer;
"My bairnies, see, who's buried here;
Though low he lies, without a name,
Yet Highland maids shall sing his fame,
Who toil'd amidst our mountains high,
Amidst them breathed his latest sigh.
Far from the battle's dreadful roar,
He met his death on Spey's wild shore:
For us he wrought, *with* us he fell,
And wand'ring chields his deeds shall tell,
Who left his country, friends, and home,
And found, amidst these hills, his tomb."

The gentle maid, with pensive lay,
And thoughts of "him that's far away;"
Her own true love! "A neebor's son—"
Who, "till the battle's lost or won,"
The lass he loves must see no more,
Or tread again fair Scotland's shore—
Hangs weeping o'er the sacred mound,
Where valour consecrates the ground.

"The todd'ling wee things" next appear,
Who, listening to the gray-hair'd seer,
Have caught the words that from him fell,
That strove his gallant deeds to tell;
Who fought in foreign lands, to save
Those hills that rise around his grave.
Then all with heather-flowers bestrew
The turf where viewless laurels grew;
That fairy hands had planted there;
That Pity watered with her tear;
Which Fame to heaven had lifted high,
Unkenn'd by every mortal eye;
Which, destined to eternal bloom,
Shed fragrance round the Warrior's tomb!

The youths repair, with willing hand,
The fractur'd turf, the wave-worn strand;
And when the pious rites were paid,
The aged Seer, the tender maid,
And all the pitying train retire,
To tell around their cottage fire,
The daring deeds of other days;
To sing, in simple untaught lays,
Of Wallace, Caledonia's boast;
Of brave Dundee, so early lost;
Of Abercrombie's gallant fame,
The veteran chief; how dear his name!
Of such, whom dark oblivion spares;
Of him, who claim'd their latest cares:
Then, winding slow round Spey's wild wave,
To silence left the Warrior's grave.

Mrs. Manners sought out Edgar, and said: "My dear minstrel, the very spirit of a mountain boy breathes in your lines; and, if you were not the son of Mr. Bonville, or *mine*, I should wish you the heir of an Highland chief." "Or son of great Prince in Whidah," said Augustus. "If

I were," said Edgar, "I would restore the race of minstrels to all their original honours; at least, as far as my clanship extended."

Mr. Manners entered the room; and, with an interrogatory look towards Edgar, she put the lines into the hand of his partial friend, who expressed his approbation more by looks than words; and said, "You will allow me, Bonville, to show these to Mr. Allionby; he will be greatly pleased with them, and consider them a compliment to his narration." "But, dear Mr. Manners," said Edgar, "though they have been my whole morning's work, yet, what do they express more, or indeed so much, as the simple and touching apostrophe of the Highland guide—'he left his country and his friends, and he died amongst us.'"

"Your remark," said Mr. Manners, "is just and beautiful—the most simple language approaches nighest the sublime: not all the figures of rhetoric, or the eloquence of the schools, could add strength or majesty to the creation of the world, as given in Genesis, when the Omnipotent gave the word; 'Let there be light, and there was light.'—Not only in expression, but in objects, the same unity with sublimity and simplicity prevail. The sweeping outline of the mountain, rising from its broad base, undecorated with foliage, undignified by the habitation of man, The ocean solitudes, as they were first spread by the hand of God, without a speck to indicate that man has ever dared into their depths—bespeak the majesty of their Creator; whilst woman, his last best work, when enrobed in simple white, or in the sable robes that assimilate

with sorrow—how lovely! how divine! But fringe the mountain with trees, enliven it with cottages, cover the ocean with vessels, divide its vast horizon from the sky with rising masts; put jewels, feathers, and trimmings upon the woman; and though all may be beautiful to the eye—the simplicity, the sublimity, the *divinity*, is lost."

"I am glad," said Mrs. Manners, delighted with all she heard, "I am very glad that your interdiction did not extend to flowers; and that you have left woman a rose for her bosom, and a wreath for her hair." "No ornament," replied Mr. Manners, "comes so near the simplicity of nature, or is so appropriate to you, as flowers, supposing them judiciously disposed.—The first woman, beautiful, and pure as beautiful, was placed amidst them; and I can fancy, that in all the sweet innocence and dignified simplicity of her nature, she would place their richest blossoms in her hair—as pleased, she viewed herself in the liquid mirrors of Paradise. But, regardless of all this, your lines, dear Edgar, please me much, as I am sure they will do Mr. Allionby; and 'the Soldier's grave,' will be longer remembered from them."

The conversation of the ensuing evening partly related to an ancient fortress, that stood close upon the sea, within eight miles of the Priory, built upon a low promontory of the undulating shore. Its remaining keep, and broken walls, were in unison with the awful solitudes of its situation. Before they separated for the night, Edgar and Augustus, whose curiosity had been strongly excited, obtained

permission of Mr. Manners, to visit the ruins on the following day.

"What conveyance and attendance will you choose?" "Oh! none, sir, but Philip for Charles: do let us be independent—we will not go into danger." "I will trust you," said Mr. Manners, "if you will pledge me your honour, to keep that assurance. I love to see boys, who are past the age of children, rely upon themselves, where their powers may be expected to meet the occasion; if they fail, they acquire experience; if they succeed, they are in possession of confidence. Remember, you have promised me to avoid danger, and Philip only shall attend you, in consideration of his duty to Charles."

These opinions were quite congenial to those of the young adventurers; and they promised Mr. Manners, "upon their honour," they neither would attack windmills, nor put to sea upon a plank, nor scale castle walls: in short, they would prove they might be trusted.

Mrs. Kirley prepared them an early and substantial breakfast; and the pedestrians, with Charles, on horseback, attended by Philip, commenced their excursion.

Whilst they took the more circuitous horseway, Edgar and Augustus proceeded in the arrow's direction, and frequently were the most forward. The high grounds now gradually declined towards the shore; when Charles, galloping up to them, said he would send Philip back with the horses, for he had not any of their company.

The servant was very unwilling; but his young master's commands were arbitrary; and we have seen that, ever since his fancy wandered after a bird's-nest, Philip was told that he must not refuse to obey Master Seymour's orders.

They now followed the winding of an embrasure that led them to the extensive line of shore lying before them. It was the first time Edgar had seen the sea; and he looked upon its awful expanse with wonder and delight. It was not the proud feelings of an island-boy that contemplated it as the scene of his country's glory and prosperity; but as the child of nature, who gazed with silent joy and thrilling wonder. Small pebbles and marine substances glittered on the sands, the various weeds that grew upon them floated on the surface of the water, and birds, that had their nests in the clefts of the rocks, skimmed the deep, and dipped their white pinions in its tranquil bosom. "My moder!" said Augustus, and flung out his arms towards the western waves; his spirit bounding to those islands, where he had seen her living, and left her dead.

They proceeded along the winding shore, though the very motion of walking seemed to interrupt the high-wrought feelings of Edgar, whose every power, both of mind and body, appeared arrested and enchanted by the magnificence of the Ocean. On turning the base of a projecting rock, the object of their pursuit, forgotten by Edgar, appeared at a little distance from them. Its massy tower arose from an area of some extent, that was bounded by broken walls, and ruined arches, that overhung

the sea. One solitary vessel, that appeared to be sailing in the line of the horizon, was the only one on its surface.

The boys followed the line of the shore in the direction of the fortress, Augustus casting the pebbles over the bright expanse, with the grace of an Apollo, and the power of a youthful Hercules. Arrived amidst the ruins, they passed through the outer walls, and began to ascend the mount on which the keep was built: within the double wall a winding staircase led to the roofless top; and, from small loop-holes, admitted a view of the sea on one hand, and the circular area on the other; from its centre deep steps led to subterraneous vaults beneath. The boys amused themselves by ascending the steps, and viewing the sea from the top of the tower; Edgar observing, that the skiff which had appeared to be sailing from the shore was fast approaching towards it, and was already so near as to enable them to discover the people on board. Approaching nearer to the ruins, a pistol was fired thrice from those on deck; when several men suddenly emerged from the vaults beneath, and entered the area, as if waiting for those on board, whose signal they answered by returning the fire. They were robust, hard-featured men, and had an air of desperation about them that could not fail to intimidate the European boys, in so unprotected a situation: but affection, admiration, or grief, were alone the ruling passions of Augustus: fear was a feeling *he* had never known.

"Be still," said Edgar; "we cannot be seen by them; they will not hurt us; and are most

likely waiting to be taken on board; when they are gone, we will go down."

Three men from the skiff now took to the boat, and rowed to the shore; whilst those from below ran to the water's-edge, and received them with the gestures of congratulation,—all returning to the Fortress.

The boys kept their places in silence, and heard the conversation from below. A remarkably tall and stout man, who had come from the vault, said—"Well, now for Holland; I can follow the trade there as much to the advantage of us all; and I would rather turn out, and break stones on the highway, than have my legs cramped in irons and my body nailed up in Chester cage again; no, if ever they catch me there again, let them hang me at once; and that they would do for having slipped twice out of their strong holds." "Nay, captain," exclaimed several voices most vociferously, "you are not going to desert us, after we have got you out of that den of thieves, and set you at large again amongst honest men, who pay for what they get, and only strive at many a hard risk to run in a few goods, and let decent folk come in for them at a fair price." "Desert you, my lads—no, never; let me but get clear of this country, and out at sea, and I will defy the whole revenue sharks."

Charles, who had never been impressed with the necessity of self-control, nor now possessed the intuitive perception, that the men were all upon the alert to depart, gave way to the increasing feelings of

pusillanimity, and burst into an audible passion of tears.

In a moment every eye was directed to whence the sound proceeded. Every hand grasped an hitherto concealed weapon; and, with one accord, the smugglers ascended the steps, and approached the helpless trio. For one moment the heart of Edgar failed; but he had formed a very just idea of those unwelcome intruders, and had been preparing his mind to meet the worst if a discovery had ensued. As soon as their clamorous exclamations had a little abated, the intrepid boy addressed them:—"Gentlemen, I hope you will not do *us* any harm;" for shining dirks and cocked pistols justified the most alarming fears. "It was not our intention to interfere with you, or to be hearers of your conversation, and if you will allow us to go away immediately, we never will mention what we have heard."

He was interrupted by one of the most ferocious. "Our lives are in your hands, so we cannot let you off. What! after all the danger we have run, and the money it has cost us to get our captain once more among us, shall we let such squibs as you run home, and raise the country upon us? So, my lads," said he to his comrades, "here is no time to be lost; settle what we are to do with them."

Charles sunk, terror-struck and speechless, upon the steps. Augustus seized the hand of Edgar with a firm grasp, that expressed determination to share his fate. "Will you," exclaimed Edgar,

addressing himself more particularly to him they called captain, "allow me to speak again?"—"Ay, surely," they all exclaimed; "speak out, and be sharp." "We will give you our solemn oath never to mention what we have seen or heard to-day. Fright will seal that boy's lips," pointing to Charles; "honour this," raising the hand of Augustus, that was yet clenched in his; "but if you kill us, you certainly will be discovered: we have friends in the neighbourhood that will raise the kingdom, if we are missing but for a night: we are expected home to dinner; and, if we remain much longer, shall be followed and sought after."—"Kill you, my chickens!" said the men, with loud laughter; "we never kill in cold blood. No, no, we will make men of you, and teach you our trade."

This was a dreadful threat, indeed, for which Edgar was wholly unprepared; but he rallied his sinking spirit, and said—"Even then we should be rescued; but do not be so cruel; it would break the hearts of our parents."

Here his voice first failed him; and Charles screamed in agony. "Peace, whelp!" said the man, with irritation and contempt; whilst he turned again to Edgar, who faintly said—"We never did you any injury—never will."

The men seemed touched with the dawnings of compassion, and talked with one another. "Did you ever," said their leader, "hear that these ruins were frequented by smugglers?" "Never," said Edgar. "If our friends had had the most

distant idea of such a circumstance, we should not have been allowed to visit them."

A signal was now made from the vessel. "The lads *shall* go," said the nominal captain; "so swear, that all you have heard or seen to-day shall never pass your lips, or be told in any other way."

"What does blackey know about an oath?" said one of the men: who, wild and irregular as were their lives, seemed impressed with the solemn obligation of a voluntary oath, feeling in their souls the power of that God, whom their hearts never worshipped, or their lives acknowledged.

"You have nothing to apprehend from him," answered Edgar; "he does not understand the laws of this country, or how you may have offended them; but to save my life, he would give up his"

"I don't know whether white or black has it," said one of the men, who had been least vociferous; "but they are two of the bravest lads I ever met with."

Edgar kneeled down, and raising his eyes and folded hands to Heaven, said, in a deep impressive tone—"As I keep your secret, may God, who now looks down upon us, bless or forsake me in this world, and that which is to come!"

He looked at Madua; and the boy, with intuitive perception, understood the appeal. He raised his arms and head with all the native energy of feeling, and said—"By my moder's spirit, I say wid Edgar!" and Charles sobbed out the repetition.

The leader then offered his hand to Edgar, who shook it cordially. "Your good sense and spirit,

my boy," said he, " has saved you all. Farewell! if ever we meet again, it will be when good luck forsakes me; think then of a man, who, in sparing you, may have ruined himself." " Oh, no," replied Edgar, " I would sooner die than break my word!" " Away, away then," said the man, " we are now waited for. Remember!"

Edgar spoke not, but looked up to Heaven—Augustus over the sea—to *their* hearts, the most sacred appeal of each. After they had walked more than a mile in silence, for the spirit of Edgar was exhausted—of Charles quite depressed, and that of Augustus influenced by him he loved; they saw Philip approach, accompanied by the groom, with led horses.

" Now, my dear Seymour," said Edgar, " remember by what we are bound—not by our oaths alone, but by gratitude—by honour—by prudence also; for I have no doubt but some of those people may be left behind, and yet make the ruins their rendezvous; and, if they should be betrayed, their desperation will not stop at a trifling revenge."

Edgar did not actually feel these apprehensions, but he feared in the security of home, and, to excite the alarm and consequent tenderness of Sir Charles and Lady Seymour, their son might insinuate some circumstance that would lead to the disclosure of the whole; and he felt too grateful, and too much interested for the generous outlaw, not to wish for his ultimate security; and well he knew the fears of Charles would most powerfully operate to the preservation of the secret. They

mounted the horses, and the animating exercise restored comparative tranquillity.

During the remainder of the day Edgar and Charles were unusually silent; the former was overpowered by recollection—the latter by weariness, and the effects of terror. Augustus, whose feelings had been least powerfully excited, was most himself. Early retiring was recommended and adopted.

Soon as Edgar gained the privacy of his own room, he acknowledged upon his knees the merciful interposition of that Being who had softened the hearts of those daring men, and preserved them from the threatened danger; and he arose in the morning with recruited strength and renovated spirits.

After the juvenile party had left the supper-room, Mrs. Manners remarked their taciturnity: she delighted in the ardent feelings of Edgar, and expressed surprise at his silence.

"Weariness of foot," said Mr. Manners, "would not alone restrain them: therefore, I am convinced something unforeseen has occurred; but, as I do not like to extort confidence, I will wait till the ingenuousness of Edgar, the ever-undisguised nature of Augustus, or," adding with a smile, "the weakness of Charles, reveals the mystery." The seal placed on their lips, different as was the impression of each, was not broken; and the circumstance was gradually obliterated from the observation of Mr. and Mrs. Manners.

CHAPTER XI.

And are ye sure the news is true?
And are ye sure he's weel?'

FROM that time Charles never ventured beyond the pleasure-grounds, except in the company of Mr. or Mrs. Manners; but would frequently accompany the latter in the exercise of walking, of which she was particularly fond. She seldom exceeded the home circuit of the park, or a benevolent call at some of the nearest cottages in the adjacent village. Recognising an old woman seated at her door, whose neat and comfortable appearance at church had previously attracted her notice, she entered self-invited the cottage, and was most respectfully solicited to sit down, which she condescendingly complied with. All within was neat, clean, and weather-proof; a decent bed occupied a distant corner, and in an opposite window stood one of those coloured plaster figures the itinerant Italians carry round the country upon their heads; it was about a foot high, and armed cap-a-pee in the full military dress of a British grenadier.

"I suppose," said Mrs. Manners, "you have placed that centinel there to show those who pass that your cottage is under military protection." "Oh no," replied the old woman, taking the sportive remark in a literal sense; "I set it there because I can see it from my bed, and every part of my room; and you see, madam, I have a son

who is a grenadier in the thirty-seventh, so when I saw that imidge I was determined to buy it; but I was afeard of asking the price, because it might have been more money than I could have spared. It is company for me, madam; for I have not heard of my poor Reuben this long time." "Well," said Mrs. Manners, "if you can do a whole day without the sight of it, you must dine with Mrs. Kirby on Sunday; and, in the meantime, we will inquire what the grenadiers of the thirty-seventh are doing." "Heaven reward your goodness, madam, for earth cannot!"

Mrs. Manners departed; her affectionate heart dilated with the incident, which she related to Mr. Manners on her return. "A similar fancy in me," said she, "would be termed *romantic*; yet here we see it is not the result of refinement, but of the genuine impulse of nature; and, indeed, I begin to think—nay, to be honest, I have long thought, that the most amiable and the purest feelings of our hearts are suffered to die away uncommunicated, for want of courage to avow them, lest they should be condemned by those who cannot understand, and do not feel how sweet it is to veil the thorns of life with the flowers of fancy. You smile, Mr. Manners, and I know you think I meet them in every path; but, so long as I do not go out of my way to seek them, you must forgive me, when I acknowledge I am the happier for gathering them."

"I love you, my dear Mary, for being just what you are; and honour those feelings, by whatever name they are called, that can sympathise with the innocent fancies of others: we will not only inquire

of the thirty-seventh, but I will write to the Colonel, whom I know very well; and, if the young man be deserving, I will recommend him to his favour. You shall make the widow's heart sing for joy, and yours, I am sure, will join the harmony."

Five days only intervened with the time of Edgar's return. On one of these, Mr. Manners proposed walking to the west extremity of the park, which was a considerable distance from the Priory. He was there building a new and commodious Lodge, that he intended for the future residence of George Simpson when the death of his mother left him at liberty to become its occupant; to which sufficient land was to be assigned for employ and maintenance; for George was to be a free denizen at the New Lodge. Edgar took a lively interest in its progress, of which he was desirous to take the latest accounts to Ashhurst. After surveying the comfortable arrangements already planned, they returned home, leaving the park, and taking the high road, that for two miles was its boundary. The evening came suddenly upon them; and the timidity of Charles kept pace with the increasing gloom. When nearly half way home, footsteps were heard hastily advancing behind them, then ceased awhile, and were then again resumed. Charles came quickly to the side of Mr. Manners; and, in his imagination, the desperadoes of the Fortress were coming upon them.

"Is it a robber?" asked he. "No, my dear Charles," said Mr. Manners; "robbers seldom give so much notice of their approach. It is some one in haste, who occasionally stops for rest."

The steps approached nigher, still running and resting alternately. Mr. Manners made a stand, and turned round to face the follower. It was just light enough to see he wore a sailor's dress, and carried a short thick stick in his hand.

"Pray, your honour," said he, "be so good as to tell me if I can get a night's lodging hereabout; for I fear, since the sun went in, I have lost my reckonings. I have had a long day's journey, and I find I cannot get any further to-night."

"From whence are you come?" asked Mr. Manners, as he walked leisurely forward. "From Whitehaven, please your honour, where I came on shore yesterday, after having been at sea many years; but, having got badly hurt in my breast, I have been discharged, and am now making all the sail I can for home." "What countryman are you?" "Cumberland, bonny Cumberland; there I was bred and born, and, if all is well, there will I die." "Well," said Mr. Manners, "an honest sailor, and a Cumberland man, shall not want a night's lodging, so keep along with us."

The sailor walked along in silence, till Mr. Manners said—"What was your ship, and who was your captain?" "The Dreadnought, Captain Duncan,—and God bless them both wherever they go!"

An electric stroke passed through the heart of Edgar: but he controlled his emotions, for they were now entering the approach to the house; and Mr. Manners desired Augustus to show the traveller to the servants' hall. To ask Augustus was to ask Edgar; for, like a double cherry, they never parted.

On their rejoining Mr. Manners, Edgar told him his suspicions and his hopes. "The Dreadnought, Captain Duncan, I am sure, was the ship, and the captain of Richard Armstrong. Oh, if it be he, what happiness is at hand for the good old couple at Shepherd's Flat!" "Be composed, my dear boy; we will ascertain this before we sleep."

Mr. Manners then gave orders that the sailor should have some refreshment, and then be taken to his library. "Oh," said Mrs. Manners, "let him come here; let me be a partaker of the happiness that awaits him. Every-day life has not such blessings in store; and I might travel miles to see fine sights, where there would be no banquet for the affections like this."

Scarce half an hour had elapsed, when Mr. Manners was informed the sailor waited his pleasure.

"Show him up here, Thomas;" and he immediately appeared. "You are weary," said Mrs. Manners; "sit down on the chair next you." "Oh no, my good lady, I am both rested and refreshed, thanks to his Honour; and I think I can now steer on again without giving further trouble." "Where did you get your wound, my honest Jack?" asked Mr. Manners. "The Dreadnought, sir, was separated in a stiff gale from the squadron, and fell in with the enemy's frigate. I had my arm broke by a musket stroke in attempting to board her, and a pistol shot in my breast, that I believe would not have done me more harm if it had gone through me. I just remember the thump it gave me before I fell upon the Frenchman's

deck; however, we took the frigate, and that was enough. After I recovered, I found the contusion on my breast worse than my broken arm; I was neither able to furl a sail, or handle a reef, or take my breath; so my captain, who, like the great Nelson himself, was bold as a lion, but gentle as a lamb, would have me put on board a merchantman, and sent to England. I got pretty well before I reached London, where I sought out for a coaster for Whitehaven, which I made yesterday; and now, please your honour, I am bound homeward, where, if I find my parents alive, and willing to forgive me, I shall forget all I have suffered both in mind and body; for, when every storm arose, I thought it was a judgment upon me—me, the Jonah of the ship, for leaving such worthy, such childless parents, to lament my loss and my unworthiness."

Edgar could no longer restrain his feelings or his tears. He rose from his seat, advanced towards the sailor, and said, with impatient interrogatory—"Is your name Armstrong—Richard Armstrong?—Is your father very tall, with white hair parting over his forehead—and your mother a nice little old woman—and do they live upon Shepherd's Flat, that overhangs the vale of Lodore?"

The emotions of the sailor worked in him even to agony, as his long lost home was thus brought to his mind's eye.—"Oh, sirs, do my parents yet live?—My name is Armstrong, and I was born on Shepherd's Flat; but I have long been a stray sheep from that happy fold. My father!—My father was a man fit to walk a quarter-deck; but grief—

grief for me, may have changed his hair to grey, and bowed my mother, once as straight as a mainmast, to the earth!" "They live," said Edgar; "and all they want in this world is to see, to bless, and forgive *you*."

Large drops coursed each other down his weather-beaten face, that he did not attempt to disguise: at length recovering himself, he said—"God bless your noble honours! I will make straight for home." "No," said Mr. Manners; "you must rest here to-night, and you then will be enabled to complete your journey to-morrow, and appear comfortably before your parents." He then rang, and, on a servant's appearing, said—"Find a bed for this honest sailor; and after he has supped, leave him at liberty to go to rest whenever he pleases: send Henderson to me. Henderson," said Mr. Manners, "there is a neighbour of yours in the servants' hall—no other than the son of the old shepherd near Deepclough. He proceeds on his way to-morrow, and I would have you direct him first to your father's house, for I think his sudden appearance will be too much for the good old people. Write to your brother by him, and desire him to prepare them with some caution, on the probability their son may soon return." "I will, sir." "And pray, Mr. Henderson," said Mrs. Manners, "desire your brother to write you the particulars of the meeting by the first post; for we must be participators in their joy."

He bowed assent, and immediately went to congratulate his old acquaintance and schoolfellow.

It was the fourth of June, the king's birth-day; a day on which the butler was authorised to grant as much indulgence as was consistent with order and sobriety.

The servants were all assembled, and the mariner was so much caressed and invited to partake in their enjoyments and testimonies of loyalty, that he controlled his feelings, and participated in theirs. They drew from him a relation of his adventures; and, when Mr. Manners inquired the cause of the thrice reiterated shout, the echo of which reached even the drawing-room, he was respectfully answered by the servant in waiting, "Please, sir, it is because the sailor man has just boarded a French frigate, and hauled down her colours."

"My mamma," said Charles, "would not allow such riotous ways in her house, I am sure." "Riot and disorder never find a place in mine," said Mr. Manners. "This is a particular circumstance, and a particular occasion; and I should be sorry to have a servant in my house who did not rejoice on the birth-day of his king, and who would not participate in the honour of his country. My servants always know when and where to express these feelings; and, as an Englishman, I am proud they do possess them."

"Oh, very handsome!" said Augustus, in a whisper, to Edgar. "Great spirit make him after his own way; Madua love him wide as de world."

Early as the boys arose, the traveller was gone, furnished with a letter to the younger Henderson, in which he was requested by his brother to give a

particular and immediate answer. His compliance arrived the evening previous to the departure of Edgar and Charles. Mr. Henderson brought it to his lady, who read it aloud to her young friends.

Deepclough, June 6th.

DEAR BROTHER,

I received yours last night, and you may be sure we were all surprised, that the bearer should be Richard Armstrong, whom, we all thought, had died in foreign parts. It was just dusk when he got in, tired enough, as he has not been much used to walking. My mother wished him to stay all night, but he would not be persuaded; so, according to your desire, I went with him, and when we got on the Flat, I told him to keep back till I went into the house. I did not expect to find the old couple up, but so it happened.

"Bless us," said the old woman, "what can have brought our good neebor here at this time o' night?" "Good news," said I, "you may be sure; do not you remember a bonny young gentleman that came with my brother, from Mr. Manners's?" "Sure enough," said they, "we do, and shall do that when many a day's gane bye" "My heart," said the old woman, "has yearned after him, ever sin' he was here." "Well, what do you think, if he has seen your Richard?" "What think I!" said she, rising from her chair, and clasping her hands, "I should think he was an angel from heaven." But sitting down again, she said, "oh! no, no, it cannot be; he cannot

have got upon the sea by this." "No, but your son may have got upon the land by this." "I am sure, neighbour," said the old man, "you would not come to mock us in our affliction.—If you know any thing of our dear child, speak out; joy can never come too soon." "Well then," said I, "he is safe and well, and not far from here; by this time, I dare say he is upon the Flat."

Up they both got, and rushed towards the door. Richard saw them through the window, and burst in, and was upon his knees before them. His mother, poor old creature! sunk down beside him; so it was all we could do to bring her to herself again. But when I saw them a little more quieter, I would come away, though they were so thankful, and so blessed, as they said, that they were unwilling to let me go.

I cannot describe what they said about Mr. Manners, and his lady, and Master Bonville, and you, and all who were so good to their dear child; and I think, the old man will not be satisfied till he walks over to thank them all.—This is but a poor account of their joy and gratitude, but I am not used to write these sort of letters. My father and mother send their love, and accept the same from your affectionate brother,

DAVIE HENDERSON.

P. S. I hope little Viper settles with Master Bonville—he will be a fine beauty.

"It is enough!" said Mrs. Manners; "it is a foretaste of heaven, the re-union of father, mother, child, the forgiving father, the penitent son—

palaces cannot, will not present such exquisite enjoyment. The tender feelings of nature, like the protection of Providence, are dispensed without respect of persons: to-morrow evening, Woodfield and Seymour-Hall will be the scenes of equal, though more tranquil happiness!"

"You go away," said Augustus to Edgar; "you leave Madua: Madua never *leave* love you!" "Edgar leave Derwent Priory," said Bonville; "but never leave love all that live there." "You speak Madua's speak!" said the pleased Boy. "Yes," said Edgar, "and I feel Madua's feel."—"May you always feel alike, dear boys," exclaimed Mrs. Manners, "whilst your feelings thus flow from virtuous affection!"

From the colloquial intercourse of the past visit, Mrs. Manners had become acquainted with all the economies of Woodfield; from its higher orders, Mr. and Mrs. Bonville, Mr. Conyers, and Fanny, to George Simpson, his wife, mother, and poor Catherine; the geography of the garden, the accommodation of the aviary, and the interests of the museum. She had produced some fine branches of red and white coral, designed for Fanny, as the prelude, she said, of their future acquaintance. "And I," said Mr. Manners, "have a jewel of a curiosity, for that jewel of a girl, no less than the autograph of Queen Elizabeth," which he immediately produced from a cabinet in which it was preserved.

"During the great insurrection in the north, in 1569 and 70, the mandates of Queen Elizabeth were fatal to many of its principal inhabitants; in her energetic reign, treasons and traitors were

never temporised with.—This relic I found amongst some official papers, in the possession of my family, who were then, as they always have been, the friends of their sovereign.

"This fine and free hand, that bears more resemblance to her determined character, than to her fair features, was taught her by her tutor, Richard Ascham, who was born in the neighbourhood of your own Teesdale; and to give you an idea of the royal style, I have copied for your sister, one of her letters to her "trusty and well-beloved servant, Ralph Sadler Knight," whose state-papers materially illustrate the history of her reign.—Edgar, will you read it aloud?

"The Queen to Sir Ralph Sadler.

"Trusty and wel-beloved, we grete ye well and are pleased, that you shall write as followeth, being thereunto advised by our privie counsell,

ELIZABETH."

"Ah," said Mrs. Manners, "it was to that council, not the queen, which the male satirists attribute the glory of England, during her reign." "It is not so severe a satire, my dear Mary," replied Mr. Manners, "to say, that when women reign, men govern; as it is to assert, when men reign, women govern: because, the distinguished abilities that Elizabeth's ministers possessed, were by her discrimination discovered, and by her sound policy invested with powers to act. I think the letter I have copied will evince the attention Elizabeth paid to the education of her young

nobility, and interest my young visitors. Edward Manners, third earl of Rutland, was a minor, and ward of the crown. The queen had thoughts of making him chancellor, when he was cut off by a premature death, at the age of thirty. At the time this letter was written, he was only thirteen.

"To our trusty and right wel beloved counseller, Sir Ralph Sadler, Knight, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

"Elizabeth R.

"By the Queen.

"Trusty and right wel beloved counsellor, we grete ye well. By our letters to our Cousin of Sussex, we have signified the causes of the sending thither of our cousin the Erle of Rutland, whose desire to serve us in the beginning of his youth we cannot but much allowe; and, considering he is by the order of the lawe in our tuition, we have the more care that he should be wel ordered and advised. And being upon this occasion absent from the master of our wards, by whom he hath been very willingly directed, we have made choice of you to take care of him, praying you to have regard of his wel doing, and to direct him in all things that shall be for our service, or the weale of himselfe, for so we have directed him to do; and we dowte not he will perform it, and shew himself gratefal to you for your advice which you shall give him. Given under our signet at our Castle

of Windsor, the 20th of November, 1569, in the twelfth yere of our reigne."

"Dear!" said Charles, "what good could he do at thirteen?" "We see what was expected from him by his sovereign," said Mr. Manners; "and from her confidential servant Cecil, afterwards Lord Burleigh, the great ancestor of the present Marquis of Exeter, whose letter on the same subject, and written at the same time, I have added.

From Mr. Secretary to Sir Ralph Sadler.

"To the Right Honourable Sir Rafe Sadler, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and one of the Queen's Majesties Privy Councill.

"Sir—In my bedd I do scrible as you may see, and therfor am forced to wryte shortly and rudly. You shall perceave, by the Queen's Majesties letters both to my lord of Sussex and to yourself, the cause of my lord of Rutland's comming. I pray you the rather for my sake be tendre and careful over hym, and I know he wil be advised by you. I have delyvered hym som mony in his purse; and, if he shal nede any thyng, I will see his chardgis satisfyed. I think it good that he had the chardg of his tenants to serve under hym, having some that can guyde hym wel. He shal thereby norrish his corradge, and his tenants shal the more esteem hym. I am sure he will be faithful and loyale. I pray you, sir, admonish hym if you see him neg-

ligent of resort to common prayer. I have commanded my sonne to attend him, whom I am very willing should be employed in any service that he can for the Queene's Majestie and his countrye; and, in lyke manner, I beseeche you challendg hym as you would your owne, for things nedeful for youth to be reformed. From Wyndsor, in my bedd, November 20th, 1569."

"I wonder how much money he *delivered into his purse*," said Charles; "for I think he was an old square toes." "I do not know," said Mr. Manners, gravely, "what effect the form of his toes had upon his liberality; but, I believe, at that time our young nobility had very little money to squander away. Elizabeth was very tenacious of her own money, and of that of her people." "I always admire," said Mrs. Manners, "the discretion with which the domestic expenditure of youth in those days was conducted, and the submission with which it was received. Mr. Manners, you remember how much we were pleased with the letters of Sir George Radcliffe, secretary to the unfortunate Earl of Strafford, who, when at eighteen, the only son of his widowed mother, acknowledges with so much gratitude the receipt of half-a-crown from his aunt, a crown from his sister, and a shilling previously received. He was then a student at Oxford."

"I would not have had the shilling or the half-crown either," said Charles. "Ah, me! Madua have any ting dear widow moder give," said Augustus.

"You are not aware, Master Seymour, of the comparative value of money in those days," observed Mr. Manners; "nor how much more the means of expending it was then circumscribed."

"There is a great deal of amusement," said Mrs. Manners, "in contemplating the simplicity of our forefathers. You remember, my dear sir, that Sir George asks of his mother a piece of green cloth to cover his table with; but, as no communication could then pass between Yorkshire and Oxford in less time than a month, he was provided previously to its arrival. His mother, foreseeing this might be, desires him in that case to get the green cloth made into a pair of stockings." "Green cloth stockings," said Charles: "what a quiz he would look!" "He would look like others at the same time, my dear, and therefore would excite no particular attention. The first pair of silk-stockings worn in England was a present from the King of Spain to Queen Elizabeth, in 1561, and worn in France twenty years before; and it was at a later period that worsted-stockings were knitted; after which, the frame for weaving them was invented by a clergyman; but it would be long before the general demand could be answered."

"To die at thirty!" said Edgar, in an apostrophising voice, who had appeared abstracted from the latter part of the conversation, "possessing the favour of his sovereign, and on the point of filling one of the highest offices in the State!"

Madua, who loved all Edgar's flights, looked towards him with smiling affection; and Charles laughed aloud.

Mr. Manners said, "You have forgot the green stockings in the seals, my young lord keeper, have not you?" "Indeed, sir, I beg your pardon; I had forgot Sir George Radcliffe, in the Earl of Rutland; it was so sad to die just then!"

"That Being, who gave us life, my dear Edgar, best knows when to reclaim his gifts. But it is a noble ambition that aspires to those honours that are the reward of talent. Life is not to be counted by its days, but by its deeds; and at thirty the Earl of Rutland had lived long enough to secure the highest distinction a virtuous man can aspire to—the respect and approbation of posterity." "And," said Mrs. Manners, giving her hand to Edgar, "the tear of sympathy and admiration from a youth like you."

Her heart was touched by the approaching separation, and her tears flowed unchecked. Mr. Manners, who knew all the tender sensibilities of that heart, said—"we shall all meet again." "At Woodfield, I hope," said Edgar. "At Seymour Hall," said Charles, very emphatically. "Oh, both very nice place," said Madua:—"and in Heaven, at last," sighed Mrs. Manners, who rose to retire for the night. She gave a silent and tender salute to the three boys, which they interpreted as her tacit farewell.

Mr. Manners and Augustus accompanied them the first day's journey, at the termination of which they found the carriage of Sir Charles Seymour waiting for them.

With the closing day the sun was setting with unclouded radiance, and the whole west was illuminated by his beams. The fine dark eyes of Au-

gustus appeared to receive added lustre from contemplating its glory, and his heart dilated as he surveyed the brilliant horizon. Edgar was seated opposite to him in the carriage: he arose, folded him in his arms—raised his eyes, his hands, to the western sky, dear to him as the Orient to the Persian; and, with his own emphasis, said—"You be mine, mine alway by yon grand sun, and all its shine!" "I will," said Edgar, with feelings as deep, though with less animated expression, "I will, my dear Madua."

Though Edgar possessed the whole heart of Augustus, his generous and affectionate nature inclined to Charles, and extending his hand towards him, said—"Charles, too, love Madua?" That I will," he cordially replied. "Dear boys," said Mr. Manners, "I hope your friendship is bound by a threefold cord, that will never be broken;" but, thought he, the trial of its strength is yet to come, and how many are the ways by which the world assails our best feelings, and our most generous affections, laughing to scorn all the genuine emotions of the heart, and planting its own hollow pretensions and selfish designs in their place!

Mutual expressions of regret and affection were interchanged, and Mr. Manners saw the boys drive away before he ordered his own carriage. As they travelled with Sir Charles's horses, they rested in the middle of the journey; and when their equipage was ready, there was yet a delay of half an hour from the canes, pen-knives, and other purchases Charles had made in the town, not being all collected and deposited in the carriage. Twilight came on before they reached Ashhurst. The dark

outline of the wood behind Mr Bonville's house marked their near vicinity to home, and its white front soon appeared in deep shadow beneath. The boles of the lime-trees that rose on its foreground appeared like the portico of a temple; and the moving lights within the house darted their bright beams among the waving foliage, presenting to the eyes of Edgar nothing less than an illuminated palace, where every good genii resided. Too smoothly over the soft green turf the carriage glided to reach any ear but that of the faithful Keeper, whose loud and sudden bark announced its approach to the anticipating family within. In a moment they were all assembled at the embowered door, and in the next Edgar was in the arms of his mother, had met the cordial embrace of his father, and the fond kiss of his sister; whilst every peeping domestic presented a countenance of congratulatory welcome.

Morgan, who had been waiting some time for Master Seymour, took the vacant place in the carriage, that proceeded immediately to Seymour Hall.

Edgar never thought home looked more beautiful, or felt its inmates more dear; and to them he came as a recovered jewel, whose lustre appeared more bright for its temporary suspension: it is true he had been but a month absent, but it had been his first absence, and its period had been doubled in the feelings of his family.

Fanny had prepared the decorations of the nice little supper: she wore the frock she knew her brother admired, and her pianoforte was open, with

those melodies placed upon its stand that he most loved; conscious happiness sparkled in her eyes, and gave quicker elasticity to her foot. Edgar thought, that to contemplate all this joy for his return was not one of the least of the pleasures of his absence. He spoke with enthusiasm of the friends he had left—of the manly virtues of Mr. Manners, and the feminine graces of his lady; but even his heart-inspired eloquence failed, when he wished to describe the glowing attractions of the beautiful African.

CHAPTER XII.

Then Peter opened his mouth, and said, Of a truth I perceive that God is no respecter of persons:

But that in every nation, he that feareth him and worketh righteousness, is accepted with him.

THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES, Chap. x.

IN all the bright lustre of June the morning arose, and Edgar had visited every favourite resort before his father and mother's breakfast-table was spread. The garden and the arbour were rich in flowers and shrubs, and the aviary was covered with the gay and roving tendrils and blossoms of the sweet-pea, of which all the little birds of the air had taken possession, sharing with the domestic poultry the plenty of its inclosure.

After breakfast, Edgar and Fanny walked to Ashhurst to visit Mr. Conyers, whom indisposition had kept from Woodfield several days:—"Benedicite, my boy," exclaimed the dear old man; "home will now be home again; and, well

or ill, I will dine at Woodfield to-morrow." "To-day, to-day," said Fanny; "we have to call upon George Simpson and Catherine; pray let us find you at Woodfield when we return." "How easily we are persuaded to do what we like," he replied. "I think I will ride down to-day."

Returning, they called upon George Simpson and Catherine, and the former heard, with grateful wonder, the preparations making for his future residence; the latter spread her hands upon the head of Edgar, and silently thanked God for his return. The health and spirits of Mr. Conyers seemed renovated in the recovery of the boy he loved so well; and after having listened to the reiterated praises of the family at Derwent Priory, he said, "This week out shall be all holiday; and then, Edgar, we must quit the moderns for the old Grecians and Mantuans, if we mean to be fit company for their friends and acquaintance." Edgar walked up to Seymour-Hall in the evening, to pay his respects to Sir Charles and Lady Seymour, whom he had not seen since the preceding autumn, and to see his young friend and fellow-traveller.

Sincere and affectionate was the reception of Sir Charles; and her ladyship observed, it was *really curious* to see how that boy was grown and improved! "Grown he certainly is," replied Sir Charles, "but I don't know how he can be improved; because, at all times, he seemed just to be what was proper for his years." "*I suppose he will be a prodigy then, when he is a man*," said Lady Seymour; "but I never liked prodigies." Charles exerted all the powers of persuasion he

possessed, to keep him the night, in vain; but he accepted Edgar's invitation for the following day, at Woodfield, where he was always amused and happy.

During the remaining summer, Edgar gave the most unremitting attention to his studies, attending daily upon Mr. Conyers, and not unfrequently becoming a resident with him for several weeks: his classical acquirements were confined to the morning; and early rising afforded him the best opportunity for attaining them. In the after-part of the day, he read to his mother and sister, whilst they sat at their needles, history or poetry, to which the excellent sense of the former directed his judgment, and awakened his taste.—When the evenings were clear, the celestial globe was brought out upon the lawn, and lent its aid to the delightful and sublime study of astronomy,—that heavenly science, which, unmixed with baser matter, elevates the mind of man to the grandest system of his Almighty Maker. The acquisition of this knowledge was no task. Edgar and Fanny were familiar with the stars; and each had their favourite constellations, as they had their favourite flowers. With that graceful feeling, that in all things influences the female mind, Fanny chose the beautiful Corona, the brilliant diadem of the skies; and Edgar, with the more solid principles that actuate the man, selected the Ursa major, whose steady pointers direct the eye to the mariner's friend, the polar star. "I," said Mrs. Bonville, who always associated herself with the pleasures of her children, "I love the Pleiades, which, according to the Heathen mythology, with which the history of the

stars is so much connected, were the daughters of Atlas, the first astronomer: I never look upon them, without thinking of 'the seraph band of sisters!'" "Leaving the constellations for you," said Mr. Bonville, "I am content with a single planet, the Georgium sidus, which reminds me of him, who has been the ruling star of England's glory for more than half a century,—my amiable, pious, and venerable king."

The succeeding winter introduced a very agreeable addition to the family at Seymour-Hall. By the recommendation of Mr. Manners, a French emigré became a residentiary teacher to Charles, whom, that judicious friend foresaw, would never unite a learned with a polite education; both of which the Abbé du Plessis was very competent to impart; but the acquisition of the French language, in its most elegant purity, was indispensable in the latter; and he also suggested to Sir Charles the advantage it would be to his son, having Edgar the companion of his lessons.

Mr. Bonville met the proposal of Sir Charles with grateful pleasure; and in the Abbé du Plessis, Edgar found more than a French preceptor, another Mr. Conyers, differing in faith, but uniting in all that was amiable, in all the essentials of genuine goodness and piety. The Abbé du Plessis was amongst those conscientious men, who would not turn apostates from their faith, to save their lives; yet they were not voluntary deserters of their country. The fiends who then ruled France forced him, with a hundred more of his persecuted brethren, on board a scuttled vessel. Though predoomed to death by his unnatural countrymen,

the Abbé was among the few saved by the arduous exertions of the English sailors, sent from a frigate, lying off Toulon.

Arrived in England, the remembrance of his unhappy country, and his injured king, whom every good Frenchman loved, every pious Frenchman revered, weighed heavy on his heart; and cruel as France had been to him, he still felt it was his country. The fatal intelligence of the murder of Louis, and the indignities offered to his family, were succeeded by deeper calamity. His widowed mother and tender sister had been accused of weeping for the sufferings of the royal family.—Execution trod upon the heels of accusation, and they died together upon the scaffold. "Thy will be done!" said the heart-broken son and brother; "I wait thy time, O my God! and then, through the merits of my Saviour, I trust I shall meet these blessed martyrs in thy heavenly presence."

His fine tall figure was bent by sorrow more than years, and by it his brown hair changed to gray; his countenance was mild, pensive, and resigned; his mind firm in suffering, but gentle in endurance; and it was in promoting or witnessing the happiness of others, that he still felt himself a man, and that the world had yet claims upon him. He was, perhaps, the only being who could have filled his situation at Seymour-Hall, with dignity to himself.

By him, the pride and caprice of Lady Seymour were not only disregarded, but almost unobserved. The spirit that had been bowed by such mighty calamities as his, could not analyse the petty humours of a wayward woman, whom he considered

as endowed with Heaven's best gifts: a sacred home secured to her and her posterity by a free constitution,—surrounded by a loyal people, and protected by an honourable husband; and when he observed her captiously insensible of such blessings, he pitied her infirmity, but preserved his own equanimity. By Sir Charles Seymour, and Mr. and Mrs. Bonville, he was regarded as a being almost sublimated by suffering in this world, and raised to a higher one by faith and virtue.

They delighted to observe the happy communion between him and Mr. Conyers, the protestant minister, and the catholic priest; but good men, of whatever persuasion, must love one another; and genuine goodness, with unaffected humility, is the same in every faith.

Edgar had learned the rudiments of the French language from his father; and his knowledge of the Latin grammar accelerated that of the French, as did his colloquial intercourse with the Abbé its accomplished pronunciation. Giving but little time to sleep, and indefatigable in his application, added to an intuitive facility in acquiring languages, he made considerable progress in the Italian, with which his reverend friend at Seymour-Hall was very conversant; and the sixteenth summer of his life was marked by his various improvements and acquisitions, still retaining the sweet simplicity of his more early life, its sportive fancies, and its tender affections.

On the verge of the park stood a small summer-house, that the servants had used as a deposit for their drag-nets, fishing tackle, or whatever they chose to put there; even for these purposes, it

had latterly been disused, and was now quite deserted. Edgar had observed the Abbé's periodical visits to this place; and the sympathetic boy imagined the motive.—Though the truly pious mind will feel "God's temple in all space," yet it loves to appropriate some particular spot which it can sanctify by feeling, and seclude from common observation.

Edgar spoke of this to Mr. Conyers, who immediately met the boy's ideas.—"We will mention it to Charles, my dear," said he; "and as it most probably will be accomplished by his agency, let him have the merit of it with the Abbé."

"Suppose," said Edgar to Charles, "that the little summer-house, the Abbé visits every morning, was cleaned out, and made into a chapel for him!" "Would it please him, think you, Edgar?" "Oh! I am sure it would."—"Then I will ask papa," said Charles, "to let the men begin directly." "And I," said Edgar, "will desire mamma to invite the Abbé to dine and pass the whole day at Woodfield, that we may prepare it against his return, without his knowing any thing of it." Sir Charles was always agreeable to promote schemes of benevolence, and always happy to see his son so occupied.

The innocently deluded Abbé passed the whole day at Woodfield, and the two boys assisted the servants with so much alacrity, that all was cleared away, made perfectly clean, a carpet spread upon the floor; and hassocks, with an altar table, placed beneath its eastern window. This was all the time would allow. Upon one of the hassocks, at the foot of the table, a letter was left, addressed "to

the Abbé du Plessis," along with the key of the building.

"The Abbé is respectfully desired to put down in writing whatever he may wish, that will consecrate this place; prepared for his exclusive use, by his affectionate pupil,

CHARLES SEYMOUR."

"No, Edgar," said Charles, "you wrote the copy of the letter, so do write, pupils."—"Excuse me, dear Charles; I have no right to dispose of your papa's domains—let the Abbé believe it all your own attention" "But we will tell him how we both worked with the men, Edgar," to which he agreed.

The boys longed, with an excusable desire, to witness the astonishment of the Abbé, the ensuing morning; but had too much delicacy even to cross his path. He met them in the library, with the letter in his hand, and the tears in his eyes. "Oh!" said he, "it is a repose for which my soul has long wished, my heart languished. May yours never know the sorrows its holiness alone can soothe!"

"Here," taking a paper from his bosom, "is an answer to your tender consideration: I do not refuse its kindness; the ceremonies of the Roman Catholic church are a part of its creed, and its inward and spiritual grace seeks cr aid from outward and visible signs." The articles required were promptly procured; and the sanctuary of the soul was soon completed for its pious and humble minister.

The candour and charity of Mr. Conyers was not yet at rest. A short time after the appropriation of the chapel, he was passing a few days at the Hall, when Lady Seymour expressed her intention of taking a more active footman, for Charles, than Philip. To this Sir Charles agreed, as an addition, but not as a substitute; and Philip was to remain in perpetuity—the first attendant on Master Seymour.

A young man applied for the situation, who brought a very good character with him, from the last family he had lived with, in Craven. "It is a catholic family," said Lady Seymour; "are you one?" "Yes, my lady."—"You will not do then, —I shall have my house full of papists."

Mr. Conyers had anticipated the conclusion of her speech; and his deep cough drowned its last word. "My dear lady," said he, "let the young man wait a while."

He retired.—"I have often," said he, addressing himself to the ear of Lady Seymour, but to the heart of Sir Charles, "grieved for the good Abbé, that he had no one to commune with in his holy place, and thought of my own happiness in assembling with those who are gathered together in God's name. Engage this young man; if he prove an honest servant, his profession of faith ought not to be set against him; and I am sure it will rejoice M. de Plessis, to have a fellowship in the little sanctuary your liberality has provided him with."

As Lady Seymour approved the appearance, character, and demands of the applicant, she gave her permission that he might be engaged; and she

allowed the request of Mr. Conyers to be the ostensible reason.

In charity of hand and heart, these two good men acted in unison. After furnishing himself with all that was requisite for the personal appearance of one who sat at the table of Sir Charles Seymour, M. du Plessis gave the remainder of the patron's ample stipend to the poor, and to the funds for the relief of his distressed countrymen, never seeking to make a proselyte; and dearly as he loved Charles and Edgar, never expressing an opinion, or asserting an argument in favour of his own faith, that could make them falter in theirs; yet he had preferred death and banishment to its denial.

The only indulgence in which his subdued nature allowed itself, was the cultivation of flowers; and when the gardener discovered "what a good florist the French gentleman was," he dug over a piece of ground, that he desired him to take for his own.

No encroachments escaped Lady Seymour's eye; and when she was told to whom the parterre was appropriated, she said, "she thought the Abbé might have been content with those flowers that were already in the garden."—Strange that a selfish nature cannot, will not sympathise with the selfish indulgencies of others! self-love and social are only the same in amiable minds; but the good man most unsuspectingly presented Lady Seymour with a profusion of his most beautiful carnations, as tributary flowers, for the pleasure their cultivation had afforded him; and though the most unpresuming of human beings, he had also formed a narrow border around his little chapel; planted it with

flowers, and had begun to train the quick growing Irish ivy towards the windows; to which, by watering and cherishing, he soon hoped that its shade would give privacy from without, and solemnity within; whilst Edgar and Charles took mutual pleasure in witnessing the happiness they had dispensed.

Returning one evening from the Hall, Fanny presented her brother with a thickly folded letter, that awaited his arrival. "It is the writing of Mrs. Manners," said he: "it is her seal too; that must not be broken."—He then took his scissors from his pocket, and cut it carefully round, saying, "I will just look it over, and then I will read it aloud."

Mr. Bonville laid aside his book, and his mamma and Fanny gave their undivided attention.

CHAPTER XIII.

In all their pride, still wave high Wharncliffe's woods,
Still o'er their bow'rs the summer dews descend;
Still freshly flow the Don's translucent floods,
Above whose banks the rifted rocks ascend;
Still all his hidden brooklets rippling wend
Through mossy banks, and murmur as they flow,
Where pensile flow'rs, like bashful virgins, bend
To see their beauties in the waves below,
That kiss their perfumed lips, and in their blushes glow.

W. H. S. *

"London, Bryanston-square, Nov. 1.

"MY DEAR BONVILLE,

"WE arrived here last night. Augustus leads me to the writing-table, and with all his winning

* Hunter's Hallamshire.

ways, asks me to tell Bonville how much we thought of him, and wished for him, during our journey through Yorkshire; that in variety, richness, and extent, may be termed a principality; but this we do in our journey through life, my dear young friend; why, therefore, should we specify Yorkshire? Parliament is expected to meet soon, and Mr. Manners wished us to travel whilst the weather was fine.

"We changed our usual route by way of Doncaster, and passed through Leeds. At Sheffield we were detained one day, by the temporary indisposition of the coachman.—We took occasion of the delay, to make a short excursion in the neighbourhood; and recollecting that Wharncliffe Lodge, near Wortley, was in the vicinity, I was desirous of seeing the place where the celebrated Lady Mary Wortley passed the three first years of her married life, and where her son, the eccentric and erratic Edward Wortley, was born; which in after life, she compared to the beautiful Vale of Vaucluse, near Avignon; nor indeed, could the woods of Vallombrosa, in richness or antiquity, unite more magnificence, than those we have visited.

"We took post-horses, and set off at ten o'clock in the morning, for Wharncliffe, seven miles distant from the town. After leaving its extended suburbs, we continued to ascend during a drive of five miles, the two latter being through an umbrageous wood of oak, interspersed with birch, that closely bounded the carriage-way on either side; not admitting a peep of the distant country. All was close, shadowy, and covert, excepting the various ridings on each hand, that branched off into the thickest part of the wood, 'alleys green,' that ap-

peared to invite you into their bowery arcades. The ascending road, of excellent surface, continued to wind through the wood, admitting no terminating vista to the eye, till arrived at its extremity— and what a burst of landscape was then presented!

> Still the prospect wider spreads,
> Adds a thousand woods and meads;
> Still it widens, widens still,
> And sinks the newly-risen hill.

Those thousand meads, diversified by swelling knolls, clustered cottages, gentlemen's houses, and the grey tower of the Hamlet's church*, in the aerial distance which, though standing on an eminence, appeared to repose beneath the distant woods and hills, and overlook the smiling plain beneath.

"Turning from this amplitude of beauty, we entered, on the left, the inclosed ground, that led to the object of our ride; and ascended a mile of high and level ground, skirted on one side by a thick plantation of Scots firs; and on the other, open to a wild, bare, and mountainous country, something like the least interesting parts of our own Cumberland. We then descended gently towards the house; the roof and chimneys of which were first perceptible.

"The ground contiguous to it, on the left, spread-

* Ecclesfield Church, called by the vulgar, and very deservedly, "the Minster of the Moors." Upon the pages of the Rev. J. Hunter's "Annals of Hallamshire," it rises in all the pride of its early erection, and in all the beauty of its later decorations; the latter of which, the lapse of two centuries have eradicated, and despoiled.

ing below the shelter of the firs, that continued to skirt the hill, was a circular area, that must ever have bade defiance to cultivation, and which no picturesque eye would ever wish to be otherwise. Grotesque old oaks, presenting, amidst their dark green foliage, a black and leafless arm, or a bald and withered crown, starting from amidst the low grey rocks that seemed thrown around in the most fantastic confusion; between whose interstices, the fern grew in tufts of unusual size and height, forming a mimic wood beneath them; the whole intermingled with the shining hollies as old as the oaks, and groups of deer as wild as the roebucks.

" Over the House, the distant country united its purple tint with the horizon; and had we proceeded no further, we should have supposed the heathy outline was all the view it commanded—a House, humble as is its external appearance, exceeding in grandeur of situation, the palaces of kings—placed on the very verge of a line of perpendicular rocks, that sweep in circular pomp on either hand, and overhang a valley that lies many hundred fathoms below—the sides of its grand amphitheatre clothed with the richest mass of native woods that the kingdom presents;—their unbroken surface then glowing with all the varieties of autumnal colouring.—Below rolled the dark waters of the Don, inclosed by its rocky banks, too far beneath, and too much shadowed by the overhanging woods, to be seen from the heights above. Compared even with those of the yeomanry of the present day, the House might be pronounced mean; but it must be remembered, it was built in the fifteenth century, when low ceilings and contracted windows were

thought to promote the warmth and comfort within; and though the residence of a man of rank, it was only a lodge or appendage to his extensive domains.

"That its situation was selected by a strong feeling of the grand scenes and sweet sounds of nature, is proved by an inscription within the house, and which the present owner, no doubt, highly values for its ancestorial testimony; the very stones proclaiming his hereditary local descent.—The inscription, in the old English letter, is as follows:—

"'Pray for the soule of Sir Thomas Wortelay, Knight for the king's body to Edward the Fourth, Richarde the Third, Harry the Seventh and Eighth, hows sauli's God pardon: which Thomas caused a house to be mad for this cause, mydst of Wharncliff, for his pleasor, and to hear the hartes bel, in the yere of our Lord, a thousand five hundred and ten.'

"In sixteen hundred and seven, the stone on which this inscription was engraven, was at a little distance from the lodge, where seats were cut in the rock. Indeed, no sounds but those of nature, and the elements, could the voluntary recluse hear at Warncliffe chase; and so little alteration has the lapse of three hundred years made, that its present inhabitants can hear little more than the flow of unseen waters, the hush of bending woods, and the 'stags' bellow.'

"Very trifling additions appear to have been made in the original building. One back-room, projecting from its line, had French windows, opening

upon a little angular parterre, that looked towards the approach we had passed, sheltered on two sides by the building: within which that beautiful exotic, the China Rose, grew in bright luxuriance. The Countess Erne, who is resident at the lodge, was absent; we, therefore, asked permission to take a fuller view of its surrounding scenery; and from without, surveyed the rooms. They were lined with cheerful papers, and furnished with those modern accommodations that appertain to a gentlewoman's habitation.

"Turning the west-end of the building, that stood a few yards behind the line of its front, the grandeur of Wharncliffe burst upon our view. Woods, and rocks, and sky, deep valleys, and distant moors, in all the gorgeous display of a fine October day! Here again was another little square inclosure, secured by an almost invisible wire fence, extending from the corner of the retreating angle to the very verge of the precipice. Its fairy gate admitted us to that delight of a country residence—a half glass door, that at the end of the house entered into a handsome room, where two sash windows overlooked the deeply descending valley, to which the massy pointed grey-stones rose in close approximation, just as though the House had been built within their natural buttresses, for its certain support and security. With all due respect for the absent lady, we availed ourselves of the glass door, to *survey* the inside of the room from its outside—'the guiltless eye enjoys, but wastes not,' and there it luxuriated upon its home delights. A nice spinning wheel, the primitive employ of ladies, coeval

with the house, was there; a cheerful fire, a reading table, with chairs around it, and cases containing books, combined with the view it commanded, to render this the sweetest apartment I ever saw.

"From the little platform, ten or twelve steps of wood, painted dark green, were bedded in the steep declivity, to aid the descent to a small terrace lying below. Upon this sweet perch, we rested; the turf, green as an emerald, and soft as velvet, not exceeding five yards in breadth and length; from whence we surveyed all the brilliant scenery of the vale. The topmost boughs of the tall ash, the feathery birch, and the sturdy oak, waved at our feet, sinking in abrupt, and almost perpendicular descent.

"The servants, knowing that the recollection of the dinner hour never abridged our pleasant itineraries, came to inform us, refreshments had been put in the carriage, of which, on this aerial terrace, we partook; and I may truly say, I never before sat down in a dining-room so magnificent. I unhesitatingly declared, that if I was not the mistress of that House, of which Mr. Manners is the master, I would rather live at Wharncliffe lodge, than any place I ever saw.

"Upon narrow borders around the accessible walls of the house, the privet was planted. To soften and embellish the home-scene of a situation so wild, is certainly desirable: but the town-growing privet seemed out of place there, amidst the oaks of ages, and the antique evergreens, that the same desire, in its earlier inhabitants, had planted. The perennial verdure, and the bright scarlet

berries of the pericanthia would have accorded well with the sylvan natives of the place, tinting the walls, and glowing in the winter scene of this aerial habitation, when 'clouds and storms, and darkness rest upon it.'

"The little parterre that was spread out before the windows of the back-room, was filled with sweet and cherished flowers—As we were returning to the carriage, the gardener advanced, and presented me with a fine cluster of its sovereign Roses, that I unhesitatingly accepted, knowing that the eye to whom their tribute was due, could not view their transient beauties. This delighted Madua, who knows I never envy any thing, but the possession of a rose; and that I think, every cottage where it grows, has that to boast, which adorns the palace of their prince.

"Mr. Manners observed, 'that the civility and attention of servants were always the reflection of the politeness of their principals; that in the intercourse he had had with the domestics of the royal household, in all their gradations, he had ever found them more uniformly and minutely attentive, than any others.'

"Consideration for the horses induced us to proceed to Wortley, two miles further, where they also were refreshed. We were there informed, we might return by a different road, through the valley we had looked upon.—Being desirous to see the same scenery in a different point of view, we acceded. Immediately on leaving Wortley, we descended a long and steep hill, and turning to the left, entered upon the vale. The road continued by the side of

the Don, that emerged from its source in the moors above; but I am quite unequal to describe the sublime and beautiful variety which the succeeding seven miles presented. On the left, the wooded amphitheatre; on the right, hanging copses, tufts of wood, interspersed with sloping pastures, and nestling cottages beetled over the road. These we drove too closely beneath, to see in their best effect; but all on the Wharncliffe side was in fine distance and perspective.

"I never saw the actual pomp of woods before, sweeping down the steep declivity, from its lofty summits to the river's brink, advancing and receding as we passed the windings of the vale, and presenting their varied beauty in processional array. The road was laid high above the river's bed. The carriage passed close to its steep and rocky banks, and Lady Mary Wortley could not have been in more danger, when she awoke Mr. Wortley on their journey in Saxony, than we were in the domains of her descendant. Though the postillions were not nodding on their horses, or the Elbe rolling below, yet the banks were frequently as high, and the road as narrow, and the waters of the Don quite deep enough to have terminated our terrestrial career—if a horse had fallen, or a wheel come off on its slaty verge. We looked up to the circular rampart that crowned the summit for several miles; and when we were opposite the lodge, that, like an eagle's nest, appeared perched in the sky, we scarcely could believe that we had soared so high, or that the foot of man could have reached there.

"Too elevated and too aerial to distinguish its architectural pretensions; its numerous chimneys that rose like small turrets, accorded well with the rocky line, of which it appeared to form a part; every object was in perfect keeping but one. A newly built coach-house, contiguous to the lodge, and there not unappropriate or obtrusive, when seen from the vale below, interrupted the feathery line of wood and the fantastic one of rock, with its heavy square barn-like appearance.

"The river now became more expansive, and its surface smoother; the banks less rugged, yet still high; the woods drawing closer together, and their outline gradually declining to their termination, darkening all the vale, over which the mists of evening began to spread, that just before we quitted, presented a new and striking object—a low and extensive building, apparently placed in the water, called, in the provincial language of the country, 'the works.' From its very high cupola chimney, bright flashes of fire threw their lurid light upon the woods, which was again momentarily darkened by its emitting a heavy volume of coal-black smoke, the precursor of another illumination,—

> Dark red the heaven above it glow'd;
> Dark red beneath the waters flow'd.

Whilst from the unglazed windows, descending to the water's brim, the reflection of the fiery furnace was spread in 'blood-red light' over its whole surface. The dark figures at work within could only be distinguished in contour; and as they

passed and repassed, bearing red-hot iron bars with them, I thought of the abode of the Cyclops, preparing their firebrands of destruction, and with thundering hammers frightening Silence from her sylvan haunts. I was very glad we had not our own high-fed horses brought from Sheffield;—the steady creatures we had, appeared familiar with the scene, and took us safe and quickly to the town.

"In talking over the pleasures of the day, I expressed my surprise, that Lady Mary had never made the uncommon grandeur and beauty of Wharncliffe the subject of letters, written whilst a resident there; and that I thought the talents of her lively ladyship were more suited to courts and cabinets, than the charms and harmonies of nature.

"'But,' said Mr. Manners, 'do her the justice to remember, that when a young and lovely bride, she never complained of the seclusion that shut her out from participating in the pleasures of the world, or from receiving its admiration; when the only intercourse she could maintain with her few and distant neighbours, was by journeys made on horseback: but for the improved roads, it now presents the same seclusion as it did then, and Wharncliffe appears the same to us as it did to Lady Mary, and to the ancestor of Mr. Stuart Wortley, 'the knight of the body-guard to Edward the Fourth.''

"I know, dear Bonville, you will think yourself much obliged to me for this long letter, but I acquit you of the weighty obligation; for I have had a recompensing pleasure in retracing scenes that your participation would have heightened, and, by the 'sweet pliability of *woman's* spirit,' revisiting

them with you. The warm affections of Mr. Manners and Madua are yours. The latter says, 'Tell him, Madua love him so well, that he can say no more!'

"To your highly esteemed family, Mr. and Mrs. Bonville, and their Fanny, present my regards, whilst with the most affectionate remembrances, I remain their Edgar's most truly attached,

"Mary Manners."

"It is a pity," said Fanny, "that Mrs. Manners, who appears to love the country so truly, should go to live in London!" "Not wholly so," answered Mrs. Bonville: "those talents that give a zest to retirement, are generally awakened by an intercourse with society. Talents elicit talent, and it is from the communion of elegant minds, that intellectual beings carry those feelings and tastes into the country that add its greatest charm;—a quicker and more lively sense of its pleasures, from analogies of its various powers over the human heart and senses."

"The poet of the Night Thoughts," said Mr. Bonville, "observes, 'tis converse fits for solitude, as exercise for salutary rest. London is the great scene of mental action, where those who are distinguished by the higher powers of the mind, stand most prominent; where genius, by being appreciated, is rewarded. Cultivated intellect and polished manners are the grace of the higher circles in London; and though folly and frivolity will press within, they do not reach its centre. The strong sensations of pleasure experienced by Mrs. Manners,

in her journey to Wharncliffe, will be transferred to others, gratifying the sympathy of those who feel like her; and awakening the tastes of those, in whom such feelings have lain dormant."

"Such women as Mrs. Manners," said Edgar, "ought to go into the gay world, to show its followers there are pleasures independent of it."

"My dear Edgar," said Fanny, "you have given the best reason, why Mrs. Manners should go to London."

Mr. and Mrs. Bonville had taken care to instil early into the minds of their children a love for reading; not alone as the vehicle of experienced wisdom and knowledge, but as an intellectual occupation, knowing that there may be, by its wholesome antidote, many hours redeemed from folly, and that something worse, to which folly often leads vacuity of mind.

They had reversed the usual plan of its system. Books of imagination had not been first put into their hands; a taste for reading had been early excited, by the perusal of ancient and modern history, voyages and travels, all which contain events as extraordinary as the fancy can invent, or the agency of supernatural beings produce; and now those lighter gratifications of the young reader were introduced. As the dessert which delights the eye, as it indulges the taste, succeeds to the more salutary repast, so did Fairy and Arabian Night Tales succeed Rollin, Hume, and Captain Cook; and in the mind of Edgar, such solid researches maintained a foundation too firm, and covered a space too broad, to admit more superficial

matter to take deeper root, or overrun the sacred ground.

Mrs. Bonville sought not to repress the exercise of the imagination; but it was her care to restrain its excess, and to correct its exuberance. She remembered how much her own youth had been enchanted by the Arabian Tales, without considering them at the time, as the epitome of the manners, customs, and characters of the East; not less so with the moral fairy-tale of "the Beauty and the Beast." The latter had come down from London, with the last new publications, with all the advantages of modern printing and illustration. But from amongst the Thousand and One Tales of the Sultaness Scheherazade, she selected and read aloud those she chose her children should hear.

The extravagances of Aladdin's Lamp afforded them inexpressible entertainment; and during the time they were its auditors, they never questioned the power of its Geniis.—Fanny said, "she could not imagine any thing so beautiful, as the Magician's cave." "Reach the prism, that piece of triangular crystal, from my room: look through it upon this bright and sparkling fire, and upon the plants in the window upon which the sun now shines,—what do you see?"

"Oh, mamma! heaps of rubies, emeralds, amethysts, and topazes, all hanging in rows and clusters, upon the branches, ready assorted for Aladdin to choose."

"Such," said Mrs. Bonville, "you may suppose dazzled the sight of the Arabian boy; but, to-morrow, when I read to you the favourite story of my childhood, 'Beauty and the Beast,' I think

you will choose, with its heroine, the sweeter and more simple object she preferred." "But now, mamma, please to tell me," said Fanny, "if this piece of glass is of any other use than to look at Aladdin's cave?"

"Most assuredly, my dear: the three sides of the prism, whose bases are all parallels, collect and separate the rays of light, as they pass through them.—Sir Isaac Newton, that sublimely gifted philosopher, first discovered its use, and applied it to those various experiments of light and colour, that his genius illustrated. The talents and virtues of this very great man are beautifully depictured by the muse of Thomson, in a poem to his memory. Alluding to this particular illumination of his mind, he says—,

> Even light itself, which every thing displays,
> Shone undiscovered, till his brighter mind
> Untwisted all the shining robe of day,
> And from the whitening, undistinguish'd blaze,
> Collecting every ray into his kind,
> To the charm'd eye educed the gorgeous train
> Of parent colours.

Of these he is poetically diffuse. First, the 'flaming red,' the 'tawny orange,' the 'delicious yellow,' 'all refreshing green,' 'pure blue,' 'deepened indigo,' and 'fainting violet;' but it is a pity to abridge the glowing description; therefore, I refer you to the poem."

"But, mamma, why is it always said, 'the diamond,' and all the other precious stones?"

"Because the diamond is the first in rank, value, and beauty; it is the hardest of all natural substances, and can only be wrought upon by its

own powder, therefore less liable to external injury, or original flaw."

"I thought, mamma, adamant had been the hardest of all substances; because, I have heard it said, 'as hard as adamant.'"

"The diamond is the adamant of the ancients, to whom all the most valuable precious stones were known by the same names we call them. You will find them all enumerated in the breast-plate of Aaron, the high priest; during the time of whose priestly authority, the working of gold and precious stones was in its greatest perfection. God himself filling one of the tribe of Judah with the knowledge of all manner of workmanship; in gold, and silver, and brass; in cutting of stones to set them, and in carving of timber; saying unto Moses, 'I have filled him with the spirit of God:' from which we must infer, that all 'we know in wisdom, and understanding, and in knowledge, to devise cunning works,' comes from God; therefore, to pursue and improve them—to count them as the talents committed to our care, is agreeable to him; and that in their neglect, as in their abuse, we shall be considered unprofitable servants."

"Thus," said Mr. Conyers, who had listened with pleased attention to the conversation, "thus humbling the pride of man, who would appropriate to himself the praise of his own works, forgetting that all that is great and excellent in him is the gift of God; that it is from him the power, and the might, and the majesty proceed."

"I am very happy to hear this so proved from God's own word," said Fanny; "because, when I am admiring the works of the creature, I shall ac-

knowledge the power of his Creator; and I do love to see ingenious people."

The ensuing evening, Mrs. Bonville read the promised tale; and as she opened the juvenile book, said, "Thus we pass from diamonds to roses—from the most venerable of all books, to one of the nursery; but we may view this infantile story as a beautiful allegory, that exemplifies the triumph and reward of sweetness of temper. The Beast, alike repulsive to the eye and ear, gains upon the heart, even of Beauty, by the goodness of his disposition, and the sweetness of his temper. His transformation from a monster to a handsome young man may be explained, as no more than the effect that an amiable nature dispenses to its possessor.

"The Palace, with all its attractions, would have been a gloomy prison—the garden, with all its roses, a cheerless desert—had its owner been a monster in mind rather than in person. The unrestrained, uncorrected indulgence of ill temper, will transform man or woman to a monster, without the aid of the fairies; cheerfulness and happiness withering beneath its blighting influence, and poisoning all the healthful springs of the heart and mind. If I was asked what is most conducive to the real enjoyment of life, what gives grace to favours, what palliates a refusal, what softens disappointment, and almost soothes despair, I should say sweetness of temper!

"I do not mean, my children, that you should not discriminate between injuries and benefits; that you should not appreciate affection and indifference, attention and negligence; but that you should hold the equanimity of your minds above the petty

disquietudes of life; that you should bear with patience the weakness of others; that you should not take refuge in sullenness or retort from their unmerited accusations; and, that if you are railed at, you shall not rail again, but turn away wrath with a soft answer. When you, yourselves, have cause for displeasure, be angry and sin not; abhor the offence, but compassionate the offender; for, 'in the course of justice,' we have all something due to the forbearance of each other: and the beautiful prayer, whose sublimity bespeaks its divine origin, unites the feelings of humanity with the petitions for mercy.

"The simple taste that led Beauty to prefer a rose to more shining decorations, influenced her love of virtue and goodness for their own sakes; and in contemplating their attributes in the Beast, the peace and harmony within diffused their power, their beautifying power, over the external deformity.

"That the mortification of witnessing the happiness of others may be the punishment of the envious and ill-natured, is the concluding reflection the story excites."

"Oh! dear, dear mamma," said Edgar, "your goodness in amusing us, and the beautiful reflections you make upon the story, will be the most lasting impressions that it will make upon Fanny and I."

On the following morning, Edgar presented his sister with a folded paper; it was inscribed "To dear Fanny."—She perused its contents with equal pride and pleasure.

To have a copy of verses addressed to her, was as novel, as their subject was appropriate! She

hastened to show them to her mamma, saying, "Is not dear Edgar's fancy as rich as the Magician's cave? Shall I read them now, mamma, or wait another opportunity?"

"To share your pleasure, my love, is always too agreeable to be delayed—I am all attention."

With a clear soft voice, and very correct modulation, Fanny read "the Diamond and the Ruby."

Encircled in a golden band,
And glitt'ring on a lady's hand,
A Diamond and a Ruby stone,
In rival lustre, brightly shone.
The Ruby, of his colour vain,
Said to the Diamond, with disdain,
'Your pale, though brilliant lustres, seem
To fade before my glowing beam.
Why should the rank be given to you
To my superior brightness due?'

Unmoved, and calm in conscious worth,
Replied the radiant star of earth.
'Return with me into the mine,
There see who will most clearly shine,
In native hue and lustre bright,
Unaided by *reflecting* light!'

Let others blaze in public view,
And claim the praise they think their due,
Their good *deeds* in the world are heard,
And thus they have their meet reward.
But, oh! be yours the Diamond's part—
Be good in secret and in heart.

Though your light shine where none can praise
The splendid lustre of its rays—
Enough for you on this side Heav'n,
In an approving heart, is given!—
Above the Diamond's or the Ruby's fame,
Stands the fair record of a woman's name!

"Take Edgar this kiss," my Fanny, "and tell him, if the seed I sow produces such flowers, I will traverse all Fairy land for his pleasure.—Go, my love, transplant them to your memory, and your heart, which will be the sweetest tribute your brother can receive."

CHAPTER XIV.

Thou first and simplest of the arts that rose
To cheer the world, and lighten human woes!
Friend of the mourner! Guardian of the tomb!
May I, chaste Sculpture! without blame presume,
Rude in thy laws, thy glory to relate;
And praise thee, forming with a potent hand
Thy new dominion in my native land?

During the course of this winter the future profession of Edgar Bonville was happily and finally determined. After having conferred with Mr. Conyers, Sir Charles Seymour waited upon Mr. Bonville, briefly and promptly informing him that it was his intention, whenever the will of Heaven deprived Ashhurst of its Reverend Pastor, to present the Living to the boy, whose early life gave so much promise of a virtuous maturity, knowing that he was designed for holy orders. "I have not a wish in this life beyond what your assurance will realise," said the happy and grateful father. "I trust the blossoms of his youth will produce fruit worthy the soil to which your generous friendship will transfix him."

Sir Charles saw with surprise the delight and gratitude he had excited, and how deeply Mr. Bonville was affected by their sensations. "My dear sir," said he, "I have done nothing but my duty; I have done my best to secure to the parish a worthy clergyman, and to my son, a friend—the friend of his childhood and his youth will be, I hope, the honour and consolation of his age. Good morning, my dear sir; tell Mrs. Bonville the young parson shall teach our grey hairs wisdom." Then hastening away, as though he feared looking his own goodness in the face.

"Me and mine," exclaimed Mr. Bonville, "shall be bound to reverence those grey hairs; and without such a heart, all the wisdom of the world is but foolishness."

Mrs. Bonville received the intelligence with livelier feelings of happiness than even the happy father. To have her darling boy fixed in a situation most consonant to his tastes, his feelings, and his pursuits,—the restlessness of expectation and anxiety for the future removed from him, undivided from his family, and his paternal roof, his early friends of every degree, and the scenes of his youthful happiness; whilst the remainder of his minority would be occupied in the completion of those studies that were to fit him for fulfilling the duties that were to succeed! Confiding in the goodness of her God, and the virtues of her child, the mother's heart reposed in bliss without alloy; and she would have thought it distrust in the one, and ingratitude to the other, to have looked onward through the vista of life for possible evils, when the

present period was so fraught with such blessings. Could the grateful father and mother have seen a mitre at the termination of that view, it would not have withdrawn their eye from the living of Ashhurst, the consummation of their wishes: for it was in the enjoyment of present good, and in knowing how to abound, their secret of happiness consisted.

Soon after arrived their Reverend Friend, who, unlike the great Elizabeth, felt no reluctance to acknowledge his successor. "I have given myself joy," said he, with the most benevolent exultation; "and now, my dear friends, I am come to share in yours. Sir Charles Seymour has shown himself what I always have known him to be—a good man, who has preferred the worthy son of a worthy father to any other considerations: but observe," said he, smiling; "I mean to hold fast, and shall not be so complaisant to your boy—well as I love him, to step aside, and give him my place, even though he was ready for it." "God grant," said Mr. Bonville, with all the seriousness the invocation inspired, "he may be ready for it long before he possesses it! and believe me, dear sir, he would as soon wish to become master of my House as of your Pulpit." "I know it," said the good old man; "I know it: but I must have my joke, or my little Fanny here would not love me."

Tears filled the eyes of Mrs. Bonville. "Had he not looked so like her father," she would have loved him; but, in the similarity of years, of manners, of tempered cheerfulness, and of profession, she felt her heart still closer drawn towards him: Edgar's sense of happiness was silent,

but deeply impressed: he viewed his father, Sir Charles Seymour, and Mr. Conyers, as the triumvirate by whom it was effected, loving and reverencing them with all his heart.

To inform Mr. and Mrs. Manners of an event so important to his future life, was no less a duty than a pleasure; and Edgar received from each an early acknowledgment of the satisfaction he had conveyed.

The letter of Mr. Manners was concise and emphatic—

"I honour my old friend Sir Charles Seymour's decision; and I trust that you, my young friend, will still pursue the course of virtue and improvement on which you are advancing. I hope to see you before you commence your academic life; but should I be prevented that pleasure, I will address your excellent father upon the subject. If Cambridge is to be your university, I have several friends amongst its most distinguished Professors, as I have a strong predilection in favour of one in particular of its noble Colleges: till then, my dear boy, and I trust long afterwards, I am your sincerely attached

"W. H. MANNERS."

Mrs. Manners wrote more diffusely, more the woman's letter; her memory retracing, and her hopes anticipating, every circumstance and every object on which her heart reposed and her fancy revelled in, enjoying a mental and self-created society, by which distance was lessened and absence solaced. Edgar was to her as a darling child, sharing with Augustus almost a mother's love. Inheriting the

warm affections and the enthusiastic nature of her own beloved parent, she rejoiced to meet the same animated feelings in those who were entering upon the world, as in those whom the world had not spoiled.

After having expressed her most lively feeling on the subject Edgar's letter had conveyed, she called upon his participation in *her* pleasures. "In my last long letter," continued she, "I endeavoured to describe to you the luxuriance of nature in all her magnificence. I now wish to introduce to you the triumph of art in all its excellence.—Miss Johnnes, the only daughter of Mr. Johnnes, of Hafod, a man whose name stands high in the world of taste and literature, was an object in which all the parental hopes, proud expectations, and tender solicitudes, of her most accomplished parents concentrated, combining every attraction that nature, fortune, and education, could present; and, since the death of Miss Boothby of Ashbourne, never has there been "so total a wreck" of parental love and parental anticipations: she died at nineteen; and, to perpetuate her beauty, goodness, and talents, and to testify their grief and desolation, a monument of the purest white marble, admirably conceived and exquisitely finished by a British artist, will soon be placed in the village-church of her native Wales, but which now ornaments the gallery of that artist whose name it will immortalize. To that gallery, my dear Bonville, I will now take you by the hand, and leave you to contemplate its principal attraction. The monument consists of three figures, large as life, and it is difficult

to determine which is the most impressive; but the dying one of Miss Johnnes must be considered the first. Her recumbent form presents the unresisted languor of approaching dissolution, and her beautiful face expresses a foretaste of celestial happiness, possessing only one feeling of humanity—that of affection for her mourning parents. Over the back of the couch, the father hangs—his manly features subdued by grief—his eyes riveted on the face of his dying child; bending forward, his hand is raised towards her, as though it would arrest the fleeting spirit. The mother kneels at the foot of the couch, her veiled head drooping over it—one hand stretched out, and resting upon the beloved form, that it appears yet happiness to touch: the other pressing the foldings of her robe to that face, no power on earth could depicture. Attached to the group, and displayed with the utmost grace and keeping, are the testimonials of Miss Johnnes's peculiar accomplishments—music and drawing: an open scroll, presenting the most beautiful of Handel's songs—

> 'Angels ever bright and fair,
> Take, oh take me to your care!'

meets its response in every heart—its tribute from every eye.

"Appropriate as these emblematic devices are, they are yet perfectly unobtrusive, and catch the sight, as it were, but in shadow. The faces of the father and the daughter are portraits of striking resemblance: the first is the most living Statue I ever saw, or imagined, appearing to stand in

speechless agony, not because it is marble, but because it is overwhelmed with grief: the latter almost lifeless, because life is departing, presenting death under its most sublime aspect, without fear and without reproach. The outline is pyramidical, the standing figure of Mr. Johnnes forming the highest point: the couch, of simple elegance, is the central base, and the kneeling form of Mrs. Johnnes the termination.

"Criticism cannot find a point to rest upon, and if it could, every tender feeling of humanity would withdraw it from the sacred scene.

"The artist, whose design and execution it is, is young in years, but mature in excellence. He is a native of Derbyshire, who, proud of her offspring, may exultingly raise her head, and say—'He is my son.' If you ever see this beautiful monument of Miss Johnnes, and it is well worth a pilgrimage to see, it will be in her native Wales, where it is destined to remain; where she, had not Heaven reclaimed its own, would have shone a light amidst its mountains.

"Madua contemplated the whole with an agony of tears, and pressed forward to clasp the hand, in all its hopeless expression, of the heart-broken mother.—Long, long, my Bonville, may grief like this be warded from the hearts of your dear parents, is the fond wish of mine.

"ANNE MANNERS."

"The mind of Mrs. Manners," said Edgar, "possesses the properties of the philosopher's stone: every object by which it is attracted is transmuted to gold." "A mind thus formed," replied Mrs.

Bonville, "is a richer possession than that *ignis fatuus* of the alchymist. I long to know this charming friend of yours; but I fear a heart so sensibly alive to every 'touch of joy or woe' must feel its own sorrows, and those of others, with keener anguish; though the power she possesses, of dispensing sympathy and consolation, is, to a nature so constituted, comparative happiness."

"I think," said Fanny, "that I would rather see the monument in Wales than in London; for there it would appear more sacred to the memory of Miss Johnnes." "Your feelings are certainly just, and true to nature; and I agree with them, except I could at the same time see the hand that produced, and commune with the mind that conceived it." "My dear mamma," rejoined Fanny, "you share with Mrs. Manners the philosopher's stone."

The ensuing summer was more marked by feeling and improvement than by circumstance. Edgar's unremitting attention to his studies could not fail producing its consequent effect: he was an excellent Latin scholar, and a very good Grecian. Under the unwearying care of his reverend preceptor, he was commencing the study of the Hebrew language. In union with these acquisitions, Edgar's frequent intercourse with the Abbé du Plessis extended his literary attainments: by him he was initiated in the Belles Lettres, and became his pupil in Arabic: his facility in acquiring foreign languages was almost peculiar to himself: he imparted his French lessons to his sister; and, from a preceptor so beloved, she derived the greatest advantage.

The Abbé yet retained his situation at Seymour

Hall, with dignity to his own character, and the respect of all its household. From his society and general conversation, Charles could not fail deriving improvement. His mind was stored with polite literature, and his manners had received the highest polish from his intercourse with the best Parisian company. At Woodfield he was always a welcome visiter, and the two ministers of God, whom they both served, according to their different belief, with faithful diligence, frequently passed their friendly evenings together at the Parsonage, where, in charity and good-will to their fellow-creatures, they had but one heart, and one mind.

The simple sports of childhood, that had never interested Charles Seymour, except when directed and participated in by Edgar, had now ceased to please, and were seldom recollected; whilst the remembrance of those sports afforded the latter the most pleasing reflections, and, amidst the pursuits of his more advanced youth, were always recurred to with exquisite delight: he could even yet build an arbour, divert a rivulet, or train a creeper, with as much eagerness as he had ever done; but, alas! the same pursuits were not of a nature to engage the attention of Charles; who, availing himself of his father's indulgence, sought his amusements from more expensive, and less innocent sources. He had become perfectly acquainted with the technical phrases of the turf and the stable. His dress assimilated with those whose occupations attached them to their resorts, and his increasing intimacy with such appeared the death-blow to the expectations of those friends who had ventured to raise

better hopes for the heir of Sir Charles Seymour. By that coarse and ruinous flattery, that has its effects on those whose low ambition is satisfied with the praise of inferiors, the grooms convinced him that he was an excellent judge of a horse, and knew all its sporting properties better than themselves. To know the qualifications of so noble an animal no man will disdain, and every gentleman will be desirous to attain. The beauty of its form, the docility of its nature, and the various usefulness of its qualifications,—estimating all, from the generous animal that contributes to his accommodation on the road, or bounds in freedom over his plains,—to that which bears him, with nostrils breathing fire, and neck clothed with thunder, amidst the thickest ranks of his country's foes;—to regard, and to cherish such a creature, that so contributes to his ease, his pride, his safety, and his pleasure, is indeed a duty, and must be a delight! But to become the companion of those whose menial station in life ordains them to administer services to the animal creation,—adopt their language, approach their style of dress, and affect to share their pursuits,—derogates from the gentleman, and most assuredly opens the way to degeneracy and disgrace: but such now were Charles Seymour's occupations and amusements. He drove his tandem, at the hazard of his own safety; whilst his servant, whose seat was a sinecure, felt he had no other charge than to keep a quick look out to extricate himself from the impending danger; for to drive tractable and steady horses, that were disposed to go orderly, one before the other, would not have

displayed any driver-*ship* at all. Unfortunately, as Charles thought, he had no competitor to stimulate his emulation; and as the alarms and cautions of Lady Seymour wearied him, and repressed his rising fame, he became anxious for the appointed time of going to College, where, as a matter of course, a young gentleman of his fortune must pass a few terms. There he knew, for he had willed it, that his allowance would be ample, and its vicinity to Newmarket was its first attraction. Edgar and he were to be at the same College; but their tastes and pursuits were now beginning to widen so materially, that their affections became inevitably detached. This summer was the seventeenth of their lives, and in the ensuing autumn they were to commence their academic career.

During the present period, the aged mother of George Simpson died, and he soon after removed, by the desire of Mr. Manners, to Cumberland. Edgar was deputed to direct his emigration, and empowered to dispose of his furniture in bequests amongst his village neighbours, every necessary of life awaiting him at his destined habitation, the new Lodge. The large easy chair that Mrs. Bonville had procured for his mother, and that had contributed so much to the ease of her age and infirmities, was given to poor Catherine; and before George Simpson took his last leave of his pious and patient old neighbour, he privately added a larger sum of money than *she* ever had possessed at the same time. All the villagers accompanied George and Susan part of the way, to the town from whence they were to take the coach, regretting

their departure, and sincerely congratulating them upon their good fortune, and good friends.

Happiness, "our being's end and aim;" that object so constantly pursued, so perpetually discussed, and ever undefined, as far as it is attainable on earth, was to be found at Woodfield. Ambition, "setting his ladder in the clouds, strives to reach their heights, and falls on the other side:" Power, the desire of arbitrary minds, hardens the heart, and closes it to all the enjoyments, where Peace and Virtue live: Wealth, so often the property of those who understand not its use, to promote happiness, fails to contribute towards its attainment: and when acquired by vulgar means, and possessed by vulgar minds, can only procure vulgar enjoyments; exciting no respect, and affording very inferior gratifications. The felicity of Mr. Bonville's family flowed from purer sources. Love, tender, but rational, was the sun that gilt their domestic hemisphere: the cultivation of all the benevolent affections, and the entire banishment of the malevolent ones, was the spirit that breathed peace and joy around; and when they mutually thanked God "for all the blessings of this life," their hearts were alike raised in gratitude for its "creation," as for its preservation.

From all these home delights Edgar was soon to depart. He and Charles Seymour were already entered at Christ's College, for which Mr. Manners had influenced the choice of Sir Charles and Mr. Bonville: it had been his own College, and "its master was his friend."

Mr. Conyers had an honest pride in resigning his

pupil, and felt assured, the young scholar would not fail to gain University distinctions, honourable to himself and his Preceptor. The only pride that found a place in his well-disposed mind was that of learning, and though in himself he assumed nothing, he thought the peculiar servant of God, who was ordained to make his will known, should not be ignorant of any language in which it was manifested. Except his month's visit to Cumberland, and his occasional absences when at the parsonage, Edgar had never been separated from his paternal friends. Mrs. Bonville felt that home would be deprived of much enjoyment in the loss of his participation, but the desirable circumstances under which he quitted it, reconciled her to his departure. She relied upon the noble integrity of his heart, as a coat of mail, that would alike repel the arrows of folly and the attacks of dissipation. Mr. Bonville knew the purity of his soul, the excellence of his principles, and the sincerity of his piety; but he also knew the frailty of human nature; the force of example; the power of temptation; and his reliance was upon the grace of God, and his protection. "Oh merciful Father, who art in Heaven!" he ejaculated, "preserve my child from the snares of this world! May he find favour in thy sight, and more I do not ask!"

"You will leave little Viper with me, dear Edgar?" said Fanny, in a tone of such tender supplication, that it was not to be resisted. Though he had previously associated the attached little animal with his college domicile, he readily complied with her wishes. Edgar had not only been a tender brother, but that *rara avis* in life, a polite one. Politeness had been habitual to his observation, by all those whom he

loved and respected: he saw it uniformly practised by his father in the most familiar intercourse with his mother and sister, from which the consequent respect of the whole household ensued. He had witnessed its almost chivalrous spirit in Mr. Manners; in Mr. Conyers, that old fashioned feeling of courtesy, which was the grace of society in his earlier day; that which St. Paul, the accomplished man, as the inspired Apostle, recommended—"in honour preferring one another." In M. du Plessis, he saw the highest degree of refinement that French polish could ingraft upon an amiable nature. In Sir Charles Seymour, he contemplated it flowing from the heart of urbanity and benevolence, delighting to promote the happiness of others; and, as he never had had an opportunity of associating with those young men, premature men, who fancy they are more spirited, more manly, and independent, from treating the female part of their family with rudeness or neglect, he had not adopted the practice as an accomplishment.

On the day of his departure, Edgar took a particular farewell of poor Catherine. The good old woman pressed his hands between hers, then raising them to Heaven, said, "Oh thou, who hast been eyes to the blind, return upon the head of this child all the good I have received from his parents, and grant that in thy kingdom I may see his face." Whilst from beneath her closed eyelids the silent tears stole down.

It was arranged, that the boys were to travel the first day in Sir Charles Seymour's chariot, and the remainder in post-chaises; that Mr. Bonville and Edgar should sleep at the Hall on the

preceding night, that they might depart with the morning's dawn. Mrs. Bonville and Fanny parted with the dear object of their affections with tender blessings, and Mr. Conyers joined him at the hall; the villagers severally pressing forward on their way, to offer their humble good wishes for his health and safety. The evening passed at the Hall was not the most congenial to its visiters; for the bustle of preparation occupied all its inmates. The arrangement of dogs, horses, and servants, might never have been previously considered; whilst Lady Seymour, more than usually familiar, was behoving Edgar to use his never before acknowledged superiority in the protection of Charles from those imaginary dangers that she predicted and foreboded, when no longer under her care. Where all were busy, the inactivity of Sir Charles was subdued, and he, good man, bustled with the rest.

The whole household was moved with the *extraordinary* incident of a young gentleman's leaving home for five or six months, in his own kingdom, with every accommodation that the tenderest solicitude could suggest, and the most boundless expense command. Fortunately, they were to depart too early in the morning, to meet the delay that Lady Seymour's reiterated injunctions, and childish lamentations, would have occasioned. The tender blessings of Mr. Conyers and the Abbé accompanied their departure; and before the carriage turned out of the park, Edgar took a parting glance at his beautiful home, arrayed in all the brilliant colours of the morning sun. "Blest abode of my parents, may I return more worthy to be called their son!" were the feelings of his heart. They accompanied

him on his way, and were about his bed, and about his path, at its termination.

CHAPTER XV.

> Ye distant spires, ye antique towers,
> That crown the wat'ry glade;
> Where grateful Science still adores
> Her Henry's holy shade* GRAY.

EDGAR was highly gratified by the appearance of his academic residence. Situated in St. Andrew's street, the most spacious and airy in the town, the handsome front of Christ's College was its principal ornament. It possessed one grand court, formed by the chapel, the Master's lodge, hall, and apartments for the students. The fellows' garden, containing open and shady walks, beautiful arbours, a bowling-green, and an excellent summer-house, with a little wilderness that inclosed a cold bath, recalled the associations of his happiest domestic-enjoyments, and inspired those feelings of home that were so delightful to cherish; for such an absence endeared without wounding, and was free from that sickness of the heart, that intervening seas and almost interminable time and space occasion. A mulberry tree, planted by the hand of Milton, is, to the honour of the collegians, carefully preserved; and a white marble monument in the chapel, that perpetuates the friendship of two of his predecessors, was an object of peculiar interest to Edgar. They had studied together, and were remarkable for their mutual attachment: the one was appointed ambas-

* Henry VI. founder of King's College Chapel.

sador to Turkey, where he died. His body was brought over to England, and interred by his friend, who survived but a short time after him, and who was buried, at his own express desire, in the same vault.

"Ah!" thought Edgar, as he reflected upon their mutual affection, "so lovely in life,—in death so undivided. Is that of Charles and mine destined to the same duration?" The reflection closed with a sigh, he dared not to analyse.

Presentiment and association seldom fail to influence the feelings of ardent and youthful minds; and Edgar certainly loved his college the more for having produced so striking an instance of friendship, in the lives and the death of Sir John Finch and Sir Thomas Baines. Such piety as that of the venerable and martyred Latimer, the sublime and immortal poet Milton, and, to crown the whole, Sir Philip Sidney, who was the poet, the scholar, the statesman, the soldier, the hero, the christian, and the most accomplished gentleman the world ever saw; uniting all the graces of mind and person in the short space of thirty-two years, at which age he was killed in battle,—were the great examples the biography of his college presented; and recollecting, that when Mr. Manners spoke of the two Universities, he had said, "Oxford was more brilliant, but Cambridge more adapted to retirement and study," he thought the names of Milton and Sidney alone reflected a lustre, that no other circumstances could exceed.

Previous to the departure of the two youths from their respective homes, Mr. Manners had

written to a nobleman, whose residence was near Cambridge, an intimation in their favour.

"My dear Lord,

"Ere this, Sir Charles Seymour will have claimed the promise you so kindly gave him, when we all met the last spring in London, 'that you would regard his son, when he commenced collegian, for the sake of his father.' In a few days, Mr. Charles Seymour will go to Cambridge, accompanied by a youth, for whom I most respectfully solicit your lordship's countenance. He is son to Mr. Bonville, a gentleman of small, but independent fortune; one whose inherent worth no external circumstances could increase or depress. Upon the youth himself I pass the highest eulogium, when I introduce him to your lordship. The young men are entered at Christ's College, which I am bound to reverence, as there that friendship commenced, which has been the pride and pleasure of my after life, and which emboldens me to subscribe myself, your lordship's most devoted, and very attached friend and servant,

"Charles Manners."

Edgar's whole life had been passed amidst order and regularity, and he readily fell in with that of the University. After the first fortnight had passed, he felt himself initiated into its rules, and at home amidst its regulations. His examination had reflected honour upon his scholastic acquirements, his grateful mind proudly acknowledging the learning and assiduity of his preceptor and friend.

Mr. Conyers. During the third week of their residence in college, the noble friend of Mr. Manners left his cards at the rooms of Charles and Edgar, who each received on the following day an invitation to dine at Wilston in the succeeding week. Edgar was prepared for this distinction by Mr. Manners, and it was expected by Charles as a matter of course. "But," said he to Edgar, "I have just made an acquaintance with Lord Edward Fairfield, and was to have rode over with him to Newmarket on that day. I don't want to go to Wilston; but my father and Manners are such very humble servants of my Lord's, I suppose I must not plead an engagement."

"I never saw," said Edgar, "any unbecoming humility in Sir Charles or Mr. Manners; and I am sure they respect Lord Fitz-Erin so highly, that I am prepared to see one of the first of men." "And that Lady Fitz-Erin should be one of the first of women, no doubt," observed Charles, in a tone of mockery, that Edgar passed over without notice, but replied, "Certainly; for he who acts worthily and greatly in all circumstances, will not fail to do so in that most important one, the choice of a wife." "Pray, how long," asked Charles, laughing immoderately, "has matrimony been the subject of your studies?" "Just as long as I have witnessed its happy effects in my father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Manners, and even in George Simpson and his wife." "Oh, your mother, Edgar, I like better than any woman I ever knew—" "Except your own, dear Charles," said Edgar, whose heart dilated with pleasure when his mother was the subject.

"It is my belief," said Charles, "that *you* will suit the family at Wilston, and that *I* shall not." 'Do not say so, dear Charles; let me entreat you not to think so. To suit such characters as Lord and Lady Fitz-Erin, you are only required to be all that you ought to be,—all your good father wishes you to be—all," said he, smiling, "*my mother* expects you to be." "Edgar, if I were to live with you, I should turn a proser, and Lord Edward would whip me off the course: I will go with you on Wednesday to Wilston; but I must be off now, and settle for another day with Fairfield."

During their ride on the appointed day, Edgar remembered what Mr. Manners had said of Lord Fitz-Erin. "How gladly he should introduce him to a nobleman so distinguished, and to a family so truly elevated: to the Countess Fitz-Erin, who united every feminine grace and virtue, and was at the same time the glass of fashion, and the model of manners: that to be received in her ladyship's drawing-room, was a passport to the best company in the best sense it could be understood: that her daughter was the beautiful reflection of herself, and her son, who was a few years younger, was a most amiable and ingenuous boy: that talents, which were not accompanied by licentiousness, and virtue that ennobled its possessor, always received their just appreciation in the respect and patronage of Lord and Lady Fitz-Erin."

The house stood in an extensive park, backed by a rising ground, covered with fine old wood. It was a perfect quadrangle, forming a spacious inner court, and presented four noble fronts, un-

broken by the intrusion of Offices, or any incongruous appendages, to give an apparent effect of magnitude or display; its architecture, like the character of its owners, presenting a perfect and consistent whole. Edgar reined in the vivacity of his horse, as he approached the House, and paid the full tribute of admiration as he viewed its magnificent appearance. A servant in attendance led the way to the library, where Lord Fitz-Erin, and several gentlemen, visiters in the house, were assembled.

On being announced, they were immediately met at its entrance by his Lordship, who received them with that kindness and attention, that at once inspired ease, and conferred confidence equally to the son of Sir Charles and the protegée of Mr. Manners, introducing them to each individual gentleman with marked consideration. To Charles, he spoke of the family at Seymour Hall; to Edgar, of Derwent Priory; and with so much address drew the gentlemen into the same subject, that in a short time the conversation became general. Observing several carriages approach, "It is Lady Fitz-Erin and her friends," said his Lordship, "returning from their morning's drive. I will do myself the pleasure to introduce you to her Ladyship before dinner, which I hope will be preliminary to your being quite *en famille*."

A servant answered the immediate summons. "Inform Lady Fitz-Erin I shall be glad to attend upon her Ladyship, when she is disengaged." The servant returned, saying, "My Lady waits for your Lordship in her dressing-room." Lord Fitz-Erin

led the way along the intervening gallery; and introduced his young visiters separately; and her Ladyship, knowing the estimation in which Mr. Manners and Sir Charles Seymour were held by her Lord, received the youths with the most condescending marks of favour; Edgar feeling more intuitively than by reflection, that, however the dignity of a house may be supported by its Lord, it is the peculiar characteristic of the Lady to dispense its graces.

Returning to the library, a pleasant hour passed before they were summoned to dinner. Lady Fitz-Erin recognised the boys on their entrance by a gracious smile, and as the present fashionable relaxation of form had not so far influenced the order of his Lordship's table, as to exclude the respect due to seniority, whether of age, or rank, they were agreeably placed near its centre, within the notice of each of their noble entertainers. At home, Edgar had been accustomed to simple elegance in all his personal accommodations and general intercourse: At Sir Charles Seymour's, he had seen superfluity the result of wealth, and at Derwent Priory, the highly respectable order and plenty of an English gentleman's table: but the magnificence that distinguished the Earl of Fitz-Erin's dining-room, its supplies, decorations, and numerous attendants, accorded with the noble fortune, liberal spirit, and high rank of its owner; and though the most refined politeness and good breeding diffused ease around, yet the consciousness of nobility, and the proper estimate of station, influenced the whole establishment at Wilston. With the dessert, the

conversation became general, and candour, good sense, and talent, marked each observation. The beautifully covered table presented fruit, flowers, and wine, in every variety; and the combination of the whole was delightful to the appreciating senses of Edgar, to which novelty added its charm.

When the ladies rose to leave the dining-room, Lady Fitz-Erin said to Edgar, as she passed him, "I shall be glad to see you in the drawing-room whenever you wish to join us." He bowed his acknowledgments, and very soon availed himself of the honoured immunity. Her Ladyship was seated at the chess-table with one of her visiters: the rest of the company were formed in parties around the brilliant and spacious room, to which servants were handing coffee and ices. One group selected from the others, were listening to the well read page; another assembled around Lady Sophia Cavanagh, who was assorting some beautiful specimens of sea-weed. The attached party passing their remarks upon the marine vegetation her ladyship was disposing in their folio repository.

Lady Fitz-Erin raised her eyes from the chess-table as he entered, and said emphatically, "Till the battle's lost or won, I leave you to make your own way in the little world before you." He bowed, and approached the sofa-table, where the younger party were seated. With the sweet and chastened modesty of her age and character, Lady Sophia invited him more by manner than words, to join them, and taking up the synonomy of the coral, said, "How beautifully does this spread its coralline branches upon the surface of the waters!"

"I never," said Edgar, "was upon those green fields of Ocean where such flowers grow."

"Indeed!" said a lively Irish girl: "oh then, as they would say in my little country, though you have been all the world over, you have been nowhere at all at all."

"When I was in Cumberland," he replied, "I longed to visit the Emerald Isle, though I did not then know the jewels it possessed." Whilst he was speaking, his eye was attracted by the profile figure of Lady Fitz-Erin, which was in line with his view. The contour of her fine form, as it bent over the chequered field, presented the most perfect and flowing line of beauty. Her round white arm was extended across the board, and her fore-finger and thumb rested upon the king at its extremity. Her bright brown hair, that yet possessed almost youthful beauty and luxuriance, was confined to her head with a bandeau of black velvet, that defined its form, but did not restrain the terminating flow of hair that waved upon her open brow. Her tall figure, in which dignity and grace were happily blended, gained more in the latter from the attitude in which she sat, and the divine expression, that goodness, united with beauty, ever produces, were diffused over all her features.

In the silence of the moment, a few words from the reading party were distinctly heard along the room:—they were, "When I was at sea, and at such a distance from land as to have no other object but the water and the sky——." "What a coincidence with *our* subject!" said Lady Sophia.

"Pray," said Miss O'Brien, "bring your book

and yourself to this table, my dear Miss Dormer; for wherever you are, your party will follow; and let us hear what you saw more, when you could only see water and sky."

"If I can be assured that you will be an attentive auditor, I shall be glad to attend my party to your table."

"Oh come, come, and I will not even breathe a sigh, or whisper an ejaculation." The two parties united, and Miss Dormer pursued her subject— "I occupied myself occasionally with sketching the beautiful white and grey clouds which rolled after each other in the azure path, like masses of mountains. It was particularly at the close of day when they displayed all their beauty, and seemed clothed in their richest colours. On land, every situation is permanent, and presents the same horizon. In the sky, every hour, or at least every evening, offers an exchange of scene. One evening, half an hour before sunset, the north-east trade wind began to fall, as it generally happens at that time of day. The clouds, which it drove before it in the sky at a distance, as regular as its own breeze, became thinner, whilst those to the westward were collected into groups, in the manner of a landscape. They exhibited the appearance of an extensive region, consisting of high mountains, separated by deep valleys, and surmounted by pyramidical rocks. On their tops and sides appeared detached mists, similar to those which arise around a real landscape. A river seemed to wind through the valleys, and to fall here and there in cataracts; and the imagina-

tion was even led to conceive it to have in one place a great bridge, composed of half fallen arches; groves of cocoa trees, with habitations interspersed, seemed to rise in various spots of this aerial island. These different objects, however, were not adorned with the rich tints of purple, yellow, or emerald, so common at sunset in these regions. This landscape was not a coloured painting, but a plain engraving, uniting the harmonies of light and shade: it exhibited a country, not enlightened by the solar rays striking in front, but from their reflection from behind. Yet so soon as the orb of day had sunk behind this aerial landscape, some of its decomposed rays were perceived to lighten the half transparent arches of the bridge with a scarlet tint, and to display their reflection in the valley, and the summits of the rocks. Islands of light covered the contour of the landscape with beautiful yellow, and diverged in rays towards the upper sky; but the body of the clouds remained under a dark half tint, while we saw around the sides of this landscape the flash of lightning, and heard from afar the roll of thunder. So strong was the deception, that the spectator could not forbear believing that it was a real land, at the probable distance of five miles. It might have been a reverberation in the sky of a very distant island, the shape of which might be exhibited to us by the reflection of the clouds. Experienced seamen have repeatedly assured me, they had been deceived by similar appearances. Be this as it may, all this fantastic display of magnificence and terror, these mountains crowned with palm trees, the

storms raging on their summits, the river, the bridge, all melted away, and disappeared at night-fall, as the illusions of the world vanish at the approach of death. The orb of night moving on the horizon, put an end to the dominion of light, and substituted that of shade: soon did a multitude of stars shine in the bosom of darkness. Oh, if day itself is but an image of life; if the rapid hours of morning, mid-day, and evening, represent the transient epochas of infancy, youth, manhood, and old age, death may be expected to our view, like night, a new sky, and a new world!"

Miss Dormer read very finely: her voice was deep, but exquisitely harmonious, and came upon the ear "like the sweet south breathing upon a bank of violets."

Edgar had listened with delight; but his eye still rested on Lady Fitz-Erin, whose attention, as Miss Dormer proceeded, was withdrawn from the game, and with her arm resting upon the table, and her cheek upon her hand, she listened with unabstracted attention, till the pause of the reader recalled her thoughts.

"What pomp of vision," said she, "is there! it has overthrown all my tactics: kings, knights, and squires, all fall before it; and my ambition, like the aerial landscape, has melted into air, thin air."

"But my Lady," said Mrs. Dormer, "if you thus let every passing amusement draw your attention from the table, you never will succeed in any game." "My dear madam, if amusement is what I seek, and in no other light do I consider any game, the most powerful will always predomi-

nate. But pardon me, dear Mrs. Dormer," continued her Ladyship more seriously, "you had quite the advantage of me, and it is depriving you of your well-earned honours to conclude with a drawn battle. I will enter the lists again, and be a more worthy adversary. Like Ulysses, I will close my ears to the voice of the Syren; for never did the associations of St. Pierre harmonise more sweetly than does Miss Dormer's voice with his beautiful sentiments and descriptions."

"Lady Fitz-Erin," said Miss Dormer, "ought sometimes to deviate from perfect correctness, her apologies are so conciliating; like the great Duke of Marlborough, who, it is said, possessed that happy art in so refined a degree, as to dismiss a disappointed suitor under the influence of feelings, as agreeable as his gratified wishes could have excited."

After the gentlemen joined the party, one whist table was formed, and with music and conversation, the evening passed till supper-time.

Though Lord and Lady Fitz-Erin took their places at the table, the circle was very small, as the company was left at perfect liberty. Edgar accompanied her ladyship to the supper-room. During its colloquial repast, Lord Fitz-Erin observed to Edgar, that he could not regret what must have afforded the ladies pleasure, but he had missed him from the dining-table before Mr. Seymour left it."

"I will not allow you, my Lord," said Lady Fitz-Erin, "to complain when one preux chevalier prefers the drawing to the dining-room; but Mr. Bonville," continued she, particularly addressing Edgar, "I must inform you, that favoured as we

were by your desertion of the gentlemen, at Lord Fitz-Erin's table, there are no political secrets or state intrigues disclosed, or discussed—no sacrifices made to the vine-crowned god, where novices are to be initiated; but there you will always meet that highest species of intellectual enjoyment,—spirited and sensible conversation, and that discriminating knowledge of the world which will anticipate yours."
Both Lord Fitz-Erin and Edgar bowed; the one in gratified pleasure at her Ladyship's eulogium, the other in grateful acknowledgment of her condescending attentions.

CHAPTER XVI.

> I commune with myself at night,
> And ask my heart if all be right:
> If "right," replies my faithful breast,
> With smiling peace I seek my rest.

Few ladies joined the breakfast-room; a delightful apartment, a sort of minor library, where objects of interest and amusement presented themselves on every side; exquisite sketches of various subjects, from the pencils of different visiters—specimens of mosses or pebbles gathered in their walks—periodical publications, and all the lighter productions of the press. Here, at the breakfast-table, or afterwards, all met; and the plans for the engagements of the day were formed.

Lady Fitz-Erin did not appear; but his Lordship

expressed his wishes, which, he said, were also hers, that the two young gentlemen from Cambridge would be induced to prolong their visit a few days.

Interrupting Edgar's acknowledgment, Charles Seymour said, "We are much obliged to your Lordship, but we must return to-day; we have a particular engagement for to-morrow."

Lord Fitz-Erin said, he should be glad to see Mr. Seymour at Wilston, whenever it was agreeable to him. "Mr. Bonville, a general invitation has been said to be no invitation—I beg you would consider it otherwise, as I really mean it: whenever your wishes or leisure lead you to Wilston, you will be a welcome visiter."

Their horses were now led up, and they took their leave. Edgar rode along, in silence, reflecting upon the pleasure his visit had afforded him. It was interrupted by Charles saying, "Well, thank the stars, this piece of ceremony is over! They will not catch me soon again at Wilston."

Feelings so different would not have elicited a reply from Edgar, had not Charles added, "We should have been finely taken in, to stay two or three days longer, if I had not had my answer ready."

"Taken in," said Edgar, "for a great deal of pleasure."

"Oh! pray go back again," interrupted Charles, pettishly: "don't let me shorten your visit, if you liked it so well."

"Not *so* well, dear Charles, as to continue there after you. Indeed, I never wish to separate myself from you, whilst I think you wish for my company."

"Well then, go with me to Fairfield's rooms to-night: there will be some life and spirit abroad."

"Excuse me, dear Seymour; you know that Lord Edward and I differ so much, that we cannot be pleasant associates to each other."

"There now," said Charles, "that's just the way with you: if you liked me, you would like my friends—so good morning to you."

Putting his horse in full speed, he left Edgar to proceed more easily and more equally to Cambridge.

"No," said he mentally, as he reflected upon his past visit, and Seymour's invitation; "could I that fair mountain leave, and batten on that moor?"

A youth possessing so ample an allowance as Charles Seymour, did not fail to draw around him the dissipated and the rapacious. To the one his inclinations and his leisure were congenial; to the other his superfluity was convenient. Of consequence, the youthful friends from Teesdale became gradually separated: yet Edgar, keeping in mind his promise to Sir Charles Seymour, of adhering to his son, occasionally joined the parties that met at his rooms; but, though he joined the company, he rejected its pursuits. He was too much alive to the influences of hope, in youth, to need the Gamester's stimuli; and his elastic mind required no such pernicious excitement. To have lost his money by such means, would have been to lose more than its current value; and he was by far too proud to anticipate gain, by winning that of another. When such were the pursuits of his companions, he satisfied himself, by firmly maintaining his determination, neither to be cajoled nor laughed out of his steady resolution. He was too

modest for a mentor, and too well acquainted with the rules of society, to expect his voice would be heard by those who thought their superiority was confirmed by hazarding money, that, better employed, might have restored sickness to health, and sorrow to peace, upon the chance of a card, a die, a horse, a dog, a cock, a feather, or a straw!— When alone with Charles, Edgar would strenuously, though most affectionately, dissuade him from making such characters his exclusive companions; but he might, with equal success, have "charmed the deaf adder." He replied, though with some caution, for he knew the spirit of his early friend, "That *his* fortune authorised him to spend money, and to spend it as he liked—that if such company were not to be met with at Cambridge, he would soon be off. They are all," said he, "the sons of people of fortune or fashion. I never pretended, Bonville, to give you any advice in my life, though you have often given it me: now, if you would suit yourself more to them, you might have a chance to make friends, who could do better for you than my old papa. Lord Edward's father has several livings to give away better than Ashhurst."

"None that I should love or desire more," replied Edgar, with animation; "and I am sure I should be unfit for that, and the calling for which I am destined, if I was too anxious to attain, by any such means, a better."

"An excellent sermon," said Charles, "and just as long as I wish one to be; so, Dr. Bonville, good morning."

The tide of dissipated pleasures that flowed in

upon Charles consequently estranged the youths from each other, but they were not wholly alienated. Bonville was too truly respectable to become the personal object of ridicule, to even the most worthless of Seymour's friends; though they strove by wretched attempts at wit, and by that perversion of language, termed quizzing, to weaken the affection of Charles towards him.

Keeping his promise to Sir Charles, and under the influence of former associations, Edgar would occasionally dine with Seymour and his more chosen friends, at the rooms of the former.

One day, when he thought they had all remained too long at table, he proposed availing themselves of a fine evening, to walk to one of the adjoining villages, and take their coffee; and was most agreeably pleased to find his proposal acceded to and adopted.

Arrived there, to the surprise and mortification of Edgar, not coffee but wine was ordered; and he thought, from the significant looks of his companions, they were meditating an attack upon his resolution and temperance.

He refused the wine, but ordered coffee for himself; when Charles, upon whose weaker intellect inebriation had taken most effect, said, "You do not need refuse the wine, Bonville; I shall pay for it."

Once before, at the side of the fish-pond in Seymour Park, Edgar had controlled his feelings; and, out of respect for Sir Charles Seymour, had forborne to resent the insolence of his son. Now,

out of respect for himself, he gained a more arduous conquest; and said, with mildness, yet with determination, "Not for what I may choose to take, Charles, you will not. As far as the demand of to-night affects me, I am equal to every one here."

"What! to me," said Lord Edward, "and to the son of Sir Charles Seymour?"

"I shall not enter into our comparative pretensions, Lord Edward; neither will I be forced into a quarrel, nor take more wine than I like; but I must say, that your titles alone will not command either the respect or society of gentlemen."

A silence of a few seconds ensued, owing to the surprise of some, and the stupidity of others. Edgar arose, filled his glass, drank the wine; and, calmly wishing the company good night, walked deliberately out of the room.

"A good riddance," said Lord Edward: "I think, Seymour, if your father is off before he gets possession of Ashhurst living, you will rusticate him."

The heart of Charles was not yet so callous to have accorded with this, had he not been under the influence of *voluntary derangement.* Without noticing the remark, he said, he was very glad he had gone off, and that he had taken some wine, in spite of his boasted independence.—Their hilarity increased with their satisfaction; and the whole party fell, not only below the sons of gentlemen, but below the sons of men.

The night was advancing, and the bill was called for, which the landlord presented, remarking, "that one fifth-part had been discharged, by de-

sire of the young gentleman, who had left the house some hours ago."

"How came that?" asked Charles.

"Did he limit us?" said another.

"I know nothing more, gentlemen, than that he told me he was obliged to go away, but would leave his purse with me, to answer his equal part, whatever it might be."

"And what is there in it?" asked one of these well-bred young men.

"I do not know, sir:—it is not necessary I should. He will call again for it to-morrow."

"And then," said the same young man, "you may tell him, he is a puppy."

"No, sir," said the host; "I cannot tell a lie to oblige you. If you think so, you had better tell him, yourself—if you dare," added he, in a lower tone of voice, as he left the room.

"Why, Phipps," said Lord Edward, "the fellow gave you the lie: why did not you kick him?"

"Not direct," said the pusillanimous calumniator; "if he had, I would have thrown him out of the window."

A loud laugh, from his companions, proved what they thought of his threats, and of his spirit to enforce them.

During Edgar's walk to Cambridge, his mind scrutinised the events of the day. He had preserved his temperance in opposition to what scarce the firm philosopher can bear, "the world's dread laugh;" for the circle by which every sensitive being is surrounded, is its own immediate world.

He had controlled not alone his temper, but his just indignation against an insidious and unworthy attack upon his competency and spirit. He had adopted the fortunate medium that had preserved him from the violation of his sobriety, and the imputation of meanness; and his "bosom's lord sat lightly on its throne."

His thoughts flew to Woodfield, from whence he was to seek his reward—from thence it awaited him. He found a packet at his rooms, that had arrived during his absence. The envelope contained two letters: the one bore the superscription of his father, the other that of his mother. He could scarcely determine which to banquet upon the first—that dearly respected father, that tenderly beloved mother. But the sentiment that always actuated Mrs. Bonville now influenced her son,—deference to the honoured principal of the house,—the master spring from whence all its comforts flowed. Kissing, therefore, his mother's letter, he put it in his bosom, and began to read the other. The perusal called forth all the affections of his filial heart; which, as he silently folded it up, glowed through his whole frame. He then drew forth its counterpart:—smiles and tears of tenderness accompanied its perusal, and he retired to rest as happy as that boy could be, whom two hundred miles divided from such parents. They were placed by his bed-side to be re-read with the morning's dawn; and when sleep weighed down his eyes, his busy happy fancy carried him to Woodfield, where it revelled amidst scenes more felicitous, if possible,

than its reality presented. In its second reading, we will participate—for what was so affecting to Edgar, may not be uninteresting to those, who trace the Life of a Boy.

"My dear Edgar,

"The satisfactory accounts that we have received of your initiation to a college life have been duly, though briefly acknowledged. My present communication shall be more diffusive. I know you will love to hear what my expectations of you are; and that I feel assured, they will not be disappointed.—Your life, hitherto, has been unspotted by the world; but to acquire those attainments which must enable you to teach others, you are necessarily drawn from its hitherto guileless seclusion. By its further intercourse, you will gain a more extensive knowledge of human nature—perhaps a less favourable one; but, oh! 'preserve that vestal purity of mind,' which is the genuine source of virtue, and keep the strictest watch upon yourself. Let not the negligence of others lead you from the performance of your own duties. That man is the weakest of cowards, who dares not to do right, because others dare to do wrong. In the sacred life to which you are appointed, you must cherish the cultivation of even apostolic virtue, and neglect no opportunity to acquire the rudiments of its education, along with that the university teacheth; what will be your future duty to impress upon the minds of others, you must carefully practise yourself. Every one of your profession, my dear child, is placed as a city upon a hill; and, like a lamp in a

dark night, is expected to throw its beams afar. All the petty intrigues of life should be beneath his regard, who is destined to lead men to another and a better. Ambition, in a worldly view, should find no hold with him who teacheth that our abiding place is not here: its pomps and dignities should have no allurements for those who profess Him as the author and finisher of our faith, who had nowhere to lay his head. The master they serve is no respecter of persons: the mitre cannot add dignity to his vocation, though it may give dignity to the mitre; but what have we to do with mitres? A heavenly crown shall be the reward of those, who teach and keep the commandments of their heavenly King.

"You, my Edgar, know the living original, from whom I have drawn the picture. The evangelical life of Mr. Conyers proves the standard is not too high for humanity;—humble, though elevated—learned, yet meek and lowly in heart;—pious, though ever cheerful;—firm, yet always conciliating.—May he, who has been your teacher and your guide, be also your example!

"I lay you under no restraints, respecting your expenses. All necessary ones I shall most willingly meet, and with those I have made myself perfectly acquainted; and for all contingencies I have allowed you as much as I consider prudent; but should any unexpected circumstances occur, such as I could not foresee, or you prevent—where your respectability or charity is concerned—rely boldly upon me—be indebted to no other assistance than your father—let me be always your confidential

friend—conceal nothing from me, not even your faults; those I can allow for, and pardon: dissimulation, I trust, is not in your nature to practise, as I am assured it is not in mine to forgive. Domestic intelligence I leave to your mamma, who is writing at this time. She will tell you how much you are missed at Woodfield; that old Keeper scratches at your room-door, and basks away the sunny mornings in your arbour, whilst Fanny and Mr. Conyers console themselves in praising and regretting you.—Farewell, my dear boy: I know you will answer my fondest hopes, my most elevated expectations. In that reliance, I remain your fond and confiding father,

"WILLIAM BONVILLE."

"All at Woodfield include Charles Seymour in their affectionate recollections.'

Woodfield."

"If I was asked, my Edgar, to distinguish the happiest employment I have engaged in since your departure, I should say the one I am now exercising; therefore, if this should prove a long letter, you will be sensible it has been the occupation of a happy period. Your father writes at the same time; his pages will be those of wisdom and experience, mine the chit-chat and pastimes of Woodfield. Those objects in which your sister and yourself found mutual pleasure, are now her most cherished care; what she then loved for her own sake, she now loves more for yours. Your Arbour is a bower worthy Paradise: she trims it with the nicest skill,

and transplants the sweetest flowers there; appearing even tenacious of Robert's interference, to spread the fresh gravel upon its floor. The Aviary is a very floral bird's nest: the last blossoms of the everlasting pea and the feathery tufts of the sweet-scented clematis nearly cover it; and the weather is so fine, and autumn has been so sweetly prolonged, that I think, this year, we shall lose November out of the calender.

"The Museum is a still higher and more intellectual source of amusement. In the Arbour, Fanny's heart flies to you; in the Museum, her mind holds communion with what she terms its better half—her brother, whose image, his improvement, approbation, and return, is the centre of gaiety, that attracts the recollections, the hopes, and the expectations of all here.

"Mr. Conyers gives us more than half his week. He says, that Fanny's cheerful affection renovates his existence. The Abbé du Plessis divides his flowers, his books, and his time with us; and the improvement of her garden, her mind, and her acquaintance with his language, is the result. The retaining this amiable man is very honourable to Sir Charles; yet, I can perceive, he is anxious to be where he could be more useful; and after the ensuing recess, will endeavour to meet with such a situation. Sir Charles visits us often, and joins the two reverends, in loving and striving to spoil Fanny; but she is invulnerable to the bad effects of indulgence. The pleasure you received at Wilston, my dear Edgar, was reflected to Woodfield. We have ever been more anxious to

associate with goodness than greatness; but when superior virtue and knowledge give true dignity to high birth and fortune, as in Lord Fitz-Erin's family, we rejoice, exceedingly, that you should have an opportunity to contemplate rank in its happiest, in its noblest phasis. The respect and deference which are due to such elevated attainments and such a distinguished station, your mind will feel and discriminate; whilst the consciousness of your own respectable place in society, and the high profession for which you are destined, will prevent even the suspicion of servility and adulation, though you should sit down with a prince.

"I have insensibly glided into the dictatorial style, but will not repress any feeling my heart suggests. Allow its latitude this time;—in future, I mean to resign the pen to Fanny. Avoid all singularity of appearance in your dress and manners. The real gentleman is differently distinguished: he is remarked by no deviations from the general exterior of the well-bred world—in every thing he is uniform and consistent. He affects not in dress or address to become a mark of particular observation in his own rank, or to excite the wonder of the vulgar: he has no habits, peculiar to himself, that the satirist can lash, the caricaturist amplify, or the buffoon mimic. The follies of others are a pharos to himself; yet he affects not to stand alone in conscious superiority. A gentleman is characterised by belonging to no particular set or party, that it shall not be said of him, 'he is sure to be met with at such a place, or with such people:' he is no member of jockey clubs—debating or driving

clubs.—It is sad when a man becomes his own satirist, and proclaims to the world, that nature and fortune have not agreed in his disposal; that the former meant him for a groom, or a coachman; the latter, in its frolics, made him the heir of a gentleman. In folly there is always inconsistency; for he would not be more out of his place in the servants' hall, than on the seat of a driving box. If a gentleman has pleasure in taking the reins of his own horses, let him do it in a carriage where he can appropriate to himself the part most becoming to its owner; and let those who *sit at his side* be such as may be his companions.

Debating clubs may be allowed to village politicians, the smith, the tailor, and the barber; who, fancying themselves orators, gratify their own vanity, by declaiming aloud amongst men of similar pretensions, and imagine they possess argument, because they abound in vociferation. Elocution learnt at such a school is like the walk of the new recruit—every step is the measured pace of the drill serjeant. But I have been speaking of others more than yourself, my own dear boy. I trust you will ever retain that neatness of dress and person, in which you were always remarkable; your own good sense, continuing to point out the line of demarcation, between an elegant and a finical appearance. I have known learned men think this attention beneath their regard; but whatever renders a man agreeable in the eyes of his fellow-mortals, is surely respectable in himself. It is presuming too much upon human attainments, be they what they may, if they are allowed to usurp the

decencies of life. The purity of your mind will not fail to extend to that of your person; it is the temple of the living God, and as such ought ever to be reverenced. I feel assured, I need not reinforce you with argument, to keep a watch upon your own confiding nature—'Love all, trust a few,' is the admirable caution of our first and greatest poet. Your 'mind to you a kingdom is;' and, like the empire of the Chinese, 'be cautious of letting strangers into its interior.' Seek not the secrets of another; but, if to avail himself of your advice or consolation, a friend entrusts you with his, guard it as a sacred deposit, alike the test of your honour, as of his faith. The paltry vanity of being thought of sufficient importance to be entrusted with a secret, has led the weak and vain to betray the sacred reliance, thereby pronouncing themselves its unworthy guardian; but you are neither, therefore will not act as such.

I will not desire you to answer this long letter. I make over my right of expectation to Fanny;—she is just inviting me to take tea with *her*, in her little sanctuary, pointing to the white carnation that forms her bouquet, which you cultivated; and holding up your favourite 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' as a bribe; thus varying the seclusion of our life, by the liveliness of her fancy, and the sweetness of her disposition. Your image, my beloved boy, virtuous, amiable, and happy, will soothe us to repose, and awaken visions of bliss around our pillows.

Your father's watch-word is, 'Keep fast your integrity of heart'—Mine, 'Retain your love for

simple pleasures, and preserve your hands and teeth with Woodfieldian nicety.'—Farewell.

"FRANCES BONVILLE."

CHAPTER XVI.

I've held my warfare through a troubled world,
And borne with steady mind my share of ill.
JOANNA BAILLIE.

A FRENCH author says "the chef d' œuvre" of love "is a mother's heart;" and so thought Edgar, as he read the effusions of his.

This morning, that rose so brightly for him, had no joys for Charles. He could not lift his aching head from its pillow—its beams were hateful to him; and his thoughts, which his broken sleep could not banish, reproached him for his treatment of his long-tried and early friend. Sick and solitary he passed the day; his associates of the former one felt no sympathy for sufferings they did not share, and which only excited their mirth the few short moments they passed in the darkened chamber. *Philip, who had been accustomed to see even his imaginary complaints occupy the consideration* of a whole household, was seriously alarmed, and hastened to Edgar's chambers; most earnestly requesting him to accompany him to his young master, which, when he attempted to evade, Philip said, "I fear he has been giving himself some airs, —it is all along of those young rakes that he is so much with, and whom he has but known a month. Pray, sir, forgive him this time; he is mortal bad;

and it would go to break Sir Charles's heart, and my lady's too, to see his poor white face."

"I cannot go," said Edgar, "unless I was assured that Charles very much wished it, and then it would be for that father's sake, not his."

Away flew the honest man, and entering the bedchamber of his master, said, "I wonder, sir, Mr. Bonville has never called to-day."

Charles sighed, but spoke not.

"Shall I step to his rooms, and ask him to sit the evening with you?"

"He will not come," said Charles.

"Then I am sure," replied the servant gravely, "he has not been well used."

"Indeed he has not, Philip, and he has too good a spirit to come."

That moment the door was gently opened, and he of whom they were speaking appeared. The sight of Bonville repaired for a moment the ravages of sickness in Seymour's face, which expressed shame and contrition. Wrapped in his robe de chambre, he had passed all the day in his bedroom, and there was a sort of penitential expression in his voice, that touched the heart of Edgar, and gave conciliation to his manner; thus a tacit harmony was restored, in which Philip exulted, and evinced his participation by the most officious attentions, lingering over every little office, and spreading the supper-cloth with scrupulous niceness, that he might hear the "dear young gentleman talk of Seymour-Hall and Woodfield!" The lassitude of Charles insensibly was diverted, and a happy evening of recollected pleasures ensued.

"When shall we ride over to Weston again?" asked Edgar.

"Oh! go without me, Bonville: your wise and good people are always dull and formal."

"Mr. Manners is not dull?"

"Not very," drawled Charles.

"Nor my father!"

"Oh! not at all."

"Nor Sir Charles!"

"Oh yes, but he is, and is not very wise either; but I do not mind him so much as Lord Fitz-Erin."

"Speak not so disrespectfully of your indulgent father, my dear Charles; he is a very good man, and we are told that wisdom without goodness is but foolishness."

"Ah, Master Bonville," said Philip, who was then in the room, and who had the truest respect for his worthy master; "what a parson you will make!"

The youths laughed, and the subject ceased; they parted with all the cordiality of restored harmony, and Edgar was followed across the court with the thanks and blessings of Philip.

The seclusion of Ashhurst was not entirely without its varieties. The small cottage heretofore inhabited by George Simpson, had remained vacant since his departure. Mr. Manners would not allow any demand to be made upon its owner, a small farmer in the neighbourhood, for the material repairs it had undergone on his account. Mrs. Bonville had been the active agent, and superintendant of them, and to her Farmer Wyvil considered himself the most obliged. A few days after she had

written to Edgar, he waited upon her to say "he had received an application for it, that it was wanted for a single woman and her servant; but though he had desired his acquaintance to get him a tenant, he would not let it, till he had spoken to her." Mrs. Bonville was gratified by his attentions, and recommended him to engage with so suitable a proposal. In the following week, fires were observed in the house, and, after a few days more, its destined inhabitant in possession.

The arrival of a stranger in a small country village seldom fails to excite general curiosity. Ashhurst had no village street. Its centre was an open green, around which a few cottages were dispersed; others irregularly situated contiguous to the land that their inhabitants cultivated. One house alone supplied the occasional wants of the villagers, without the appearance of a shop; the small wares it retailed were kept in cupboards, in the large room where the owners lived, over which the proprietress, having no competitor, bore ample sway, and would not allow her customers to linger in gossiping intercourse. The first time the servant of the stranger made a convenience of the house, the good woman felt a natural desire to say, "does your mistress come from London, or York, or Durham, or Newcastle," or any of those places, so high sounding in a village ear. There was a quiet decorum about the girl, that repressed interrogatory, but the woman did say, "I hope Mrs. (dear, I have forgot her name,") a name that she never had heard, "likes Ashhurst!"

"I never heard her say," replied the tacit girl, without recalling the *forgotten* name. Mrs. Gran-

ville was her kind mistress, her benevolent protectress, but she never communicated her personal feelings to her servant, who, in seeing her easy and cheerful, trusted she was happy.

Mr. and Mrs. Bonville first saw Mrs. Granville at church, attended by a young girl, whose dress assimilated with the uniform one of a female charity school. She neither appeared to shun nor to court observation. Her walk and air were that of a gentlewoman; her dress not less so, for being extremely plain. She bowed to Mr. Conyers as he passed the pew where she sat, more apparently from the impulse of respect for his years, and sacred office, than to court observation. After the service, she arrived at the little gate of the church-yard, at the same time with Sir Charles, and Lady Seymour; the latter proceeded, Sir Charles paused, gave the stranger the gate, and bowed as she went through. Not whom she was, but where she lived, Lady Seymour had been informed by her woman; and in the course of the day, she said to Sir Charles, "So the person who was at church has taken a cottage upon the green; what can that be for?"

"To live in, most likely," said the literal Sir Charles.

"To be sure, I knew that, but what she can have come to such an obscure place as that for, I wonder."

"It is a very pleasant place," said he; "I never saw a place I liked so well."

"Yes, but for a person whom no one knows!"

"Somebody knows her, though we do not, my dear."

"We!" said Lady Seymour haughtily, "we are

not to be supposed to know her, but perhaps she is too well known somewhere."

Upon Sir Charles, who never uttered an inuendo in his life, or scarcely ever interpreted one, this was lost. After the evening service, Mr. Conyers walked up to Woodfield.

"Well," said the dear old man, "I am very much pleased with the appearance of our new neighbour. Every one, I believe, is a physiognomist, however they may deride the science."

"As a science," said Mr. Bonville, "I consider it fallacious; as a feeling very natural, indeed, we may almost call it intuitive; for children, untutored savages, and even animals, act from its impulse. You, my dear sir, I perceive, are now under its influence; what do you think of Mrs. Granville?"

"I think her a very bonny woman, and I believe, as much as I hope, she is a very good one. She has come to *hear* me, and I will go to *see* her. Will not you do so, my dear madam?" "I never wish to be deficient in the duties of hospitality," replied Mrs. Bonville, "and the claims of the stranger exact them, but I wait Mr. Bonville's decision." "Thank you, my dear Fanny," said he; "your discrimination is honourable to yourself, as flattering to me; the master of every family ought to be judge and jury of its associates. Mrs. Granville is a stranger, and 'stranger is a sacred appeal,' when its claims are confidence or assistance. From Mrs. Granville's appearance, it is perhaps only one of these she may require; we are too much out of the world to adopt its prejudices, or to speak more candidly, its cautions. Mr. Conyers will see Mrs. Granville, and

we will be determined by his report. There may be various reasons for seclusion, which are of too sacred a nature for communication, and which, whilst they confer honour upon the object, excite the prying spirit of suspicion or curiosity, which too often distorts and misrepresents what it cannot, or will not comprehend."

"Ah!" said Mr. Conyers, "misfortune and sorrow visit humanity in so many forms, that charity will not confound mystery with vice, or reserve with distrust! It is my duty to soothe the one, and to attempt the correction of the other; and whether this solitary sheep has wandered from, or been driven out of a safer fold, I will take her into mine."

On the morrow, Mr. Conyers visited the cottage, and when he returned to Woodfield, said, "My dear daughter," an expression he always used to Mrs. Bonville when he was particularly serious; "Yonder is a sister for you; my heart has adopted her: I am an old man, and cannot waste time in experimental acquaintance: if I have any insight into human character, she is worthy yours: Heaven has set its seal upon her face; she will be a friend and a companion for you when the sands of my glass are run."

"I will go to-morrow," said Mrs. Bonville.

"May I accompany you, mamma?"

"No, my dear, I will engage Mrs. Granville to pass the following day with us, and then you will see her."

On Tuesday morning, Mr. and Mrs. Bonville paid the stranger a visit, and after the customary forms of a first meeting were passed, they felt that

sweet prepossession in her favour, that generous and affectionate natures love to indulge. The most delicate neatness pervaded the humble abode; except that a small carpet was spread over the centre of its flagged floor, and books placed on a side table, the same simplicity appeared as when its inhabitants were mere cottagers. Mrs. Granville looked about forty years of age, her form was graceful, her features pleasing, and her countenance ingenuous, and all expressive of a firm and decided character. Her dress, which so often marks the mind of the woman, was of fine grey stuff, made close to her easy figure. A mourning ring, upon the fourth finger of her left hand, was the only ornament she wore. Her bright dark hair, that fell easily on her forehead, shone through the clear muslin cap, that a quaker could not have condemned; and her face, though pale, had no sickly cast of thought, but had an expression of cheerfulness, that bespoke a mind at peace with itself.

She expressed herself with simple dignity of manner and voice, said, "how much she had been gratified by the kind visit of Mr. Conyers, and the assurance that the present visit had fulfilled; that in the retirement, she had found it convenient to adopt, the kindness of such a reception precluded every feeling of solitude or desolation."

No first impression could be more favourable to inspire esteem, than Mrs. Granville's; no nature more formed to receive it than Mrs. Bonville's; and they parted mutually pleased with each other; Mr. Bonville anticipating their future intercourse with pleasure and approbation.

On the following morning, Mr. Conyers called at the cottage, and accompanied its mistress to Woodfield. "I have brought you," said he, "the only charm Woodfield ever wanted, a companion of your own age and sex, my dear Mrs. Bon one whom I prophesy is worthy to be your friend, and to share the affections of your children." That 'a prophet has no honour in his own country,' was not exemplified there, for Mrs. Bonville hoped all things, and confiding in her revered friend, believed all things. If the intercourse of one day could justify the warmest approbation, the early prepossession of Mr. and Mrs Bonville was not to be condemned; each succeeding day improved their confidence in Mrs. Granville's merits, and to pass an evening at her house, was to be as happy *as to be at home.* The extreme delicacy of her economical establishment, marked the gentlewoman even amidst its privation; whilst the active and vigilant Peggy anticipated every want, and like the attendant spirit of Prospero, was ever ready with quick and silent despatch to answer the "blest bidding."

One evening, when Mr. Bonville was dining at Seymour-Hall, Mrs. Granville said to her happy visiters, "you have never, my dear madam, expressed a desire to know who I am, or what I have been, or how I came to Ashhurst."

"I am so very well satisfied with what you *are*, dear Mrs. Granville, that I seek to know no more; but whenever you please to give me your confidence, I shall most affectionately receive it."

"Now is the time then," replied Mrs. Granville, "and if I did not feel assured you would love me

no less, I would not be the voluntary historian of my own life." Fanny arose to leave the room. "My dear girl," said Mrs. Granville, detaining her hand, "will not you know whether I dropped from the clouds upon the green at Ashhurst, or sprung up from beneath it?" Fanny was immediately reseated. "The pen of a novelist," continued she, "might convert me into a very mysterious personage, but nothing can be more matter of fact than my life. I was left an orphan at a very early age, and placed by a kind guardian in one of the most respectable schools near London. Olivia Palmer, who was the associate of my bed-chamber, was like myself, deprived of her parents; our tastes and dispositions assimilated, as our circumstances, and the most faithful and affectionate friendship commenced between us. The guardian of myself, and my small fortune, was the paternal friend of my youth, and the last act of his conscientious trust was to marry me, at the age of twenty, to his excellent and amiable son." Her voice failed a few seconds, but recovering her firmness, she proceeded. "Mr. Granville was six years older than myself, and was engaged in the official service of government. My beloved Olivia was soon after married with equal prospects; but alas! not so happily as myself. Mr. Delancy was not qualified to promote domestic comfort; all joyous hilarity abroad, morose, peevish, and discontented at home; subsequent misfortunes increased this unhappy disposition, but the sweetness of Olivia's temper, and the vigour of her mind, sustained her, and I was proud of my friend, whilst *her* sorrows were the only sorrows *I* knew. Ten

years of the happiest married life succeeded; but human happiness, though founded on the most rational and virtuous basis, is not to have its foundation upon terrestrial ground. Death deprived me of my husband, and one only baby shared the timeless grave of its ever to be lamented father. I was now 'orphaned, widowed, childless,' but my Olivia remained to love me, and Heaven gave its support. I immediately retired into the country, where the clear income of two thousand pounds, the residue of Mr. Granville's fortune, was equal to my personal wants. I fixed my residence in the provincial town where Mr. Delancy resided, and was enabled, by pursuing the most attentive economy, to spare Olivia twenty pounds a year towards the education of her little girl, which, though she undertook herself, the parsimony of Mr. Delancy would not provide with those books and maps that were requisite for her improvement. Ill judged and unfortunate speculations swallowed up those sums, that should have made his family comfortable and respectable; and to avoid the ruin that threatened to overwhelm him in England, he prepared to depart for America. You, my dear Mrs. Bonville, will sympathise with, and judge the grief of our separation. I arranged the means to transmit annually to her the accustomed sum, and the assurance of its importance to the advantages of her child, made the economy it enforced a blessing to me, seeming to fill up the place of my friend. In the sorrow and solitude of my life, I began to fear, that despondency would subvert all the good that remained, all that health,

comparative youth, and competency allowed; I blessed, and invoked the beautiful and sublime poet, whose every line tends to make man better, and if better, happier.

> 'Heaven and nature hath assign'd
> Two sovereign remedies for human grief:
> Religion, surest, firmest, first, and best—
> And strenuous action next.'

"I combated with myself, I changed the deep mourning I had so tenaciously worn four years, for my present dress; encouraged every means to promote more cheerful feelings, and sought to cherish no regrets that tended to enervate my mind, nor render me incapable of contributing to the happiness, or help of others."

At this moment, Mr. Conyers and Mr. Bonville entered. Mrs. Bonville held up her finger in token of silence, and, by a look, entreated Mrs. Granville to proceed. They quietly sat down, and she continued.

"The virtues and tenderness of Mr. Granville still live with unabated affection in my heart and memory; his recollections unite with every passing event of my life, and influence all my actions. I know what, if living, he would approve, what condemn, and I strive to practise the one, and avoid the other; as though his approbation was to be my reward. The very dress I know he preferred, is the most pleasing in my eyes; the books he selected revive his society, and in this spiritual association to me, he yet lives."

"A widow indeed," said Mr. Conyers, "that St. Paul himself would have honoured!"

"About half a year ago," continued Mrs. Gran-

ville, "the person in whom part of my small property was vested, failed, and an annual sixty pounds was all that remained. To withhold my hitherto constant remittance to America, was irreconcilable to all my feelings: my dear Olivia could not spare it; its regular acknowlegment expressed its use, and importance to her child; the pleasure of sending it to her I could not spare; therefore I determined to seek an asylum in the most perfect retirement, where the necessaries of life were cheap, and to where its pride did not extend; where pure air and perfect liberty would compensate for the deprivations of society, preferring the freedom of my time and person, with all the restraints of a very limited income, to the adoption of any mode of life for its increase, to which my independence would have been sacrificed. I disposed of every superfluity, even my books, reserving only Shakespeare, Milton, and the Book of Books, which are in themselves a woman's library; they were amongst the necessaries of life; those I parted with, amongst the luxuries I was systematically resigning. I resisted the advice of those who kindly recommended the sinking my remaining property, by reflecting, that in case of my death, Olivia could receive no further assistance from me, and I wholly abandoned the suggestion, carefully keeping her in ignorance of a circumstance, that would have embittered, or prevented her receiving my future assistance.

"With my own history, I must now give you that of my faithful Peggy; she too is an orphan.

"Of leisure, I had a superabundance, and I thought it right to convert that, at least, to the ser-

vice of others. At a charity school for female orphans, an institution that ever excites my tenderest sympathy, I first met 'the little maid;'—her gentle manners, yet animated exertions, won my particular notice. She appeared to take delight in attending upon my orders and instructions; and, 'though I called another, Abra came.' Her limited time was expired when I was preparing to depart for Ashhurst. She had no claim upon any human being, her attachment to me was humble and grateful, and I took her to myself; I believe she has not a wish in the world beyond that of living with me, and serving me. Whilst she is yet young, I promote the continuance of her uniform dress, to keep in her memory a grateful sense of the benefits her childhood received from the benevolent charity of the friends of the asylum, and in these feelings she more than meets my wishes. So my little attendant and I sought out Ashhurst, which a chance circumstance led me to the knowledge of. I took possession of this peaceful home, perfectly reconciled to being forgot by the world, though not the world forgetting, but in your friendship and kindness," said she, taking in the whole circle at a glance, "I have found that, without which its friendless master is poor." Mrs. Granville had related this simple, though impressive detail, in a voice and manner so wholly free from self-elevation, that her auditors forbore any eulogium upon that conduct, they more delicately approved by the most affectionate attentions.

Mr. Conyers only said: "The person who de-

prived you of your property, has added to our happiness; our love shall make up for other deprivations, and we will give you what money cannot buy, sincerity and affection."

"That is what I most gladly accept," said Mrs. Granville, "for I am enabled, and willing to repay both with interest."

"If we had but our boy with us," ejaculated Mr. Conyers, "what an evening it would be! You know, my little Fanny, there are but three degrees of comparison in the English grammar: in what degree of enjoyment would our happiness be if Edgar was here just now?"

"In two of them, I am sure," she replied.

"I thought but of the superlative," said Mr. Conyers.

"And in the *positive* too, sir, would it not?"

"So it would, my dear little copious construer; I will write him word, that in apprehension, your sex outstrips the schools."

During the passing time that Mrs. Granville had initiated herself so agreeably at Woodfield, Edgar was pursuing his studies with uniform diligence, yet not with that intense application which would prevent his innocently and properly enjoying those recreations suitable to his age and disposition. Passing the castle, which is the county prison, he was impeded by a crowd that surrounded an unhappy culprit, whom justice was committing to its security; hearing one of the people express pity for the prisoner, he inquired the nature of his offence. "He is the head of a gang of smugglers," replied

the person he had addressed, "who have infested the Eastern Coast many years. This man has escaped from prison several times; he is a desperate character, and is now committed for shooting one of the custom-house officers: he is a fine looking fellow; it would have been better if he had been shooting the French."

A momentary hectic crossed the cheek of Edgar; the feelings by which it was awakened, thrilled his heart; he pushed through the crowd just in time to catch a view of the prisoner,—it was the very man to whom he owed his safety on the sea shore in Cumberland. The recollection rushed forcibly to his memory, and his sensations almost overpowered him. He hastened to the coffee-room, where public affairs were discussed; the remembrance of his oath keeping him a silent listener to the conversation of others, which was a confirmation of what he had heard before, "that the man was well known in the neighbourhood of Harwich, and in Holland, and that in the pursuit of his dangerous and illegal occupation, he had frequently displayed bravery and resolution, that in a better cause, would have formed a hero; that he was well acquainted with the English seas, from Holy Island on the east, to the Isle of Man, on the west of their shores, and could run his little vessel in the darkest night on its rocky coasts, where the most experienced seamen would not venture." Edgar retired to his room overpowered by his retrospective feelings, of which gratitude was always the most predominant, either as excited by the blessings of Heaven, or the kindness of man; when he recalled the events, con-

nected with the present object of his reflections, he shuddered at their review. To have been compelled to associate with profligate men, who lived in habitual hostility with the laws of their country, and the perpetrators of deeds of violence; the desperation of mind to which he would have been driven, and the distress of his friends, all rushed upon his mind with more force and aggravation, than when he was so nearly their victim; and, as he contrasted his present happiness with what might have been his fate, he felt, that the culprit, for whom the justice of the country was preparing its reward, was his friend, his benefactor. How to act, he knew not; his father was at a distance, and the recollection of his oath pressed upon his benevolent exertions, but his better sense absolved its breach. He concluded to write to Lord Fitz-Erin, and to request a private interview with him, on the following day, at Wilston.

"I could not," wrote he, after having expressed his wishes, "have thus presumed upon your lordship's condescension on a less important occasion than the one that impels my application, the particulars of which I cannot write, or depute another to convey. When I add, that the result of your lordship's acquiescence may save the life of a fellow creature, I feel, that I insure, at the same time, your lordship's pardon and compliance."

During the absence of his messenger to Wilston, on the following morning, Edgar went to the castle, and obtained permission to see the prisoner in his solitary cell. He descended the vaulted passages that led to it, and, as the bolts of the heavy doors that

intervened were withdrawn, their hoarse gratings sounded dismally through the dreary avenues. It was the first time that human misery, the consequence of human guilt, had met his eye; it chilled his blood, and seemed to arrest the pulsations of his heart.

"Why," asked Edgar, "is this man so very closely immured? he is no murderer!"

"That's to prove," replied the gaoler: "bars and bolts 'll not keep him: he's been twice got out of Newgate, but if he gives me the slip, I 'll be hanged in his stead."

They arrived at the door of the cell, the triple bolts were withdrawn, and Edgar entered the dark abode of guilt and wretchedness. At its extremity, the prisoner was lying upon the straw-covered floor. "May I speak with him alone?" asked Edgar; "I have words of comfort for him; nothing more!"

"I shall keep guard at the door," replied the man, "and five minutes is all I can allow you."

The prisoner never raised his head, till Edgar laid his hand gently upon it. "Do you remember me?' asked the boy, in accents, such as pitying angels utter. "Do you remember the old castle in Cumberland, upon the sea shore, and the boys you saved from being taken away?"

Recollection appeared to awaken sensibility. "I do," said he, "but what does that avail *me?*"

"Oh, it was a good deed," said Edgar; "it has risen to Heaven, where every act of mercy is written down. I am one of them, and if you will absolve me from my oath, I will do all I can with my friends to help you."

"Surely," said the man emphatically, "surely there is a God in Heaven, and if that was a good deed, he has rewarded it in sending you here at this very time when there is none to help me." He raised himself from the ground, and looked upon his comforter. The bright rays of the morning sun, that streamed from the high narrow window, were concentrated upon Edgar's form and face. He appeared an angel of light, arrayed in the garb of hope and compassion.

"This is a sad dismal place," said he: "are there no means to procure a better?"

"Oh, no," replied the smuggler, "I have escaped from justice too often to expect any favour; but the assizes come on in a week, and I will endure all, determined, if I meet with mercy, to leave my former ways, and strive to make my peace with Heaven and my country."

During this short conversation, the gaoler had called twice upon Edgar; repeating his promises, and reassuring the hopes of the penitent, he left him to darkness and solitary reflections. At parting, he rewarded his conductor, and said, "I do not offer you any thing to tempt you from your duty, but I must show my sense of your indulgence, and solicit its continuance: will you admit a mattress and blankets to the prisoner, with some other trifling comforts, that will not interfere with your trust?"

"Most of the young ones here," replied the man, "can find other work than visiting prisons: though I am a gaoler, I can see who's a tender heart, and if you send the bedding, it shall not be my fault if

he does not lay upon it; but you had better send only blankets, for the bed would be pulled in pieces to examine, and I'll take care he has plenty of dry straw under them."

With sweet air, liberty, and innocence, Edgar could have slept upon clean dry straw; he therefore did not neglect the prohibition of the bed, but purchased four thick blankets, and sent them to the gaoler, with the request, that the prisoner might have good and sufficient food, for which he would be accountable. On his return home, he found the messenger from Wilston, who presented him with a letter from Lord Fitz-Erin.

"My young Friend,

"I shall wait your arrival at the hour appointed, which I will devote with pleasure to your communications, and will return your confidence, by my advice and assistance, in any cause that you consider of importance to yourself, or to those whom you would wish to serve. Yours with great esteem,

"Fitz-Erin."

This gracious compliance gave elasticity to the hopes and to the spirits of Edgar, and his personal advantages were never more pre-eminent than when he entered the library at Wilston, as never did true nobility, and exalted rank, appear more genuine and illustrious, than when Lord Fitz-Erin condescended to attend to the requests of a boy, who in the confidence of virtue alone, felt that to save the life, and, as he might humbly hope, the soul of a human being, was in itself exaltation.

Lord Fitz-Erin took his hand, and leading him to the sofa, seated himself at his side. Edgar was too well-bred to offer any apology after having received his lordship's letter, and knew too well the value of time at Wilston to delay the subject a moment. In a clear, yet concise narrative, he detailed the circumstances that had led to his acquaintance with the imprisoned smuggler, to whose humane interposition, he believed himself, and his young friends, owed their safety, and that at the very time he opposed the violent intentions of his comrades, he was indebted to their exertions and enterprising boldness for his liberty, and perhaps his life. "Surely, my lord," said the animated impassioned pleader, "there were latent principles of goodness in that mind which could feel confidence in the oath of another, that other an intimidated child."

"Did you never," asked Lord Fitz-Erin, "reveal the circumstance so alarming at the time, and so impressive afterwards?"

"Never!" said Edgar; "I was not only withheld by the awful solemnity of the oath, but by gratitude to him who risqued his life upon my faith."

"Noble boy!" said Lord Fitz-Erin, half aloud, "all that can be done for this unhappy man shall be done; we will try to serve, and perhaps may save him, and you may have the happiness to repay life with life. I will learn who is to be his counsel, and give you the earliest information of what we may hope. I must now," said he, looking at the timepiece, "leave you, but I am commissioned by Lady Fitz-Erin to make you of her dinner party to-

day; proceed, my young friend, in the career of virtue that you have entered upon, and the affection of the good, and the approbation of the wise, will accompany you in your progress through life, and abide with you to the end."

They both arose, and Lord Fitz-Erin led the way to her ladyship's dressing-room, who, though unacquainted with the occasion of Edgar's self-proposed visit, saw, by the countenance of her lord, that it was honourable to him; for, as he presented him to his lady, his eye beamed eulogium, and the sound of his voice, as he pronounced his name, was panegyric.

The morning was cold, and Lady Fitz-Erin was seated within the influence of a bright and cheering fire. Upon the table before her, were a number of scattered pearls, that she was preparing to thread: a look invited him to be seated.

"Now, that you have a long day before you, Mr. Bonville, I must find you employment; for of all poor wights, there is none I pity so much, as he who has nothing to do; the house is without company, my lord dines out, and you and I shall be dependant on each other for amusement this whole morning. A few friends may fall in to dinner, but till then, you shall assist me to thread these pearls, and we will talk of Woodfield; to compromise with your manly dignity, you only need remember Hercules and Omphale."

"My ambition," said Edgar, "is at its summit; it could not receive a higher gratification than to be admitted as your ladyship's companion and assistant."

"It is my daughter's necklace," said Lady Fitz-Erin, "which she says she shall love the more, when I have rethread it; she therefore cut the strings as soon it came in from Hamlet's, rather too incautiously, for the three sizes are mingled together; and to divide them, must be your task."

"They are exquisitely beautiful," observed Edgar, "and are the most delicate and unobtrusive of all ornaments."

"They are indeed," rejoined her ladyship, "and this form is the most elegant, because it is the most simple, and according most with their original state. That fine and beautiful pearls should be strung by the untutored hand of the native diver to ornament the bosom of his Imoinda is natural, and agreeable to our taste and imagination; but when formed into leaves, flowers, or shells, the skill of the setting is not unfrequently elevated above the beauty of the gem; whilst these three links differing in size, yet sufficiently distinct to mark their gradations, receive the unallayed tribute of our admiration, all other jewels requiring the hand of the polisher to bring their beauty and lustre to perfection."

"But," said Edgar, the colour suffusing his face, as apprehensively conscious that he might be too presuming, "but the pearl, like woman, came perfect from the hand of its Maker." The diffidence of his voice, and the eloquent blood speaking in his face, secured his pardon, and he was reassured by her ladyship, saying, "I will not disclaim your well timed compliment, and in future shall not only think the

pearl ornamental, but analogous to woman. I have always taken great delight," she continued, "in the selection and examination of shells, and have ever thought the Concha Margarita, one of the most curious. Percival, in his History of Ceylon, gives an extraordinary account of the enterprising exertions, and suspended respiration of the pearl divers, from whence, and from Ormus in Persia, the richest pearls are produced; they are found in smaller quantities, and inferior value, in many parts of the world, even on the different shores of Great Britain. My Lady Conway has a very delicate necklace of small, but perfect pearls, which she herself collected from the shells gathered upon my lord's estate in Wales; and I have seen much larger that have been found on the shores of the Tay, Lord Breadalbane's place, in the west of Scotland; but what a pearl that must have been which Cleopatra sacrificed to transmit *her* boundless extravagance to posterity!—Do you recollect the value of her earrings?"

"Fifty-two thousand pounds sterling each, as recorded by Pliny," said Edgar.

"I think," continued Lady Fitz-Erin, "their history is as extraordinary as their value, the remaining one being taken to Rome, amongst the treasures of which Cæsar possessed himself, and was sawn in two, for ear-rings for his daughter Julia; a proof that its parallel could not be obtained, even by the imperial Cæsar."

Letters were now brought in, and as her ladyship read their superscriptions, she hastily selected one, and passing the pearls to Edgar, said, "here are richer pearls; excuse me whilst I gather them." After

having read the letter, her face beamed with pleasure as she spoke of its contents. "I shall have the happiness of introducing you to the Dowager Countess of C., my time-honoured mother; she will be here to-day: I will now leave you, for I always give the orders for her accommodation to Bettison myself. The treasures of the library, and the sweets of the conservatory, await your pleasure,—of Woodfield we will talk in the evening. I hope you will remain at Wilston a few days; the advantage and distinction of being in the society of Lady C., I am sure you will properly appreciate."

Edgar bowed his acknowledgments; and, as he watched the finely formed and graceful figure depart, and thought upon her condescending sweetness, he almost regretted that she was a Countess, whom he dared not aspire to love, as he did his mother, and Mrs. Manners. The clergyman who resided in the village that bordered on the park was Lord Fitz-Erin's domestic chaplain; he alone joined her ladyship and her young visitor at dinner. Lady C. was expected early in the evening, and the anticipation appeared to influence the tenderest feelings of her daughter, who, watching the changes of the day, frequently referring to her watch, and listening to every passing sound, evinced her fond and anxious expectation.

On her ladyship's arrival being announced, Lady Fitz-Erin left the gentlemen, informing them, "that if the dear traveller was not too much fatigued by her journey, she hoped to meet them in the drawing-room, with her honoured visitor, in the evening."

"When you see and know the Countess C." said Mr. Farrer, "you will acknowledge, that good-

ness is hereditary in this family, and the pride and pleasure with which Lady Fitz-Erin contemplates her venerable parent, reflects honour upon each: we will take one glass of wine to the health of the family, and then, if you please, have a stroll."

"Most willingly," replied Edgar, "will I accede to both: I long to walk over those beautiful grounds, shining as they do in the autumnal sun."

When Lady Fitz-Erin introduced Bonville to Lady C., she added, with that graciousness so peculiar to herself, "Lord Fitz-Erin and I received him as the friend of Mr. and Mrs. Manners of Cumberland; we retain him as our own." Had our boy been a vain one, he would have perceived, that he had been nominally introduced before the present time.

"There are none," replied her ladyship, "I more highly esteem than the one, more fondly love than the other; therefore I must consider you, Mr. Bonville, a very happy young man, to possess the friendship of each."

To aspire to hers was the natural impulse of Edgar's feelings, and during the evening, he contemplated with the sweetest pleasure, and the most profound respect, her fine old age—her person so upright—her eye and complexion so clear—her faculties so vigorous, and her heart all in action—her manners possessing the politeness of the old school, with the ease and polish of the new. As every young man who loves his Greek and Latin, and who resides at Cambridge for more than form's-sake, will associate objects of interest with his classical recollections; so in the conversation and life of Lady C., the colloquial endowments and the

longevity of Nestor were presented, to the recollections of Edgar.

> Experienced Nestor, in persuasion skill'd,
> Words sweet as honey from his lips distill'd;
> Two generations now had passed away,
> Wise by his rules, and happy by his sway."

"What is Seymour doing?" asked Lady Fitz-Erin; "he has never repeated his first visit to Wilston."

"He leaves college next week, to join Sir Charles and Lady Seymour at Bath, where they propose remaining the winter. I left Cambridge very suddenly this morning, or I am assured he would have accompanied me."

Lady Fitz-Erin looked incredulously, adding, "it is a pity his attendance at college should be interrupted. He has an advanced post to maintain in society. I greatly fear he will be deficient in its requisites."

"Sir Charles and Lady Seymour," said Edgar, "mix so little with the world, and have so few enjoyments abstracted from Charles, that it is not surprising they should wish to have him as much as possible with them."

"As much, Mr. Bonville, as is consistent with his real interest; but the justice due to his happiness and respectability, as to the honour of their name, surely should enforce their self-denial. It is not possible Charles Seymour can be more dear to his mother than my boy is to me; yet I cheerfully sacrifice my own pleasure to his advantage. You too, Bonville, are an only son, and such a son as the eyes of a parent would ever delight to look upon;

yet your absence, I am sure, will be extended to the utmost period that your improvements require."

"Ah, my lady, the comparison will not hold, the cases are so different. I must sedulously pursue those studies that will fit me for the sacred duties of my profession, and shall only possess that competency which will place me above the necessity of departing from its dignity, which must also be divided with a sister, whose habits and education entitle her to participate in the elegant sufficiency that has always distinguished her paternal home. Whilst Lord Dunmeath and Charles Seymour have no such claims upon their application."

"Wealth may be hereditary," said Lady C., "but it is virtue and talent that can alone perpetuate honour."

"Then," observed Lady Fitz-Erin, "from what I have heard of the family at Woodfield, Bonville possesses a rich inheritance."

CHAPTER XVII.

——— Thus t' adorn
Fair Nature's face, and thus to aid her sons,
Is Heaven's best gift, and man's most sacred joy,
Whate'er his state, condition, rank and power.

WHITE KNIGHTS.

——— In thy dark prison house,
In the terrific face of armed law,
Yea, on the scaffold, if it needs must be,
I never will forsake thee!

JOANNA BAILLIE.

EARLY rising had always been familiar to Edgar, and his good taste, and proper feelings, would have

enforced the practice, if college rules had not: but when he awoke at Wilston, he found he had encroached upon the morning; for though his head had reposed upon its pillow in due time the preceding night, yet the happy day he had passed; his beloved family at his dear home; and the fate of the prisoner, pressed upon his recollections, and the activity of his mind banished sleep from his senses. The windows of his dressing-room opened upon the umbrageous and widely extended park, along which, "the melodies of morn" resounded, the babbling of brooks, and the red-breast's parting song, whilst the full leaved oaks scarcely acknowledged the changing seasons. Whilst he was mentally reproaching his indolence, he saw Lady C. appear in sight, as though returning from a walk; a servant was in attendance, but too far behind to intrude upon the privacy and solitude of her ladyship's early meditation; his first impulse was to join her, but his timely recollection withheld him. It might be the hour of devotion, for he had often felt how sweet it was to raise his heart to Heaven, when all nature awoke to speak its praise. He therefore crossed the lawn in a different direction, but Lady C. approaching nearer, put up her hand, when with all the elasticity of youth, and morning feelings, and gratified wishes, he was at her side.

"If this is your first emerging, Mr. Bonville," said she, "I have had the advantage of you greatly, for I have seen the sun rise, and twenty little children at work this morning; to early rising I attribute the good health and cheerful spirits that I have enjoyed through my long life; I always rise at six in winter, and five in summer, and now that time

draws nearer to its close with me, I become more tenacious of its possession. If you will join me an hour sooner to-morrow, I will show you my little industrious colony." They were now arrived at the entrance of the saloon; "Good morning, Mr. Bonville; I breakfast in my own room, and shall write letters till I join the family."

"Good morning, madam; to-morrow, if your ladyship will allow me the honour to attend you, I will rise before the sun."

In the course of the day, Lord Fitz-Erin told Edgar, "he had not been unmindful of his confidence; that every thing should be done, that legal talent could perform, and justice warrant."

"I do but meet half my happiness here," said Lady C. "in dear Sophia's absence. Mrs. Dormer encroaches too much upon your ladyship's indulgence; Sophia and her brother are such rich jewels in the family cabinet, they ought not both to be absent at the same time."

"My dear mother," replied Lady Fitz-Erin, "Mrs. and Miss Dormer gave us their agreeable company a whole month during Sophia's confinement with her sprained ankle; at the very time too that a party was formed with them for Brighton. I could not make them an adequate return, but by sparing Sophia to them for one fortnight; it expires in a day or two, when we shall recover our absent jewel, and you shall see it reset."

With the dawn of day, Edgar was traversing the saloon, and was soon after joined by Lady C., who with the cheerful accents of kindness and approbation, gave him the morning salutations. As they

proceeded, she pointed out the fine amphitheatre of wood that inclosed the home view of the park.

"It was," said she, "almost impervious from the under growth, and I, who never see a wood without longing to penetrate its thickest shades, had often fancied the delightful walks that might there be made. Lord Fitz-Erin indulges all my feelings, and allows me 'to work at will,' my various fancies. So the mazes of the walk were planned, the trees that were sacred from the axe marked, and the work of clearing begun the last spring, when I was here; but its further progress suspended till my return, and yesterday morning I recommenced my orders. My labourers are the peasantry of the adjoining village, whose harvest toils are over, and who are at this time chiefly out of employ; to encourage *early rising*, and early industry, I invite them to bring their children, nay their wives also, if they are so disposed: children that can carry a basket of sticks, or a bundle of faggots, however small, are paid something for their little labours, and allowed to take away all they can collect for fuel."

In half an hour they arrived at the entrance of the wood, which encircled the ground they had been gently ascending. There a busy and exhilarating scene was presented; little children, scarce more than five years old, were trotting over the uncleared path, bearing bundles of twigs to their fathers' larger heaps. Her ladyship's presence interrupted no labour; all pursued their occupation, intent only upon its progress. One man received her orders, and directed the whole operations; but as she passed the busy throng, she occasionally addressed the

different labourers upon their work, and her condescension prompted the respectful and ready reply.

"When the whole is cleared and levelled," said her ladyship to Edgar, "it is to be gravelled; all these little woodmen must then become sandmen; many small baskets full will raise a large heap. And as I do not want to despatch the work out of hand, I shall not part with any of my lilliputian work-people till all is complete; so gravelling must be delayed till the spring. It is, I believe, to be called *my* walk, and perhaps these poor little children may remember with pleasure the first fruits of their industry when I am no more."

"No more!" are two monosyllables, that comprise folios of feeling, that awaken every tender, and inspire every forgiving sentiment in the human heart.

"Oh," said Edgar, "it will be a monument of benevolence, that every generous heart will hallow; it will be a consecrated grove, that my memory will ever visit with veneration."

"My young friend," said Lady C. emphatically, "you are just stepping on the threshold of the world; may you be one of the few who 'bring back at eve, immaculate, the manners of the morn!'" The energy and kindness of the venerable speaker awakened every ardent feeling in the glowing bosom of the boy; they coloured his cheek and moistened his eyes. Lady C.'s., though not less animated, were more under control; in a quiet tone, she said, "we will walk homewards, now I have

seen the little pioneers of my industrious battalion at their post of duty." As they approached the house, her ladyship said, "Have you not yet seen my grandson? He is placed with a clergyman near London, a gentleman of the first respectability in learning, character, and connexion. I am very happy in his disposal, and have the firmest reliance upon his future virtues; he is a most amiable boy, and will, I trust, fulfil the fondest hopes of his anxious parents." "I have not yet seen Lord Dunmeath, but have heard Lady Sophia speak of him with the fondest affection."

"They love each other tenderly," said her ladyship, "but see, Lady Fitz-Erin's curtains are up,— a compliment indeed to me, for she, like Lady L. in Sir Charles Grandison, is 'a morning killer.' Those were the novels of my youth, Mr. Bonville, and they, like many other things, are much better than the productions of these times; there virtue and vice are represented in their true colours, no sentimental whining, no subtle sophistry, that under the mask of liberality, toleration, and patriotism, stabs every domestic, pious, and national principle to the heart, lying like a serpent concealed among roses, to sting the hand that gathers them. The ladies of the present day cannot forgive the buckram suit of Sir Charles, though worn by a man who presents the most perfect character to which humanity can aspire, forgetting it was the fashion of his day, and that it was one of his accomplishments to wear it with more ease and grace than any of his contemporaries. But adieu! that drawn up

curtain leads me to hope I shall have my daughter's company to breakfast; if so, we shall all meet early in the library."

When Edgar entered there, he found Lord Fitz-Erin and the two ladies; the letters of the day had just been brought in, and Lady Fitz-Erin, presenting one to him, said, "it is franked by Mr. Manners. I shall be glad to hear of the family." Turning over the remainder, she found one for herself from Mrs. Manners; it announced their intention of visiting Wilston for a few days in the course of the ensuing week. "I shall rejoice to see them," said her ladyship; "Mrs. Manners is an amiable woman, and retains the most beautiful simplicity of mind I ever saw; she is one who has never been intimidated from right feelings, and their undisguised avowal, by fear of the world's dread laugh, which, though it does not always understand, never fails to respect her."

"I have ever considered Mrs. Manners," said Lady C., "as the charming daughter of a very charming mother, whom I remember, when she was a child. Lady Ann Mahon possessed a warmly affectioned heart, with an utter exemption from pride; an enthusiastic faith in every appearance of merit, and an admiration arising almost to adoration of talents, and moral excellence. Her address and language were not those of this world, though she had lived so much in it, and though they might be termed romantic, I have ever thought that benevolence and sincerity made the one graceful, though singular, and the other interesting, though more elevated than is the usual tone of society."

" I always consider Mrs. Manners *in* society," said Lady Fitz-Erin, " like Campbell's sweet Gertrude of Wyoming when alone."

" She no obtruding visitation fears,
To shame th' unconscious laugh, or stop her sweetest tears."

" Do not you think it strange, Mr. Bonville, that so inartificial a character should be so unusual?" asked Lord Fitz-Erin.

" Indeed, my lord, I do; but I should be as delighted to meet with it, as to find the richly scented violet amidst a basket of silk or paper flowers."

" If," continued his lordship, " you have much intercourse with high life, you must not expect to meet with native character; the rules it prescribes, and the forms it exacts, bring talents below their level, and exalt mediocrity above its rights. To become a man of fashion, you must be fashioned according to its forms, and never be so impolitic, as to be either too wise, or too good, for those who are its votaries."

" Do not rely upon my lord's representation, Mr. Bonville," said his lady. " The great world, like all other worlds, makes its distinctions; manners certainly are arbitrary, for they are the criterion of that good breeding which is indispensable in elevated society; but sentiment, character, and talent, will always be felt, acknowledged, and understood, in the first circles of the first rank."

" Of such, whom I have seen," said Edgar, " there is a strong evidence against Lord Fitz-Erin's assertion, and it would be heresy to doubt your ladyship's."

"Oh, they were partly made," said Lady C., "to draw out Lady Fitz-Erin's handsome defence of her own order in society, which her life speaks more forcibly than even her words. When we were speaking this morning of Sir Charles Grandison, I had not the opportunity to remark, what perhaps may be new to you, that that illustrious character was not entirely the being of Richardson's imagination, which is not at all derogatory to his fame, but honourable to human nature, for every writer who would please the judicious reader must draw from what is probable in circumstances, and possible in practice; the result of his own observations on men and manners: it was Shakespeare alone, who when *he* drew 'exhausted worlds, and then created new.' Sir Charles Grandison was considered the prototype of Mr. Robert Nelson, who was the son of an eminent Turkey merchant of London; his mother was the daughter of Sir Gabriel Roberts, who was also a Turkey merchant. Mr. Nelson was one of the most accomplished gentlemen of his own, or any other time, distinguished by the highest polish of manner, and the most genuine piety of heart. He was the author of one of the best and most comprehensive manuals of devotion in the English language. My mother knew him well; he married the Lady Lucy, daughter of the Earl of Berkeley, and resided chiefly in Italy for the benefit of her health; he died in 1714: if you have not his 'Fasts and Festivals,' allow me to have the pleasure of presenting this book to you; may it be a lamp to your feet, and a light in your path!"

"It is a family book at Woodfield, madam, but not exclusively my own. I cannot express how much

its value will be increased to receive it from the hand of your ladyship."

Lady Fitz-Erin always derived the sweetest gratification from the conversation of her revered parent, which she never interrupted by any remarks of her own: the perspicuity of observation, the arrangement of events, the accuracy of time, were all so clearly delineated, that Lady C.'s hearers were carried back to the circumstances she described, and the period when they occurred. Lady Fitz-Erin now said, "Mr. Bonville, all literary privileges are allowed in this room; I am sure you wish to read your letter."

It had remained unopened in his hand; looking upon the seal, he said, "dear Augustus, like the love-lorn one of Burns, 'still looks to the west,'" and he passed it to her ladyship. The impression, finely engraved, was the expansive ocean; the sun setting in its horizon; the motto, "It shines upon her grave."

Those who knew the history of Augustus, knew the allusion. Thus authorised, Edgar opened his letter; he read, smiled, and asked leave to read its touching contents aloud.

"Why you go away, my heart's dear broder? no laugh, no joy now for Madua! Your moder, fader, your sister, want Bonville! Madua no moder! tell Charles tink of Augustus; no one else Madua but Bonville. Mr. and Mrs. Manners too; dey come to see lord and lady dey so love; den see Bonville great school: he see Madua again; oh, great joy, glad joy, one, two, tree day, den come" ——

"He is an extraordinary creature," said Lady Fitz-Erin; "I was in town when he first arrived

in England, the hero of the Cambrian, and the idol of Lady Anne; it is happy for him, that her daughter inherits her feelings and her virtues, and that Mr. Manners, by appreciating them, allows their indulgence."

"I have thought with some apprehension," said Edgar, "what would be his fate if deprived by death of those generous protectors, those tender friends."

"I will relieve those fears," said Lord Fitz-Erin, "by telling you, that Mr. Manners has made an ample provision for Augustus in the event of his death, and has entrusted him, and that, to the guardianship of one, whom he believes will fulfil it faithfully."

"One," said Lady Fitz-Erin, her fine face illumined by the consciousness of well placed affection, "who is the first, the most honourable of men!"

"Your ladyship," replied he, half seriously, yet with pleased emotion, "gave a more convincing proof of your confidence by actions than words, when you did him the honour to trust him with yourself."

Edgar thanked Lord Fitz-Erin for his communications, saying, he could have no further anxiety for Augustus.

Bonville left Wilston with the increased esteem of his noble friends, and with his own mind impressed with the highest veneration for characters, that thus presided over an establishment, in which the most splendid magnificence, and the most perfect domestic happiness, were united.

In the beginning of the ensuing week, the assizes were to commence; in the mean time, Edgar visited the prisoner, dispensing to him all the consolation of which he was capable: his penitent humility excited an internal conviction of its sincerity, and Edgar listened to its effusions with pity and confidence.

"I do not say, that if I meet with mercy, I will depart from my former ways, because I am now prevented from pursuing them," said the contrite man, "but because I have long been wishing to rid myself of all these concerns, but I could not all at once desert those who looked up to me for countenance and support, who had so many times risqued their lives in my defence, or at my command. The last summer I was laid up on shore with a terrible rheumatism, on the coast of Sussex, in the cottage of a poor labourer, whose aged father, as helpless as myself, sat on the other side of the fire, and, as I watched his son's wife and children wait upon the old man with constant care, I thought, who shall do this for me, if my life lasts so long? who shall be hands and feet to me, and where shall my old age find its home? I then remembered my worthy grandfather, an honest yeoman, who used to lay his hand upon my head, and pray to God to make me a good man; for, said he, and how often have I proved he said true, 'The wicked get weary of their own wickedness, and can find no rest unto their souls.' Little did he think!" a burst of feeling almost choking his utterance, "little did he then think that these legs, and these hands, should be chained thus. At other times, I have thought there must be something great in goodness; for when I

remembered you, and how I was determined to save you, I felt happier than any schemes of my own ever promoted; that quiet sort of happiness that used, as it were, to rock me to sleep. Yet I believe I was first led into this way of life by the spirits of my companions; their bold enterprise upon an element I always loved, dazzled my sense of right and wrong; and, though I should have considered a highwayman and housebreaker as villains and enemies to society, I fancied there was no crime, if there was a fault, in bringing the produce of another country into my own, whilst I thought the dangers I incurred, partly expiated the infringement of its laws "

"Would," said Edgar, "that your fondness for the sea had been exercised in a better cause! To have opposed the enemies of your country would have been worthy your spirit, and your bravery."

"Ah!" interrupted the smuggler with quickness, "but in my station of life, I must have obeyed command, whereas I commanded. I was captain over as brave a set of fellows as ever drew a cutlass."

"Was ambition then your demon," thought Edgar, "the last infirmity of noble minds—and I, at least, cannot think yours a base one."

The day of trial arrived, and the court was filled at an early hour. As Edgar was preparing to go there, a note was given to him by one of Lord Fitz-Erin's servants. It was from Mr. Manners, dated the preceding evening, and announced his arrival with Mrs. Manners and Augustus at Wilston. A feeling of pleasure glanced across Edgar's bosom,

but all its stronger feelings were held in anxious and abstracted sensibility for the fate of the prisoner.

The witnesses who were first called fully proved the seizure of a vessel, the property of the prisoner, that was laden with contraband goods; that after a most obstinate defence, he was overpowered, but previously had shot one of the custom-house officers at the moment he seized him, and several others were wounded in the conflict, though the witnesses could not say by him.

The counsel for the prisoner then came forward, and said, " He trusted, that an humane and upright judgment would admit the difference between even unlawful resistance in self-defence, that principle which was interwoven with our very being, to the crime of malicious or premeditated violence; and though mortal weapons in the possession of a man who lived in the open defiance of the laws of his country might be pronounced such, yet still he must maintain, and he hoped they would allow the difference between malice prepense, which constituted murder, and that natural defence which every man exerts whose life is at stake in a combat of arms. That as no life was yet sacrificed, he trusted its forfeit would not be required; that as it was in the power of justice to banish the offender from the country he had injured, and prevent all further offences against it, he hoped its mercy would afford the pannel an opportunity to amend his future life, and make his peace with God and man."

" You have now," said the Judge, " heard the evidence against you, and the defence of your own

counsel in your behalf; there is yet another attribute of justice that will be allowed you, you are at liberty to speak for yourself."

"Nothing, my lord," said the prisoner, bowing respectfully, "can be said by a proved and acknowledged criminal, in defence of his crime; it is the province of the innocent and the good to mediate with justice, and to implore mercy. I have a friend, who, if I may be allowed to call upon him, is desirous to represent me as not wholly undeserving the consideration of the court, and the clemency of my Sovereign."

The witnesses and crowd simultaneously gave way, and in the front of the court stood Edgar Bonville: in youthful beauty, and in modest confidence, he stood, waiting for the silence that an unsuppressed buzz of approbation, excited by the address of the prisoner, had interrupted. His cheek was flushed, and his eye more than usually shaded by its long deep lash; but his voice, when he spake, was clear and articulate, unbroken by any tones of embarrassment, and deep and impressive as the solemnity of his feelings; in the stillness of the court, every word was distinctly heard.

"If," said he, "my future life should prove useful to others, and happy to myself, I owe the blessed consequence to the humanity of the prisoner: circumstances that would be impertinent to detail here, threw me, with two young companions, in the power of a set of desperate men, whose illicit projects we became inadvertently acquainted with; consideration for themselves prompted the most summary determination of our disposal, that we

should become victims to their security, and compelled to join their lawless pursuits. Out of the reach of human aid, our resistance would have been as a wall of sand against the ocean; the vessel that awaited their departure was to bear us from our friends and country, and, lost and hopeless, our misery was determined; when he, who now stands an humble supplicant before you, dared to oppose their cruel designs. Exposed to equal or greater risque than themselves, being only just extricated from prison by their bold exertions, he resumed his suspended authority, and insisted upon our liberation, only exacting an oath, that we would not betray their place of rendezvous, or the circumstances of their meeting. This, my Lord," said he, first raising his eyes to the Judge, "was no common act of humanity; it was hazarding his own life, and the safety of his friends, to save us, unknown and insignificant to him and them, from irretrievable misery: it was a noble confidence in the power of truth, that could not exist in a mind wholly debased and vicious. Yet this circumstance, gentlemen, may be considered but as the claim of an individual: I have another to make, that I feel assured you will take home to your own hearts. The subsequent exertions made by justice to retake this bold and well known character, after his second escape from prison, confined him for some time to a residence in Holland. It has been said, and I think this circumstance is a proof of its truth, that there is not a man of distinguished talent, or of daring character in England, whose qualifications are unknown to Bonaparte: with those of the prisoner he

was well acquainted; that he would run his vessel where the most skilful pilot dare not follow, and that in darkness, as in day-light, he knew every hidden rock, or dangerous sand upon our coasts. A rich reward was offered him to act as pilot to the intended invasion of England, then preparing at Boulogne; this proposal, so flattering to his leading pursuits, so tempting to what was but their secondary desire, the acquisition of wealth, was rejected with scorn—let me add, with patriotic scorn.

"'No,' said he, 'rather would I deliver myself up to the laws of my offended country, and languish out my life in her prisons, than be the traitor to point the dagger to her vitals: though I am a proscribed man, I am a true-hearted Englishman, and that is one, who, whatever his own lot may be, will never betray his country.'

"Holland was no longer an asylum for him; with his usual dexterity he eluded the vengeance of one who never spared those by whom he was baffled, and trusting to it, he resumed his former occupations: they have brought him, criminal, but repentant, before you. Oh!" said the animated speaker, whose confidence and whose hopes appeared invigorated, "if that mercy can be dispensed without offending justice, your verdict may restore him to the future service of his country, to the reconciliation of his own conscience, and the favour of his God—that God, who has no pleasure in the death of a sinner, but would rather he should turn from his wickedness and live; and you may be the blessed means of turning the spirit of enterprise which has hitherto been directed to ignoble purposes, into the enterprise of virtue!"

The prisoner stood, had stood all the time of Bonville's first appearance to the present moment, in total abstraction from every other object, his fingers clasped, his hands folded, and raised in line with his face, and his eyes fixed upon those of the youthful pleader, with an intensity of expression, bordering more upon affection and admiration than fear. The moment Edgar ceased to speak, his yet folded hands fell forcibly down, as though he had no power over them, remaining motionless in his place. The solemn silence of the court was interrupted by the Judge addressing the jury.

" Gentlemen," said he, " in this case, you will find no difficulty in fulfilling the duties expected from you; every circumstantial and positive proof of the prisoner's offence being clearly evidenced: but as accumulated instances of depravity, though distinct from the matter of the indictment, will not unfrequently influence a verdict, so in equity, which should always be the basis of law, every palliating circumstance that may alleviate its rigour ought to be admitted, tempering justice with mercy."

Without leaving their seats, the jury brought in their verdict " guilty," but strongly recommended the prisoner to mercy.

" By the upright judgment of your country," said the benevolent instrument of its laws, " you are fully convicted of a crime, the punishment of which is death; but I have the satisfaction to hope its mitigation from that gracious Sovereign, who, like Him, that is the great Judge of all the earth, 'wills not,' as your grateful advocate hath said, 'the death of a sinner.' His Almighty hand appears to have brought that very being to whom you showed mercy

in his distress to the aid of yours. A good deed throws its beams afar; it has reached the depths of darkness and of death: Oh! may it prove a light to your future path, and if your days are prolonged by the royal clemency, may you turn from your wickedness and live; live not alone to the body, but to the soul, and to life everlasting! My awful duty commands me to pass the sentence of the law, but living or suffering, may the Lord have mercy upon you!" The forms of the sentence were then passed, but every countenance expressed the hope of its abrogation.

Edgar made his way to the bar; the poor man spoke not, but his countenance was strongly marked by humility and gratitude.

Lord Fitz-Erin approached them, and assured the prisoner an address to the throne would be immediately despatched, which he would forward with all his influence. "You have greatly offended the laws of your country," said his Lordship; "but your conduct to this youth, and your patriotic rejection of its enemies, entitle you to the consideration of every merciful man, and every faithful subject. Mr. Manners," added he, to Edgar, "has taken the ladies to the carriage, and they wait for you." The crowd opened to let them pass, and cheered them on the way.

Mrs. Manners put out both hands as Edgar ascended the step of the landau: "I would not," said she, in a tone of exultation, "take Fairy-Land for the boy."

Lady Fitz-Erin was silent, but her face still

beamed with the celestial expression of benevolent joy, over one sinner that had repented; whilst Madua pressing the hand of Edgar to his bosom, said, "*My* Bonville make angels love him; he talk, and poor man live!" The carriage drove away, followed by Lord Fitz-Erin, and Mr. Manners, on horseback, amidst the continued shouts of the populace, which, even in the distance, were re-echoed in the air.

"I love," said Mrs. Manners, "this ebullition of the English people; whenever it is the triumph of benevolence, the herald of victory, or the impetus of valour, it is ——"

"Beautiful!' interrupted Lady Sophia, in a half subdued voice, that had not before been heard; and Edgar thought her ladyship as beautiful as those ardent risings of the soul, whose expression illumined her soft and chastened countenance.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,
The bees' collected treasure sweet;
Sweet music's fall—but sweeter yet,
The voice of gratitude.

A VERY large party dined at Wilston, amongst whom was a gentleman highly distinguished by legal talent, and professional acquirements. He had been in court all the morning, and on his meeting Edgar at Wilston, had particularly desired to

be made known to him. After dinner, that conversation which elicits talent, and displays observation, and which always distinguished the society at Lord Fitz-Erin's table, succeeded.

"Pray," said Mr. Manners, "where did you study oratory, Bonville?" Conscious the inquiry alluded to the events of the morning, Edgar was as much overcome by the question, as if he had only just thrown aside the blue jacket he wore on our first acquaintance with him; and Lady Fitz-Erin, who saw his transient embarrassment, which the high wrought feelings of his mind had before counteracted, said in his relief, "His own heart was his school; the only source from which the power to touch the hearts of others can be drawn."

"But do not you allow, Mr. Bonville," asked Counsellor Harley, "that an art which is reducible to rules will be greatly accelerated, if not wholly acquired, by their study?"

"Undoubtedly, sir," replied Edgar, "and those gentlemen who are to defend their country's rights, and to address 'listening senates,' should avail themselves of every means to give force and effect to their object; but if I may be allowed," said he, turning to Lady Fitz-Erin, "to give my mother's opinion upon this subject, as I remember it was once discussed in her presence, I think it will answer Mr. Harley better than I can." Lady Fitz-Erin bowed her assent, and her marked attention concentrated that of the company.

"'A man of education,' she observed, 'who was in the habits of reflection when alone, and of ob-

servation in the world, and maintaining a graceful deportment, and using correct language in the most familiar circumstances of life, would never appear or speak to disadvantage, when the subject awakened his energy, and the occasion demanded its display; and that studied oratory did not avail in those moments of emergency, when the feelings were to be touched and roused. She produced the instance of Richard the Second, who unexpectedly met the rebel party in Smithfield, himself the object of their vengeance, and unprepared for resistance. Their violent intentions were arrested by the almost supernatural presence of mind of the youthful Monarch, when riding boldly up to them, he exclaimed, 'What, my lads, will you kill your king?' This fearless intrepidity, appealing to their generosity, yet not abating any portion of his own dignity, won their confidence, and subdued their brutal projects,—following *him* as their leader, whom they had been led to destroy. When all was lost to Margaret of Anjou, but her own self-preserved confidence, she saved herself and her child from the depredations of a practised plunderer, by that energetic appeal, which even at this distant day sounds in our ears with thrilling power—'Oh! preserve the son of King Henry!' How faintly would the rules of rhetoric have availed in these two instances!—whilst Richard had harangued upon the divine right of kings,—whilst Margaret had asserted the supremacy of the red rose to the white, or the heinous offence of robbery and murder,—Richard would have shared the fate of Tyler,

and Margaret and her child been plundered, if not destroyed.' She also added, 'that where particular feelings were not to be excited, truth, simple truth, was in itself eloquence;' but I ask pardon for engrossing the attention of the company so long; repeating my mother's sentiments, I forget myself"

"Mr. Bonville," said Lady Fitz-Erin, "I hope to have the pleasure on some future day to know that mother whom you so sweetly honour." To diffuse self-complacency, and to confer distinction, no one was more eminently gifted than her ladyship, uniting the rare privilege with that nicest discrimination that enhanced its value, whilst every nerve in Edgar's frame thrilled with sensibility at this particular mark of respect to his beloved mother.

"I recollect an evidence on this subject," said Lady Fitz-Erin, "that was supplied by a gentleman who had collected, from indisputable authority, numerous personal anecdotes that had escaped the researches of the historian, which I think gives further weight to Mrs. Bonville's opinion. I copied it from his very interesting common-place book, and in the evening will read it *to whomever it may concern*."

"Oh, now, madam, if you please," said Counsellor Harley: "it will produce *most effect* at this present moment; as material to us, as *possession*, that eleventh point of the law, is to our conveyancing brethren; now, if you please, my lady."

A servant was directed to the portfolio in which it was contained, and Lady Fitz-Erin saying, "she would not impose such a tax upon any one as to

read her writing, gave all the graces of expression to the contents of the page.

"Oliver Cromwell was one day engaged in a warm argument with a lady on the subject of oratory—in which she maintained, 'that eloquence could only be attained by those who made it their study in early youth, and their practice afterwards'

"The Lord Protector, on the contrary, maintained, 'that there was an eloquence that sprung from the heart, since when that was deeply interested in the attainment of any object, it never failed to supply a fluency and richness of expression which would, in the comparison, render vapid the most studied speeches of the most celebrated orators.'

"This argument ended as most arguments do—in the lady's most tenaciously adhering to her belief in the impossibility of any one making an eloquent speech, who had never scientifically studied the art of speaking in public—and in the Protector's telling her, he was well convinced he should one day make her a convert to his opinion.

"It happened some days after, that this lady was thrown into a state bordering on distraction, by the unexpected arrest and imprisonment of her husband, who was conducted to the tower as a traitor to the government. The agonised wife flew to the Lord Protector, rushed through his guards, threw herself at his feet, and in the most pathetic eloquence, pleaded for the life and innocence of her injured husband. His Highness maintained a severe brow, till the petitioner, overwhelmed by the excess of her

feelings, and the energy with which she had expressed them, paused—then his stern countenance relaxed into a smile, and extending to her an order for the immediate liberation of her husband, he said: 'I think all who have witnessed this scene will vote on my side of the question in the dispute between us the other day—that the eloquence of the heart is far above that mechanically acquired by study.' Whether the compliment could possibly make amends for the severe and painful lesson that called it forth, I must leave to my readers to decide upon, according to their individual characters."

"Come, come," said Mr. Harley, "this proves at least another point than the *one* in question; that this man's heart was not quite so hard as his iron features."

"But my learned friend," said Mrs. Manners, "must observe, that this was no real case of clemency, and only a feint, to establish the ground of Cromwell's argument."

"Most true, madam; it is the acuteness of the woman, I perceive, that will detect the flaw in his indictment; for he was no favourite with them, not even the wife of his first general, who put in her voice against that of 'all the good people of England.' Catherine Macauly was the only woman who favoured his politics:

> And she of the Stuarts tore up the graves,
> To prove half of them fools, and the other half knaves.

But we must not allow Cromwell to supersede our gracious acknowledgments to Lady Fitz-Erin: I think those of the chair are due to her ladyship, as

those of the court are to her young friend: they have both practically and theoretically proved, what the ancients asserted,—that eloquence is the gift of the gods. And I wish," said he, to those nighest him, "he was bringing up to the bar."

Edgar returned to Cambridge that evening: he wished to visit Hanson early on the following day, and to write to Woodfield. The remainder of the week Augustus was to be his visitor at the college, when the most striking objects of the University were to be shown to him. The similarity of dress, and of age, that distinguished the appearance of the gownsmen at Cambridge, touched the affectionate nature of Augustus.

"All broders!" said he; "all live one great house, dine one great table, all love one anoder: dat is best!"

The refinements of art did not appear to touch the strong and high wrought feelings of this unvitiated child of nature, excepting the monument of the two friends in the chapel of Christ's college, which Edgar pointed out to him.

"Ah!" said he, "dear friends never part—if dey die, dey still love one anoder: Edgar weep when Madua die, but he have great joy he go to his moder."

But that he loved to hear Edgar talk, he would have been indifferent to the eulogium he passed upon the exquisite proportions and Corinthian elegance of the senate-house, or the palace-like façade of King's college, but on entering King's chapel, his eyes were lighted up with the fire of his soul; he impulsively took off his cap, as though he felt it was holy ground

on which he trod, and his spirit bowed itself before the divinity of the temple. The soft low voluntary of the organ, that, as from the hand of an invisible musician, crept along the extended space, seemed to touch the hidden springs where lie the sweetest strains of harmony. He was Madua on the sea-shore, and boundless as its waves were his feelings.

"No man;" said he, "make dis—great spirit make it for himself. Madua come again, and again. Madua see his moder here."

"Dear, ardent being!" thought Edgar, "fitter for the bright world that mother inhabits than for this, where thy soul of beauty and of love will find few to meet its native nobility!"

At the expiration of the week, Mr. and Mrs. Manners returned to London, where Lord Fitz-Erin and his family prepared to follow. In the meantime, his Lordship, whose humanity never lingered, was exerting himself in the behalf of the convicted prisoner. The kindness he meditated, he ever promptly performed; but when the life of an unhappy being was hanging in the balance, with death and eternity resting upon his decision or waiting his exertions, an awful sense of duty impelled to its performance, even beyond his natural feelings of compassion, and tender commiseration for human frailty. The case of the smuggler, his rejection of the offers of Bonaparte, with his generous protection of the boys, were laid at the foot of the throne, by one of its most dutiful servants, the personal friend of his Lordship, and a full and free pardon was acceded.

The blessed passport to life, liberty, and reform,

being transferred from Lord Fitz-Erin to the high sheriff and to Edgar, the happy youth hastened to the castle, and was immediately admitted to its interior. At his sight, the felons "shook their chains in transport and rude harmony." After the irons were knocked off from the limbs of the smuggler, Edgar saw, with surprise, that he still lingered in that place whose very air oppressed the heart of freedom. The next moment presented to him the consciousness of the delay. He drew the released prisoner aside— "Hanson," said he, "do you want money?" "Indeed I do; I should wish to leave these poor creatures some token of my fellow feeling." "I have five guineas," said Edgar; "take them:" and he put his purse into his hand. After shaking hands with every man and woman present, Hanson said, "Farewell to you all, and God grant you may meet with as much mercy as I have done! I will give this," said he, "to Mr. Stapleton, and he will do you justice. I will desire him to procure what will be comfortable and nourishing for you to-night—farewell." "Good luck go with you," said one of the men; "we'll not forget to drink your good health, and them that have been your helpers:" one poor woman adding, in a lower voice, "and may God bless the king, that sets the poor prisoner free!"

Edgar accompanied Hanson to the nearest tavern, where, as soon as they arrived, he would have thrown himself upon his knees before his young benefactor. "Reserve that posture," said Edgar, "till you are alone, and then thank your Creator, who has not forsaken you in your trouble. And now tell me what you mean to do in future."

"To enter," replied he with energy, "on board a King's Ship, in whatever birth they will please to take me; to obey my officers, and do my duty whilst I have health and strength; to die for Old England, if she needs it; but if I live till I can serve her no longer, I will come and build a cabin near you, wheresoever you be. But first of all I must seek out my old comrades. I know their hiding-place, and there I will set off directly." He marked the quick transition of Edgar's countenance from tenderness and regard to alarm and horror. "Do not mistrust me, sir; I am stanch in my duty, but I cannot steal away from my brave fellows without a parting word. We have many things to settle. I must give up my command, and restore their proportion of what is in my possession. Never fear me—in about a week you shall see me again. No, no, but for the disgrace of the gallows, I would sooner die there than be ungrateful to that good Lord, that merciful judge and jury, and to your own dear self."

Edgar felt re-assured; but charged him to take care how he went into temptation.

The week was passed with some anxiety by Edgar; but, at its expiration, Hanson appeared. "All is settled," said he, "and now I am a free man; but I have had a hard buffet; however, they submitted to part with me at last, and drew cuts for Captain—all but one scoundrel, who had the face to ask me if I meant to turn Revenue Man, and betray them. It was all I could do to let him stand his ground; but my fellows made his teeth chatter in his head, vowing he should not touch a

lot. It fell upon a brave lad, and I left them tolerably content. My equal share turns up four hundred pounds (for I would not have Captain's reckonings), and that, sir, is all your own; I shall not want it on board ship, and I have no one else for it."

"It must not be, Hanson," replied Edgar: "I will take the five guineas I lent you, and no more:" but when he saw the regret that his refusal occasioned, he added, "You shall place the money with my father: he will be your banker, and you must draw upon him when you want it."

"That will do," said the grateful creature, as he thought, "If I can but get you to take it, it is enough."

"And now," said Edgar, "when do you mean to go to sea?"

"Directly, sir—I will set off to-morrow for Portsmouth, and never set my foot on board any other vessel but what can bring Old England's colours into harbour."

"God be with you!" said Edgar, with solemn seriousness: I trust we shall meet again."

"If I thought we should not," he replied, "I could not stir a step:" then dashing a solitary tear from his rough cheek, he rushed out of the room.

Sweet was the complacency of Edgar's bosom: it was not that he had paid the debt of gratitude, for a grateful mind pays in owing, and owes not; but he had been an instrument towards saving life, and a soul from the death of sin; and in the attachment of the object, he felt a degree of pleasure dif-

fering from those he had hitherto experienced. He wrote to Charles an account of the whole affair, adding, that he was commissioned by Hanson to absolve him from his oath, and to thank him for its observance. From Woodfield, he learned, that the health of Sir Charles Seymour was very much upon the decline, and that he should continue at Bath during the winter and ensuing spring: that Charles was to remain with his family there till the Easter Term, at which time he would join Edgar at Cambridge, when the two youths were to return to Teesdale together at the following commencement.

Within a fortnight after the departure of Hanson, as Edgar was walking, early in the morning, through the court of his college, a man, leading a beautiful horse, rode quickly up to him.

"Pray, sir," asked he, "is your name Bonville?"

"It is."

"Pray be so good as to lay hold of this here bridle, till I find a letter I have for you."

Edgar readily acceded, and the letter was produced, which the bearer no sooner presented, than he stuck spurs into his own horse, and rode off with the utmost speed, leaving Edgar in the greatest surprise, the letter in one hand, and the bridle in the other. It was directed to "Master Bonville, Cambridge." The late circumstance had made his name familiar there, and the laconic address was sufficient to direct its bearer aright.

"Do, Mervyn," said he to a collegian who was crossing the court, "take hold of this bridle till I look over this letter." Again the beautiful animal was transferred to another willing hand. The

square, soiled, and wafered letter was opened: its contents were—

"Sir,

"Please to accept the horse; it is sent you by those men that frightened you so some years back in Cumberland, because you turned out a young gentleman of your word, and, more than that, you saved our old captain's life. If we die in our beds you will hear no more of us—and may that good luck be ours! The horse is a prime one, and will carry you safe and sound: with all good will we wish it."

"P. S. Pray ride the horse—it was fairly and honestly paid for with King George's good money: God bless him, for not hanging Captain Hanson!"

Though Edgar understood the letter perfectly, he read it over again, and recalled the circumstances connected with it before he considered the horse his own; but that it and the letter remained, he should have thought the equestrian apparition was an illusion of his fancy. "Well," thought he, "it is with me and my horse as Shakspeare assigns greatness—'to some it is thrust upon.'" When, leading his newly acquired property to a livery-stable, he appropriated one of the best stalls that was at liberty, and consigned it to a careful groom, writing home that day to his father for his sanction to retain the horse at college till he returned home in July.

The beautiful brown bay was in the highest condition, and possessed every qualification the

vocabulary of the jockey could enumerate; its mettle was tempered by its docility; and it soon became attached to and familiarized with, its happy master. When he thought "what shall be its name?" he recollected the small white star upon his forehead, that caught his eye as it was first seen in the early dawn of day, and he called it L'Orient.

A man may make a companion of his horse that will not be the companion of its groom; and such was Bonville. He was delighted with its acquisition, of which a prince might be proud, to which every man would aspire and appreciate, and which every boy, before he becomes the man, anticipates. "The horse and its rider," the first of the human and animal creation, Woe be to him who degrades his higher nature by treating with inhumanity this gift of his benevolent Creator—a gift that gives wings to his feet, and strength to his weakness! Shame be to him, who, forgetting in its old age the services of its youth, transfers to a needy purchaser, or a hard master, the wreck of that noble animal, that can no longer gratify his pride, or contribute to his convenience! The heart of a horse may be broken by cruelty and oppression, which every one possessing the heart of a man will feel without circumstantial proof; but such was not Edgar—such was not Mr. Bonville; for in the testamentary provision made for his family, an instrument that always ought to be prepared whilst the testator possesses health and sound judgment, every animal in Mr. Bonville's

domestic establishment was provided for in a manner suitable to its nature and services, submitted to the discretion of the boy whom he had taught—

> That mercy by his God was given,
> A seraph messenger, direct from heaven;
> That all his race in guilt and grief had died,
> Nor ended there, had mercy been denied;
> Taught him Compassion was sweet Mercy's child,
> Firm, and yet tender,—and not weak, though mild;
> That from the purest source Compassion flows,
> Yet largely shares the blessings it bestows.

From such a parent Edgar received the requested indulgence of keeping his newly-acquired possession.—"Nothing, my dear Edgar," said his father, "more fully proves how much cases are altered by circumstances than this: under any other, I should immediately have rejected the proposition; but prudence cannot condemn your retaining the horse till your return home, when we can determine for the future."

Whilst Edgar was thus uniting his duties and his recreations at college, his beloved family found their pleasures in the anticipation of his return, and in the society of their recently acquired friend. She was indeed an acquisition to those who, though rejoicing in the well-being of all mankind, sought their happiness from themselves: into that sacred circle she was admitted; and the more closely they observed her character, the more they acknowledged its worth. Her income, confined as it was, restrained not her active benevolence: various were

the means by which her investigating spirit served her poorer neighbours; in silent admiration they watched her as she crossed the village-green to visit Woodfield, or the parsonage, her character being so unobtrusive, that from respect their gratitude was the same; but, when they spoke of her to each other, they said—"God had blessed the place by sending them such gentlefolks as Mrs. Granville, and their dear good old parson." Still more highly was she appreciated at Woodfield; all her powers of mind were there called into action. She had read much, and thought more; her memory was as retentive as her understanding was correct, and she possessed the happy power of imparting her sentiments, and those of others, with conciseness and perspicuity. She read aloud with admirable effect: her voice was clear and impressive, conveying, without any apparent effort, the sense and substance of the subject direct to the understanding of her hearers. Her pleasures were all pure and intellectual, guided by simplicity, and governed by reason, and as such easily obtained: by bearing her mind above the world, she was always independent of it; but her heart was with all her fellow-mortals, loving the good, and pitying those who could not discern its beauty.

"I think," said Mr. Bonville, speaking of her in her absence, "that Mrs. Granville's life and character condemns that of the 'Persian kings to slavery' more than any one I ever knew."

"How so, dear papa?" asked Fanny. "I love to know all that elevates my Mrs. Granville in your esteem."

"Your mamma will repeat the lines: she, I know, has them *at heart*."

Mrs. Bonville's happy smile acknowledged the inference, which she was too grateful to disclaim, and immediately gratified Fanny by repeating—

> Would'st thou be free! 'tis your chief wish, you say:
> Come on, I'll show thee then the certain way.
> If to no feasts abroad thou lov'st to go,
> While bounteous Heaven does bread at home bestow;
> If thou, without a sigh or golden wish
> Canst look upon thy beechen bowl or dish;
> If thou the goodness of thy clothes dost prize
> By their own use, and not by other's eyes;
> If, only safe from weather, thou canst dwell
> In a small house, but a convenient cell;
> If in thy mind such power and greatness be,
> The Persian king's a slave, compared to thee!

"Oh!" exclaimed Fanny, "that indeed is the independence of a noble mind,—and such is Mrs. Granville's!"

How happily were the days of Fanny Bonville passed, divided between her Woodfield and her Cottage-home, the talents and conversation of her friend possessing the power of giving to circumstances, trivial in themselves, interest and variety, by their selection and appropriation The fine geranium plants that graced her cottage windows were the frequent subjects of Fanny's admiration.

"So extensive is their variety," said Mrs. Granville, "that it has been observed they present a synonymy with all the foliage of nature, from

'the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop upon the wall.' Suppose you copy a small branch, or only a leaf of each kind; I think you will produce something that will please papa."

At her request he procured a large blank quarto, in which she painted every variety of the geranium that presented itself to her observation; they were executed with the utmost faithfulness and delicacy: the most minute section of the leaves, and the most evanescent hue of shade, were delineated by the aid of microscopic glasses, through which she had traced and tinted them. Sir Charles Seymour having observed her pursuit, facilitated its progress, by ordering his gardener to send down all the variety of the green-house, and to procure any others he had not. Her work increased in beauty and extent, from the deeply indented oak-leaf to the delicate thyme-scented geranium; the vegetable affinity was written beneath, and all were pleased and struck by the close analogy. It was now completed for the present; but Fanny was delighted that there was much more to be done; for Mrs. Granville had said three hundred species had been ascertained. This book, so beautifully embellished, was handsomely bound, and presented by Fanny to her mother.

"I accept it with pride and pleasure," said Mrs. Bonville, "and for one day it shall be mine, and then placed where it ought to be."

On the following morning Fanny found it lying open upon the table of the Museum. Above her own name, written by herself in its first blank

leaf, the delicate pen of her mother had transcribed—

> 'What, though I trace each herb and flower,
> That drinks the morning dew;
> Did I not own Jehovah's power,
> How *vain* were all I knew!'

"Thy spirit, dear mother," said the enraptured girl, "animates every object: oh, may its dictates never depart from mine! Father who art in heaven," said she, kneeling down by the table, "preserve these dear, these honoured parents, and grant that whilst I contemplate thy gracious works, I may ever feel thy goodness and acknowledge thy power."

The same pious feelings that gave exhilaration to happiness, afforded consolation in sorrow.

Mr. Conyers received information from Charles Seymour of his father's immediate return, that his illness was very much increased, and his desire to reach Seymour Hall very earnest, where, he said, "living or dying," Mr. Conyers would be his comforter. Affection was cheered by hope, and every preparation was made at Seymour Hall to receive its amiable and respected master. Alas! the latter was alone destined to survive; for day after day was fixed for his leaving Bath, and every day his incapability was increased; there he resigned his gentle and unoffending spirit, and bitter was the task that devolved upon his faithful Morgan to convey the sad intelligence to Ashhurst, to which not all the powers of rhetoric give more effect than the unadorned language of his genuine sorrow.

"My dear master departed last night, to the great grief of all his servants. I have not seen my lady or Mr. Charles since, but received orders to write to you. His end was quite composed and resigned, and I never heard him utter a word of complaint, but sometimes to wish he had closed his eyes at Seymour Hall. He spoke very little during his last illness, but used occasionally to say a few words, as if they came from his thoughts—'Morgan, I hope my son will keep on all my old servants.' At another time—'Tell Mr. Conyers that I was never so happy any where as when with him.—I hope, Morgan, my son and young Bonville will be friends for life.' 'You have been a good man, Morgan, and God is no respecter of persons; I trust we shall meet in heaven.' But I can write no more, worthy sir: I shall never have such another master. I shall never seek out for another; but if the present Sir Charles, or my lady, wish for my services, it is my duty to attend them. The funeral will leave here in a few days. Philip and I shall attend it, and take care to let you know what day it will arrive at Ashhurst."

The same genuine goodness, the same simplicity of heart, had endeared Sir Charles Seymour and Mr. Conyers to each other.—"In the race of life, my friend," exclaimed the venerable man, "thou hast got the start; but the few steps that remain I shall quickly pass. Whilst the time that is allotted to me here shall be devoted to thy child and widow—younger in this world, thou art now my elder before thy God."

"I will wait for Lady Seymour's return," said

the Abbe de Plessis, "and then the world is before me, for country I have none, and my generous protector, I humbly hope, is rejoicing in a better."

"Whilst Ashhurst parsonage is mine," said Mr. Conyers, "you shall not want a home: though our communion differs, yet those who hope to meet in heaven may surely live in peace on earth."

"Good men," said the Abbe, "will not circumscribe the mercy of God; but I trust I shall yet be a labourer again in his vineyard, and be permitted to draw closer together the bonds of christian charity, with all those who acknowledge his Son, and bless his name. Ah! should I," said he, with a sort of prophetic aspiration, "ever set my foot again upon my native land, when righteousness and peace have kissed each other, then in the temple of my God shall my grateful tongue call down blessings upon that country which took in the naked, houseless, homeless stranger, and, in the sight of all the people, acknowledge that true charity is of no sect, and that it will not ask whether he who is wounded, and lying by the way-side, be Jew or Samaritan."

The funeral of Sir Charles Seymour was met by Mr. Conyers, the Abbe de Plessis, Mr. Bonville, and several of the more distant neighbouring gentlemen, accompanied in respectful silence by the villagers of Ashhurst, and the servants at the Hall, who all saw it consigned to its last home. Under the sublime impression of the burial service, the tender regrets of Mr. Conyers appeared subdued; its comfortable words inspiring humble confidence and pious resignation to all around. The two

clergymen went up to the Hall, where Lady Seymour was expected, and Mr. Bonville sought his own sorrowing family.

On the following day his attendance there was requested by the solicitor of the late Sir Charles, to be present at the reading of his will, the tenour of which was honourable both to the heart and understanding of the testator. The Earl of Fitz-Erin and Mr. Manners were appointed trustees to the minor Sir Charles, and were requested to solicit the favour of Mr. Bonville's association with them in the trust, estimating his character and abilities so highly, and considering his approximity of situation as being so advantageous to the interests of his son. The most ample provision was made for Lady Seymour, and every consideration for her personal ease and feeling attended to. To his dear friend Mr. Conyers he could leave nothing but the power to do more good! he therefore left a certain sum at his entire disposal. To the Abbe de Plessis fifty pounds a year whilst he continued in England; but if peace, or the restoration of the royal family of France, should induce him to return there, the trustees should pay him one hundred pounds on his demand; at the same time recommending his son to continue to him the use of his little chapel, and requesting Lady Seymour to afford him her protection. Respecting the living of Ashhurst the will was very explicit: should Mr. Conyers die before that very good young man, Edgar Bonville, was qualified to succeed him, arrangements were already made that the young successor of Mr. Conyers in Craven should hold it

for him under a bond of resignation, bequeathing him a hundred pounds whenever the claim of resignation was made; but should Edgar Bonville die, or otherwise decline the living, that worthy young man, who had afforded the accommodation, should retain it. To Frances Bonville five hundred pounds, out of respect to her parents and brother, and from love to herself, "having often wished he had possessed such a sweet and gentle daughter." To Mrs. Bonville and Mrs. Granville each twenty guineas for a ring—"which I beg they will wear for my sake."

"I have endeavoured," said the judicious and respectable attorney, "to preserve the very words of the worthy gentleman; for I thought them so consolatory to the legatees, and so characteristic of himself; and I am sure the affection he expresses for Miss Bonville will not be the least valued part of his remembrance."

"My daughter," said Mr. Bonville, very much affected, "loved and honoured Sir Charles Seymour with the most disinterested love, which the legacy he has so unexpectedly left to her cannot increase."

With the contents of the will Lady Seymour was previously acquainted.. No circumstance, however awful or tender, can expand or soften a selfish mind. She thought the annuity to the Abbe superfluous as long as he lived in the house: as to the legacy, if it was never to be claimed till the Bourbons were restored, it would never be paid. The five hundred pounds left to Mr. Bonville's daughter was one of Sir Charles's whims: had it been to

Edgar she should not have wondered; but there was no occasion for either; and the five thousand to Mr. Conyers she had no doubt would be given to the parish, which Sir Charles had been giving to every week. Since the erection of the new workhouse, to which he had contributed so very liberally, she could not think what the parish wanted.

"It shall bless the name of Sir Charles Seymour," said Mr. Conyers mildly, "as long as the right and freedom of English property is maintained;" and he said no more, for he did not wish to irritate, or even sought, on this subject, to convince. It was sanctified by the will and benevolence of Sir Charles, and was too sacred, in his estimation, for any animadversions.

Lord Fitz-Erin and Mr. Manners each wrote to Mr. Bonville, requesting him to meet the wishes of their deceased friend; that they only waited his acquiescence to invest him with the full powers of a coadjutor in the trust. Mr. Bonville did not hesitate to comply with their request, and most conscientiously undertook that office, which is no less necessary for the interest of a rich orphan than a destitute one.

The trustees were invested with ample powers during the minority of their ward; and the estates being very noble, and free from any incumbrances, they concurred in keeping up the whole establishment at Seymour Hall as in the lifetime of its late master, considering it as due to his relict, to the interests of the country where so much of the pro-

perty was, and to the habits of his son and successor.

Whilst that respect, which results from excellent sense and propriety of manners, was paid to Lady Seymour by Mr. Bonville, the confidence of Lord Fitz-Erin, and Mr. Manners, in his active friendship and exertions, relieved their anxiety for the present welfare of the young Sir Charles, who passed much of his time at Woodfield, anticipating the approaching period of Edgar's return—delightful was its expectation at Woodfield.

"Oh how happy he will be to return to us upon his beautiful L'Orient, my dear sir!" said Fanny, turning to Mr. Conyers; "he will take the *wings of the morning*, and at Woodfield shall he not find his rest?"

"Praise be to his name," said he, "whose hand was over him, and turned the hearts of those who should have done him wrong; who gave his voice the power to reach the mercy-seat of judgment on earth, and to lead a penitent to the gate of heaven! May the same gracious Being restore him to his family, and bless their happy reunion; and where his future life shall be, like a young tree that groweth by the water side, which shall bring forth fruits as fair as its present blossoms, like a star in the firmament, that shineth with increasing glory till the perfect day, when Faith and Hope shall become assurance and immortality!"

Fanny flung her arms around the venerable, the inspired speaker,—the eyes of Mrs. Bonville overflowing with tears,—whilst Mr. Bonville, with the

reverence that the benediction awakened, gave a father's—Amen!

Such were the impulsive feelings of grateful piety that waited not for times or seasons, whilst the hearts from which it flowed never felt such sweet serenity—such tempered cheerfulness, as when under its influence.

"When will this boy of all hearts come," said Mrs. Granville; "I long to gain a place in his."

"You have it already, my dear madam," said Mr. Bonville, "and we shall have him in a few days."

Delightful was its anticipation at Woodfield, and happy its fulfilment. With unwearied pace L'Orient bore him on his way, seeming to have imbibed the anxious feelings of his master; and "as doves, by fond desire invited, on wide wings and firm, to their sweet nest returning home, cleave the air, wafted by their will along, they came." Edgar had been nine months absent, and was now approaching his eighteenth year; his graceful form had risen in stature and strength, and received the stamp of youthful manliness, and his features the decision of character. His mother received his first—his fond embrace. Fanny pressed forward, whilst Mr. Bonville and Mr. Conyers presented their hands in tender welcome.

"It is our Edgar—your Edgar, my dear madam," said the former, leading him to Mrs. Granville; "give him a mother's kiss."

"May I ever return thus," said he, "and find the blessings of home increased!"

His four-footed companion had been given in

immediate charge to Robert; who, excluded for the time from the sight of its master, was comparatively happy in dressing, feeding, and accommodating the finest horse, as he told the maids, that ever came into Teesdale—"there was not one to match it at Seymour Hall."

The return of Edgar was a jubilee to the hearts of his endeared family; and the morning rose in its exhilarating feelings, as they fondly contemplated their returned darling: innocence, happiness, and gratified affection, diffused a celestial expression over those features that no care had corroded—no irregularity disordered, but which beamed with all that primeval grace and beauty that distinguished man when he first came from the hand of his mighty Maker. Before the breakfast table was surrounded, its associates assembled in the back court to see the travelling companion of Edgar, with whose history and qualifications they were all acquainted; he led him from the stable, bright and shining as the morning—gay, and playful, his dumb eloquence delighted them all. The conscious pleasure that the noble animal evinced, as

'They saw him stand
Beneath the flatteries of his master's hand,'

endeared him to Fanny; she loved the animal that loved her brother, and as she associated the circumstances connected with its possession, she contemplated them with pride and pleasure. The forenoon was passed in the happy recognition of

endeared and familiar objects, animate and inanimate; Keeper, the long-tried Argus of the stable-yard, and the active little Viper, gamboled around him; whilst the unconscious poultry, enjoying all the privileges of their spacious and verdant aviary, were pleasing in his sight. Accompanied by his sister, he went into the village to visit his infirm and aged acquaintance—those who had known and loved him when he was a little boy, the first of whom was Catherine. He sat down by her, pressed her aged hands, telling her she looked so nice, and that every thing in her cottage was so comfortable; that, in the delight of hearing him, and feeling his tender kindness, her mind's eye had its ample feast.

"I must now show you Mrs. Granville's home," said Fanny; "you know it was George Simpson's house. You will not think it unworthy the gem it holds; for the spirit of neatness, content, and cheerfulness resides within."

The little court, and bright reflecting windows, appeared in proof of Fanny's assertion. Though the middle of summer, a small clean fire threw a pleasant feeling over the large room, where the white-washed walls and paved floor were in striking contrast to the papered, draperied, and carpeted rooms its mistress had been used to in a more genial part of England. On each side of the polished table, that stood in the centre of the room, an easy chair was placed, which the smiling, curtesying Peggy drew aside, in silent invitation for the visitors to be seated.

Peggy always slept at Woodfield when Mrs.

Granville did, but returned in the morning to keep up the neatness and warmth of the house.

"Here," said Fanny, "does this charming woman practise every feminine virtue and every feminine grace; her mind highly cultivated, and her manners finely polished; without one superfluity, she is the lady in all things but its exterior appendages,—and those are partly supplied by the delicacy and order of her house: her mind is truly to her a kingdom; and a most happy sovereignty it is."

"I wish," said Edgar, "I could show you my incomparable Countess, as a counterpart to your Village Queen. She, with 'all the tide of pomp that beats upon the high shore of the world,' is unspoiled by its power; justly appreciating the best gifts of God and nature; fulfilling the duties of that station, in which the one hath placed her, with true dignity, and enjoying all the various and simple duties of the other with intellectual relish."

"Happy are we, my dear Edgar," said Fanny, "in being known to such distinguished beings, each in their degree so elevated; but this is a selfish pleasure,—let us return to those who will participate with us."

Crossing the green, every little smiling child dropped its curtesy, and ran off to tell their parents, or their play-fellows, that young Master Bonville was come home.

"Pray who is he?" asked a traveller, who was waiting till the shoe-maker repaired his bridle, that had suddenly snapped.

"Oh, sir, he is the only son of Mr. Bonville; every body here knows him: there is not a poor

man in the parish, who, if he be really distressed, will not get help there; if he has had sickness in his family, or bad luck, and is behind with his rent, Mr. Bonville helps him at once, and he pays again in money if he can,—if not, in work, as he can spare the time. Mr. Bonville always says to us—' keep from the parish, my good fellows; that is only for the old, or the *very* destitute—an honest Englishman is never that, whilst he has health and strength.' Then his son, that young gentleman that has just passed, he is to be our parson, but not yet, I hope: He has been to the college where all those learned people live that teach Greek, and Latin, and Hebrew, which was the tongues that th' apostles talked in: but, bless your honour, they can never teach him more goodness than he has;—he was born to it."

"A good inheritance, indeed," said the traveller: "here is something for your trouble, and to drink his health into the bargain."

"Thank you, sir: may your bridle last till you come to Ashhurst again, where I hope you'll find me ready to mend it!"

Charles Seymour was waiting at Woodfield, and welcomed Edgar with a cordial shake of the hand, whose tears started into his eyes as he surveyed his mourning dress; but, as Charles did not allude to the event that occasioned it, Edgar became collected. Charles declined staying dinner, but engaged Edgar's promise that he would go up to Seymour Hall the following day.

The hour after dinner was given to the detail of the smuggler, in his progress from Cumberland

to Cambridge. The succeeding emotions of alarm, anxiety, and congratulation, were excited as Edgar related each particular circumstance, which, though they had been briefly apprised of, derived heightened interest in the present relation.

The condescension and friendship of Lord and Lady Fitz-Erin for their boy awakened their most grateful respect; they loved the noble aristocracy of their country, and were always prompt to bestow upon its supporters that regard which station alone cannot enforce. Edgar spoke with youthful enthusiasm of the virtues of the Dowager Lady C., reiterated her sentiments, described her person, her active pursuits, and her uniform piety.

"She reminds me," said Mrs. Granville, "of the character Mr. Pope gave to the Lady Scudamore, when in the prime of life, as it was before her daughter became Duchess of Beaufort that he bestowed this covert praise. 'She pretends,' said he, 'to open her eyes, for the sake of seeing the sun, and to sleep because it is night; drinks her tea at nine in the morning, and is thought to have said her prayers before; talks without any manner of shame of good books; and, as she knows she must one day die, it is said of her, that it gives no offence to talk of death in her presence.'"

"Oh!" said Fanny, "Pope could not praise without indulging his predominant talent; his eulogium on Lady Scudamore, which I do not doubt was justly deserved, is satire, in disguise, upon the majority of ladies of the same rank and pretensions, who might be equally deserving."

"I agree with you, my love," said Mrs. Bon-

ville; "where the power to do good, and be good, is so great, I cannot believe the will is generally wanting; where the opportunity to improve the heart and understanding is so superior, I cannot think they will be perversely resisted. The reflections so often cast upon the higher ranks frequently originate in total ignorance of their characters, or in envy and mortified pride."

"Charity, in its very essence," said Mr. Conyers; "but why are you so happy, and all around you so, but that superior rectitude of heart raises you above the evil passions of mankind, indulged to the misery of those who foster them, as to those who suffer from them?"

"What daughter," said Mrs. Bonville, "rejects the praises of her father; and are not you, dear sir, mine?"

"You have been a daughter to me," said the gratified and venerable man, "and as a father I love and bless you."

When Edgar reached Seymour Hall, the hatchment over the entrance door bespoke the loss within. Without the cheerful, unaffected welcome of Sir Charles Seymour, the park, with all its sylvan decorations, seemed barren, and the magnificent house a mere pile of stone and mortar; but he controlled his feelings, and recovered his self-possession, before he entered Lady Seymour's presence. She received him with kindness of manner, and, happily for him, with composure. The Abbé de Plessis was with her. No one could sympathise more truly than he with those who mourned for Sir Charles; but benevolence, and

gratitude like his, could alone endure the selfish repinings and childish lamentations of Lady Seymour; who, undervaluing the worth and excellency of Sir Charles when living, wearied all who were bound to hear her with the cant of complaint, and parade of sorrow, for his death. Edgar stayed dinner, first engaging Charles to accompany him to the parsonage to tea, where Mrs. Granville and the family were passing the day: this was mechanically opposed by Lady Seymour, to which her son paid no attention.

"Now," said Mr. Conyers, "I feel indeed at home, now that I have got my two boys with me; for boys you will always be to me, how long so ever we may each live. We will have tea, and talk over what is best to be done with the noble legacy left to the parish of Ashhurst; in which your name, my young friend, will be united with that of your dear father's, I trust, for ever. I propose expending one thousand pounds in the erection of ten cottages, as neat and substantial as that sum will allow; in which you, Mr. Bonville, must assist me—you, whom builders and contractors will neither presume to mislead, nor impose upon. Meadow-field is upon sale, and unless my young friend Charles should oppose me, no one else will. I shall give two hundred pounds for it, and it will be my legacy to the parish; four thousand pounds will then remain to be funded for the endowment, and twenty pounds a year, house, and garden, will, I think, be a happy provision and asylum for its candidates. These I mean to be females—the solitary virgin, the bereaved widow, or the unprotected wife

of him who is fighting the battles of his country; if our own comfortable parish does not afford them, we will seek out for the daughters of sorrow and suffering in another.—Do you approve this, my friends? I see you do. Then I have but to request you, Mr. Bonville, to succeed me in the trust, and that Charles and Edgar be your successors. I will complete the purchase of Meadowfield, and begin to plan and plant immediately; and, if it please God to spare me to see Edgar and Charles lead poor Catherine to the first finished house, and Nancy Smith (who has drooped and pined away ever since that poor young dalesman was left to die amidst the Sierras of Spain, when Sir John Moore's disaster broke his noble heart), follow her, I shall depart in peace."

Sir Charles Seymour accompanied his friends to Woodfield, and music was the charm of the evening. It was in music that the genius of Fanny Bonville was pre-eminent;—that distinguishing gift, "that can raise a mortal to the skies, and bring an angel down." In the correct delineation of her native scenery she never failed; the outlines of the rising woods, the winding river, and the receding mountains, were faithfully drawn upon her paper and her canvas, but her innate good taste soon led her to discover that it is not green trees, blue water, and bluer skies that represent nature, that it required a talent she did not possess to produce its combined effects,—the aerial perspective, the general harmony of colour, the haziness of atmosphere, the pellucidity of water, were wanting to form such a picture as would satisfy one who had

contemplated nature with taste, enthusiasm, and discrimination. In the delineation of its minuter objects, where delicacy and accuracy were alone required, she eminently excelled. Foliage and flowers, with insects and grasses, in all their ephemeral beauty, seemed to live and bloom beneath her pencil. She had, therefore, the good sense to portion out her time most profitable to its returns. But in music her genius and feelings were restrained by no rules of art or criticism. From her infancy she had been intimate with the divine songs of Handel, and her soul seemed to participate in their immutability and infinity; whilst the pensive and simple strains of Scotland thrilled her heart with tenderness, and filled her eyes with delicious tears: to these feelings inspiration succeeded; and in many a voluntary, soft and slow, the very spirit of music shed around its heavenly influence. The delight of Edgar was still further increased, by hearing the two first stanzas of his "Warrior's grave" harmonized, and sung by his sister, followed by a soft and solemn requiem, that brought to his memory the tender and the sublime circumstances of the narration that had so touched his juvenile feelings. No scientific professor, that had "music in his soul," could have criticised efforts that thus soothed, elevated, and gladdened the mind. It was the improvisatore of melody, which came direct from the heart, and to which the heart made its involuntary responses; it was genius, to which art is but the hand-maid; it was the fire from heaven, that animated the promethean statue, and awoke the sensibility of its power

in Charles Seymour. He had always found music in a private party intolerable; for there he knew attention and praise would always be expected, neither of which he was disposed to bestow. In public, he took the same licence that other young men of his character did,—talking, laughing, and quizzing those who paid attention, or received pleasure from the performance. The music he had been accustomed to hear in private company was such as those of better taste than he thought degenerative from its divine origin. It was the trick of finger, not the flow of soul; it was the machinery of music, not its spirit; it showed the dexterity, but not the feeling of the performer.

"Pray, Miss Bonville," asked Charles, "where did you learn to play?" "Where I learnt all I know—at Woodfield." "And who was your teacher?" She looked upon her mamma, who might have answered for her as Lady Fitz-Erin did for her brother, "Her own heart." "Well," said Sir Charles, "it is the first music that ever moved me, unless it was to go away." "Ah!" said Mrs. Bonville affectionately, "we always bring you back to nature at Woodfield." "And now, my Fanny," said Mr. Bonville, "you shall conclude with the minuet in Samson; we will not satiate Sir Charles, but leave him some desire to renew the pleasure you have excited."

This impressive movement was the favourite air of Mr. Bonville; and as such Fanny had, by study, practice, and feeling, attained perfection in its execution. Its beautiful movements, and its exquisite closes, were given with a master's power; and the

momentary silence that followed its conclusion was its sweetest tribute: it was interrupted by Mr. Bonville saying, "The invisible spirit of Handel is in the room, and his memory will be immortal whilst his music is thus sung and felt."

In the progress of the vacation, Edgar and Charles took frequent rides in the neighbourhood. In these excursions L'Orient was the constant object of Charles's envy and his wishes: his own fine stud and his curricle availed him nothing, whilst another with whom he was so frequently associated possessed an animal that was the admiration of every beholder; that had a small white star upon its forehead, that his own had not, and which was as remarkable for its docility and gentleness as for its fire and spirit.

"My dear, are not you well?" asked Lady Seymour, as she observed her son sitting with the discontented air of childish sullenness. "Yes;" said the spoiled child of fortune: but it was said in the tone of resentment, rather than satisfaction. "I am sure you are not," his mother replied: "do take care of yourself; who is to take care of me if you are ill? you have not rode out these two days; why do not you order the horses out this fine morning?" Lady Seymour never saw beyond the surface; but, if she had studied the caprices of waywardness, and could have read the hidden mind of her son, she could not have touched upon a subject more connected with his present feelings. "I will neither ride this morning, nor any other," said he, "whilst Bonville mounts a finer horse than I have." This confession was extorted from him by the suddenness of his mo-

ther's remark, or even he would have been ashamed of the mean envy it betrayed. The amiable M. de Plessis raised his eyes from the book he was reading; for a moment they rested upon the face of Charles, when, almost suffused with pity, they were again withdrawn; but Lady Seymour saw no debasement in her son: "If you like Bonville's horse better than your own, offer him a great price for it, which I should expect he will not refuse; if he does, I shall think him very imprudent, and very ungrateful, and rude, and behaving very unbecomingly indeed."

The thoughts of Nathan and David passed over the mind of the benevolent priest. The difference between a young baronet, and a young parson, as Lady Seymour denominated Edgar, passed in hers. Happily for her son, he had not the presumption to make such a proposal; but he repaid the sacrifice of his temerity, by indulging a latent dislike to the owner of L'Orient, and absented himself from Woodfield.

Edgar returned to Cambridge at the latter end of September, to be ready for the ensuing term, and, by the tender indulgence of his father, was accompanied by his beautiful horse.

"I wish," said Mrs. Granville to Fanny, "that our dear Edgar had the prospect of Ashhurst living by a less precarious tenure than the friendship of Sir Charles." "Dear Mrs. Granville," she replied, "you have given words to thoughts that have often oppressed me, but that I never dare express: Papa and mamma would shrink from such a sug-

gestion; and Mr. Conyers would excommunicate me from the pale of charity, if I could think so ill of the son of his revered Sir Charles: but we will not antedate an event so painful even in idea. When I am your visitor, my dear second mamma, I should wish my thoughts to be as peaceful as your own mansion."

"It is more than peaceful," said Mrs. Granville, "it is happy; I have no cares, no regrets on this side the Atlantic: were my two Olivias with me, I should have no wishes on this side heaven; but though separated, were they happier, I should still be content. I dare not, to myself, wish to part man and wife, or I would bring my two Olivias here, and leave Mr. Delancy where he ought to be, amidst agricultural speculators, and political demagogues; but whilst I have the power to soften her exile, and in case of her death to protect her child, living here, and blessed with such friends, I am as happy as it becomes humanity to aspire to be."

"Happy in promoting the happiness of others," said Fanny, "the blessed privilege of angels: I have no friend of my own age; give me an interest in the heart of your little Olivia; we may be destined to meet, and we will meet as sisters."

"You are worthy of such a father, mother, brother, as you possess," said Mrs. Granville; "I can give you no higher praise."

"No sweeter, dear madam: they are, indeed, a proud possession, with Mr. Conyers, the father of us all."

"See where he comes," said Mrs. Granville,

"and the good Abbé with him, bringing me his fine and beautiful carnations..'

"We will take tea with you, madam," said Mr. Conyers.

"And play chess with Mademoiselle," said the Abbé, "and then we will look over the plan of Meadow-field."

"It is a noble charity," said Mrs. Granville: "excellent Sir Charles! thus to dispose of the riches in perpetuity, that with so many 'make themselves wings and fly away.'"

"Surely," said the Abbé, "the God of heaven hath blessed this place; for how good and pleasant it is to dwell therein: its virtues and its charities are as the dew of Hermon, that descends upon the place beneath, refreshing all around."

"Monsieur le Abbé," said Fanny, in her pretty articulate French, "it is the mind that makes its own heaven, and you take heaven along with you wherever you go."

The politeness of the Frenchman was subservient to the paternal feelings of the pastor. The Abbé did not bow, but he raised his hands as in mental benediction over the head of Fanny.

Mrs. Granville understood the sign, and was almost tempted to say, "Bless me also, my father."

"Now," said Mr. Conyers, "send up your light-footed Peggy, and desire Mr. and Mrs. Bonville to come here. We mean to eat all your salad and eggs; for we will not separate till bed-time. The Abbé is to be my visitor a few days, and I am bound by all the rules of good breeding to vary his amusements. There will be a fine au-

tumnal moon to light us on our way home, though we stay till midnight."

Mr. and Mrs. Bonville answered the summons; and one of those pleasant evenings succeeded, where the conversation, differing something from that of the vicar of Wakefield's, where the want of wit was made up by the abundance of laughter, was neither deficient in wit, sentiment, nor refinement, united with the innocent gaiety and affectionate simplicity that formed the charm of the Primrose family.

"My dear lady hostess," said Mr. Conyers, "that is the cleverest little maid of yours I ever saw: she not only supplies you with what you ask, but she seems to know what you want before you ask:—have *you* taught her all this; or is it, as the people here say, born with her?"

"I fully believe," replied Mrs. Granville, "that she was not born with any superior advantages of nature; but she was early taught to make use of those faculties that she has in common with others, and others with her. She has had her perceptions awakened, and her attention directed to the duties of her station; the ground-work being laid by the possession of a humble mind, and a grateful feeling towards those who have taught her what is most right and fitting for her to know; a proper sense of her situation in life, from which her mind has never been abstracted by being raised above it, either by her learning or her dress. She has been called upon to exercise her faculties, and to make them subservient to her own usefulness, and the accommodation of her employers: the result of which is, not only a prompt comprehension of what she is

told to do, but of all she is enabled to do. When called into a room for any specific purpose, she would see immediately whether there was any thing more required, either to be added or removed. If I was seated on this side the room in the afternoon, she would come in, uncalled, if I was alone, and draw down the window shade, soon as the sun glanced into her own little room that has the same aspect, after having once been told that that was its express purpose. If she observes me, and she is never unobserving, cross the court with flowers in my hand, she enters the room as I do, with water and vases for their reception. She knows that clogs were provided to keep the feet dry, and mine are placed within the door whenever the day is damp. If she is occupied in the room, and sees me take up a *small* book, she will silently place my reading glass upon the table that I only occasionally use, brightening its surface with the corner of her apron. I never returned from church, in winter, to a neglected fire, or an untidy hearth. I never made a remark to another, in her hearing, of any domestic inconvenience or unpleasantness, that she did not attempt to remove; yet her natural perceptions are in no wise superior to others, excepting the strength they have gained by exercise. In the charity school, where she was maintained, its worthy mistress most respectfully submitted herself to the more cultivated judgment of those who superintended the establishment, and faithfully acted upon their direction. The children were not suffered, even when pursuing their appointed work, to walk over a straw, a leaf, a thread, without re-

moving it; to pass a door that ought to be shut, without closing it; to leave one article out of its place, when not in actual use; or to make use of one thing that was meant expressly for another; to go into every part of the house with ease and confidence in the dark, which, to a person accustomed to know where every thing is placed, can neither be attended with difficulty nor danger. The parents of the poor cannot understand, and will not be convinced, that *two things* may be done at once, which, being required, is too often made a cause of complaint by ignorance or perversity, against those situations where their children are first placed. It is, therefore, perhaps, the full power only with which the governess of a public charity is invested by its patrons, that can, or will, enforce these useful lessons, awaken the sleeping perceptions, and sharpen the obtuse faculties of childhood or indolence; without which servants are rather a burden than an assistance to their employers; and thus may they return to a generous public the benefits they have received, by providing it with, not only faithful and honest domestics, but active, useful, and, within the line of their own duties, intelligent servants."

"Well," said Mr. Conyers, "as an old man, I am privileged to use old sayings; I have known honest Sancho Panza too long not to admire them; so 'Like mistress, like maid.'"

The interval of Edgar's absence was diversified by the new interest excited in Mr. Conyers's establishment of the female asylum at Meadow-field, which he had purchased, and legally conveyed to

the charity. It was sweetly situated, nigh to the church, at Ashhurst. The buildings were neat, substantial cottages, that assimilated with the dwellings of the peasantry: they did not seem the poor-house, or the hospital, but such as recalled to their possessors the home dwellings of their youth, and the abodes of their neighbours. Upon a pediment in the centre was inscribed—"This building, an asylum for unprotected females, was endowed by the benevolent bounty of Sir Charles Seymour, of Seymour Hall, in the parish of Ashhurst, where in life he was beloved, and in death lamented, by the good of every rank and persuasion."

Within five months after Edgar's departure the whole was covered in. The season was open and favourable; and the workmen, feeling a personal interest in its completion, put their hearts into their hands, and the work went forward with alacrity.

Mr. Bonville's attention to the interests of Lady Seymour was too obvious to be passed over by her. Her servants, influenced by the respect he inspired, regarded him as a master, and frequently detailed to their lady the evident advantage that resulted from his advice and directions.

One day she said to the Abbé—"I shall go to Woodfield to-morrow; will you take a seat with me? I know it will please Mr. Conyers; and really he, and Mr. Bonville, are at some trouble on my account, so I mean to call upon Mrs. Bonville: you will go with me?"

To soften the jarring passions of mankind—to unite those whom differing interests had severed—

to soothe the irritable, and to pour balm upon the wounded spirit, was "the being's end and aim" of the Abbé de Plessis.

"I am yours, my lady, in all ways—but in this way most happy. Ah, that Woodfield is the mansion of the blessed on earth."

Lady Seymour understood that the answer was acquiescent, and that sufficed; she could not meet the benevolence of the amiable Abbé. They drove to Woodfield: the servants who remained, and heard the order, said to each other—"She ought to have gone there long since."

Mr. Bonville, who saw her approach, met her as the carriage drove up, and introduced the *widowed* Lady Seymour, with the utmost respect, to Mrs. Bonville, who received her with ease and dignity.

"I had intended calling upon you sooner, Mrs. Bonville, but really I am so nervous I can make no exertions. Sir Charles's death was a very awkward thing for me,—and so sudden at last, that the shock was very injurious to my health. How tall Miss Bonville is grown, and very like her brother, who I hear is getting fast on at Cambridge! Sir Charles saw him as he went through to London." She then looked around,—but her selfish eye, when neither pride nor avarice awakened its power, was dull and undiscriminating—"I shall be glad to see you, ma'am, at the Hall. Mr. Bonville comes up to-morrow; he is so good as to look over some papers for me; and if Miss Bonville will accompany him, the Abbé will show her the library and pictures till dinner hour, if she will excuse me till then."

To spend a morning with one so enlightened, and condescending to young minds, amidst books and pictures, placed a visit to Lady Seymour for the first time desirable to Fanny, and she was pleased by her mamma's acceptance of the invitation; that dear mamma anticipated the mutual pleasure that her child and M. de Plessis would each derive.

Mr. Conyers now entered, all the kindness of his heart in his face at seeing Lady Seymour.

"My dear Lady," said the good man, "I am so glad to see you here: I was going round to Meadow-field, but I saw your carriage in the court; I therefore could not refrain from turning in."

"It has been a great exertion for me, Mr. Conyers; I have no spirits for any thing."

"Come here oftener," said the affectionate pastor, "and see how the gifts of Providence are received with gratitude, and enjoyed with innocence. Come to Meadow-field, and see what a happy asylum is providing for those who have received less of the good things of this world, that such men as your excellent Sir Charles might be a light to shine before it: go with us to yonder cottage, where a woman lives that would grace a palace, and who, with only the widow's mite, maintains the gentlewoman's state, whilst out of that little she gives much. Oh! there is much happiness in this world, for in it there is much good!

Mr. Conyers seldom endeavoured to convince Lady Seymour, but at this time his heart was open to her, and he wished to touch hers. Without regarding the spirit of his apostrophe, she replied, "I shall ride down some day to

see the alms-house; I shall be glad when it is finished, for the poultry woman begins to grow old, and does nothing for her wages and maintenance. I mean to have the poultry-house shut up, and the fowls killed off, which the silly old woman whines about, as if the Guinea hens were so many children."

"She shall have the third house that is ready," said Mr. Conyers; "the two first are promised:" and Guinea hens too, thought Fanny, if she loves them so much; the pleasure of her engagement on the morrow losing half its attraction, for she knew the old domestic was a favourite with her late master, and the poultry house one of those places he had pleasure in.

Lady Seymour took her leave; and the Abbé, after reminding 'Mademoiselle' that he would walk down early on the following day, to escort her to the hall, accompanied the Lady.

"Come, my little dear," said Mr. Conyers, "go with me to our *locus benedictus*; old Cicely shall have a house, and poultry also: and remember, my dear Fanny, when I am gone, that all who are brought there shall be accommodated with those little fancies, fondnesses, and fooleries, to those who choose to call them so, that they cherished through life, and which serve to beguile their sorrows or their age: but Lady Seymour is the relict of him who is the author of this good work; and for his sake we will not think of her failings."

"I am sure," said Mr. Bonville, "she means this visit as a mark of respect, and we will do her the justice she deserves. There is not so great a

difference between our fortunes as our feelings; let us be grateful that the best gifts of Heaven are in our possession. Whenever Lady Seymour seeks Mrs. Bonville, she does herself honour."

"But I think, papa, asking Mr. Conyers' pardon, she might have spoke of Mrs. Granville; it would have been courteous to mamma, and honourable to herself. I am sure Lady Seymour knows her character well; and our intimacy, besides the respect Sir Charles bore her, and showed to her at his death, for she knows every thing that is done in every house in the village."

"My dear Frances," said Mrs. Bonville, with reproving quickness, "from whence could *you* derive such information? not from your own friends, I am sure."

"It was from Charles, dearest mamma: *he* said that Lady Seymour's maid told her every thing that occurred."

"However others may condescend to receive private intelligence through the agency of servants, I hope you will disdain to be the vehicle of its further circulation."

"Surely, mamma, and I hope to prove that you are not angry with my present inadvertency: tell me if you do not think it was an omission of good breeding, as of kindness, not to mention our dear Mrs. Granville?"

"Lady Seymour's character is consistent. If uniformly acting under the influence of kindness and good breeding, she would have been a different person; if capable of appreciating the virtues of Mrs. Granville, she would have possessed similar

ones herself. Human nature is almost as various in mind as in feature, and is by no means to be judged by the same standard; but the works of our benevolent Creator are justified in all things, for I am sure Mrs. Granville would not change her capability of enjoyment for the means of Lady Seymour."

END OF VOL. I.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY THOMAS DAVISON, WHITEFRIARS.

